Feb. 19, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

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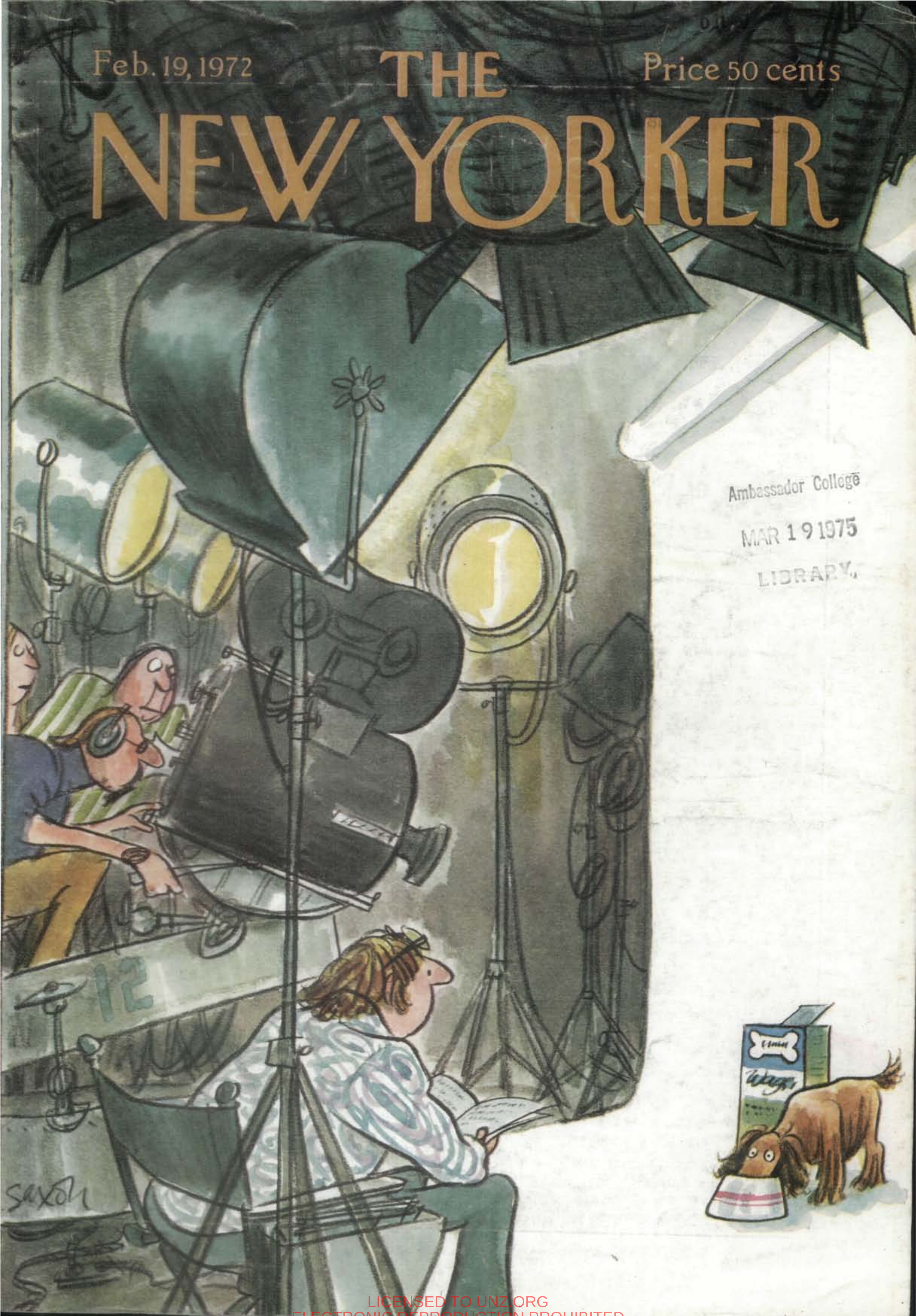

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 21. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday evening, Feb. 20.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—A revival, after eight years, of Sidney Michaels' inferior play about the late Dylan Thomas's self-destructive visits to America, back in the nineteen-fifties. Except for that of Rue McClanahan as Caitlin Thomas, the acting doesn't amount to much. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Sophocles' OEDIPUS AT COLONUS, translated by Theodore Howard Banks. (Master, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

ETC Company/La Mama New York—CARMILLA, a play adapted by Wilford Leach from a novel by J. V. LeFanu: Thursday, Feb. 17, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 7:30.... THE ONLY JEALOUSY OF EMER and RENARD, adapted by Mr. Leach and John Braswell, the first from a William Butler Yeats play, the latter from a "grotesque" by Igor Stravinsky: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, at 7:30. ... GERTRUDE and DEMON, two more plays by Mr. Leach, the first devoted to Gertrude Stein and the second derived from a Japanese *no* play: Sunday, Feb. 20, and Thursday, Feb. 24, at 7:30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Grease—A rock-and-roll musical by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Inner City—Tom O'Horgan has directed this so-called street cantata in a comparatively mild mood. A talented and energetic cast pretends not to notice how thin the material is. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 11.)

Kaddish—Allen Ginsberg's dramatization of his own poem. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Moonchildren—The Washington Arena Stage production of a comedy by Michael Weller. Directed by Alan Schneider, the cast includes Kevin Conway, James Woods, Salem Ludwig, and Louis Zorich. Previews through Sunday, Feb. 20. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 21. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nightride—A trashy melodrama about a homosexual middle-aged playwright. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Night Watch—Joan Hackett, Len Cariou, and

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COVER: *Charles Saxon*

DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., William Hamilton, Henry Martin, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman, Everett Opie, Joseph Farris, Robert Weber, Mischa Richter, Stan Hunt, Edward Koren, James Stevenson, Dana Fradon, George Booth, Edward Frascino, Chon Day, Donald Reilly*

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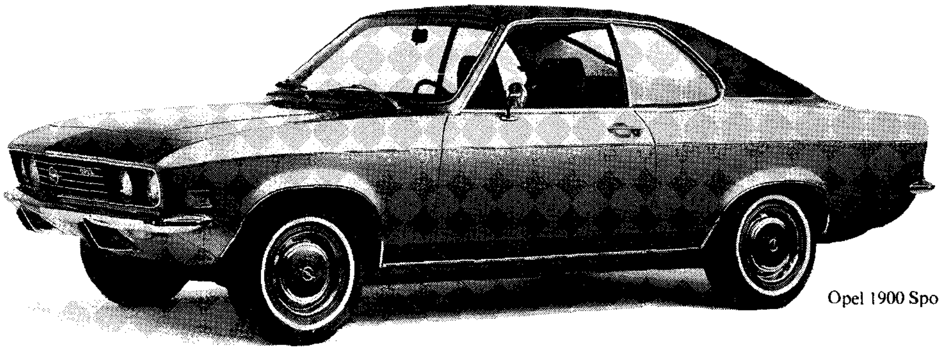

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Keene Curtis in a suspense play by Lucille Fletcher. Fred Coe is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 22. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 23. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Feb. 24, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21.)

Old Times—A lovely, riddling play by the master riddler, Harold Pinter. With Robert Shaw, Rosemary Harris, and Mary Ure. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 21, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

Only Fools Are Sad—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 2.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag, and marvellously acted by Peter Falk and Lee Grant. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Psychic Pretenders—An allegorical work, much of it mysterious and remote but with moments of humor and fun. The dancing of the all-black company is fascinating, as is the soft, compelling jazz that accompanies it. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7.)

Sleep—A play by Jack Gelber. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 1. Closes Saturday, March 11.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 16-18, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 19-20, at 3 and 7:30. Moves on Wednesday, Feb. 23, to the Golden, 45th St., W., 246-6740, where previews will be given Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 1.)

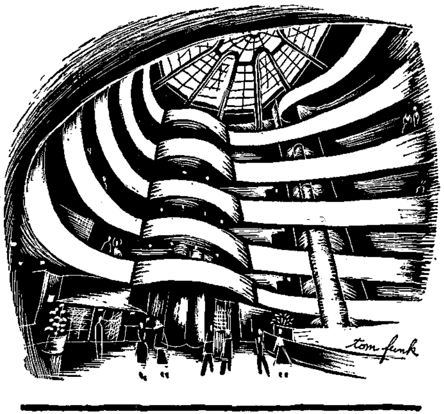
The Taming of the Shrew—Idiotic. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

To Live Another Summer—Musical propaganda from Israel. At once peppy and dull, though the girls are pretty and the men can sing. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Twigs—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 21, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 20.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Vivat! Vivat Regina!—A great period of history encapsulated and diminished in Robert Bolt's once-over-lightly account of the contest between Elizabeth of England and Mary Queen of Scots. With Claire Bloom and Eileen Atkins, directed by Peter Dews. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21.)



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Wanted—Al Carmines has written a tuneful, spirited score for this try at a satire, and the cast is good, too, but the facetious, unfunny, preachy book, by David Epstein, spoils the show. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Wedding of Iphigenia plus Iphigenia in Concert—This musical adaptation doesn't do much for the Euripides originals ("Iph. in Aulis" and "Iph. in Tauris"), but there is charm here as well as foolishness, and Peter Link's rock score is a pleasure. The performances are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**applause:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21.)... **butterflies are free:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except Feb. 22, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21.) ... **the effect of gamma rays on man-in-the-moon marigolds:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **follies:** A show with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays, except Feb. 22, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 2:30.)... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** 1,693 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** 4,911 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** 3,089 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays, except Feb. 22, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 2:30.)... **hair:** 1,596 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) ... **no, no, nanette:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **one flew over the cuckoo's nest:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the proposition:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Street Theatre, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **sleuth:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Performances of **don quixote** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 17-18, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 1 and 7.)

National Ballet—Final performances of a one-week engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 7:30: "Les Sylphides," "Variations for Four," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Three Preludes" (New York première), and "Witch Boy" (New York première).... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 17-18, at 8: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2: "Cinderella" (New York première). (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, April 2—Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Trinity."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Square Dance," the new unnamed ballet, and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Still Point," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

José Molina Bailes Españoles—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

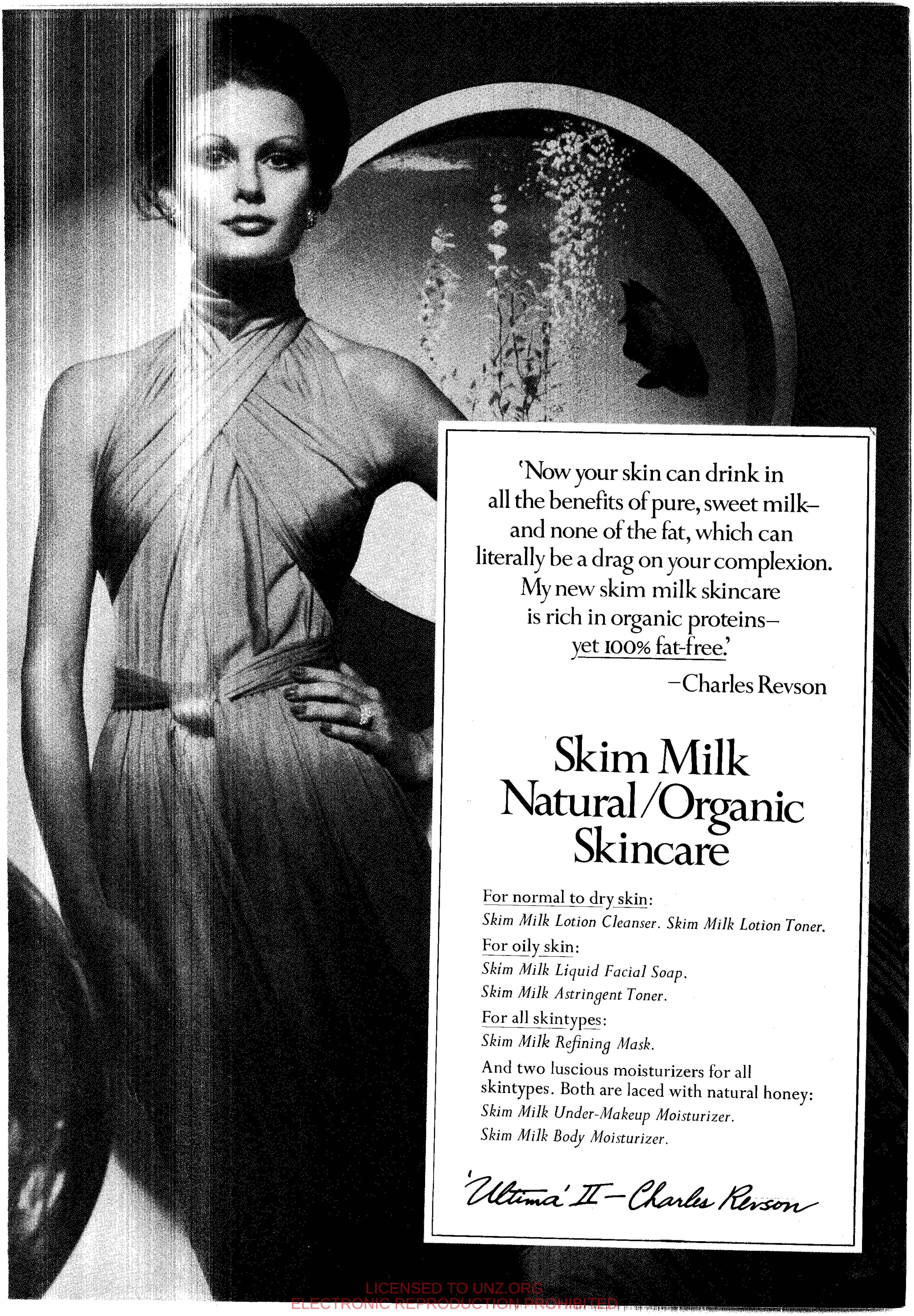
(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Curtis Mayfield, former lead singer with the Impressions, shares the bill with a Haitian band named Exuma through Sunday, Feb. 20. On Wednesday, Feb. 23, comic Robert Klein will arrive, along with three singing Americans who call themselves America. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St.



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'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. On Wednesday, Feb. 16, pianist Ray Bryant will play with a bassist. Thursdays through Sundays, Feb. 17-20, and Feb. 24-27, the Kenny Barron trio will perform. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. A jazz combo plays most nights from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to four, bassist Earl May leads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. Sundays, guitarist Gene Bertoncini leads a duo and Mondays, an emphatic young pianist named Larry Willis plays in happy combination with a bassist.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson, a fine and dandy pianist who has been influencing people for years, does some lively oldies with the help of bassist Al Bruno. Eight until one. On Sundays, from seven until midnight, Ralph Towner pursues his will-o'-the-wisp on piano and guitar while Glen Moore crosses the moors with a bass. Dinner.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Through Sunday, Feb. 20, Leon (guitar) and Lisle (bass) Atkinson will be here. On Wednesday, Feb. 23, George Barnes—after a long run with Bucky Pizzarelli in the St. Regis Room—will turn up with a new partner, guitarist Art Ryerson. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The J. P. J. quartet, which is guided by Budd Johnson's lyrical soprano and tenor saxes, will be here through Sunday, Feb. 20. On Tuesday, Feb. 22, cornettist Ruby Braff will bring in a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Some Italian dishes. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist David Lam plays through Thursday, Feb. 17. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, Jaki Byard teams with a bassist, but Sunday, Feb. 20, he sits at the piano alone. On Mondays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. The popcorn pops before your eyes.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Roy Eldridge, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Thursdays, Nina Sheldon plays forcefully and sings winningly. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 18-20, Sandi Hewitt will be doing some of her convincingly styled vocals, backed by a trio led by pianist Horace Pollard. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 25-27, singer-pianist Jerry Mack will appear. Music from nine until closing. Sundays get folkish, with performers dropping in from four to eight. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Philharmonic Café, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. (TR 4-7000)—Suitable for after-concert dining and drinking but also convenient for passersby. Jazz guitarist Gene Bertoncini does a solo from ten until midnight. Closed Sundays.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. Wednesday, Feb. 16, singer-pianist Patti Wicks will head her threesome. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 17-20, the Quintet Noire will be around.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Lee Morgan, a high-calibre trumpeter, leads a quintet through Sunday, Feb. 20. On Tuesday, Feb. 22, Keith Jarrett, a young pianist whose credits include a venture into the pop world and a stint with Miles Davis, will come in with a quartet. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Ahmad Jamal, leading a threesome, puts frosting on the cake every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman—whose harp can attune itself to Bach or to Bacharach—alternates with the Jamal people. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Freddie Hubbard, whose trumpet just may have had greatness thrust upon it, leads his fivesome through Saturday, Feb. 19. On Tuesday, Feb. 22, pianist McCoy Tyner brings in a quartet. Mondays are reserved for the big, blockbusting Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sunday, Feb. 20.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unremittingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Nico's, in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at 59th St. (355-2500)—From nine until two, the George Benson quartet and a skilled girl singer named Randy Crawford alternate with sounds impressed on vinyl. But make haste while the mirrored ball shines, for after Saturday, Feb. 19, the music will die and the dancing will cease for a while. Supper.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to records, but three times a night live entertainers come on with all the restraint of a team of vacuum-cleaner salesmen: Through Saturday, Feb. 19, the Gentlemen and Their Lady; beginning Monday, Feb. 21, Cody Marshall and his Circle of Friends. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dinner, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. Monday through Thursday, Feb. 21-24, comedian Will Jordan will take over for Mr. D. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Irwin Corey is talking gobbledygook of a sort that would do discredit to many a celebrated political spokesman. He shares the stage with composer-singers Weeden & Finkle, who will be replaced on Monday, Feb. 21, by singer Jackie Forrest. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? Dinner. No Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the second-floor "M" Cabaret, a couple of young wise men named Arthur Morey and Bobby Paul are doing their own acerb, on-target songs—the kind of thing that deflates the overweening while maintaining a rollicking beat. Mondays through Thursdays at 9, Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight, and Sundays at 5 and 9. Cocktails and snacks.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—The revue called "Look Me Up," which sets to at eight and eleven, hinges on the they-don't-write-songs-like-that-anymore premise. Don Liberto is the one familiar figure in this God-bless-the-twenties reprise. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 16-19, at nine and eleven-thirty, composer Al Carmines will present song recitals of his own show tunes, together with some blues material.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Little Marcelo, as proud a peacock as ever strutted the Lusitanian plains, hardly ever keeps his feet on the ground when he and his ballet troupe take off; Luisa Maria, a Cuban chirruper, supplies the

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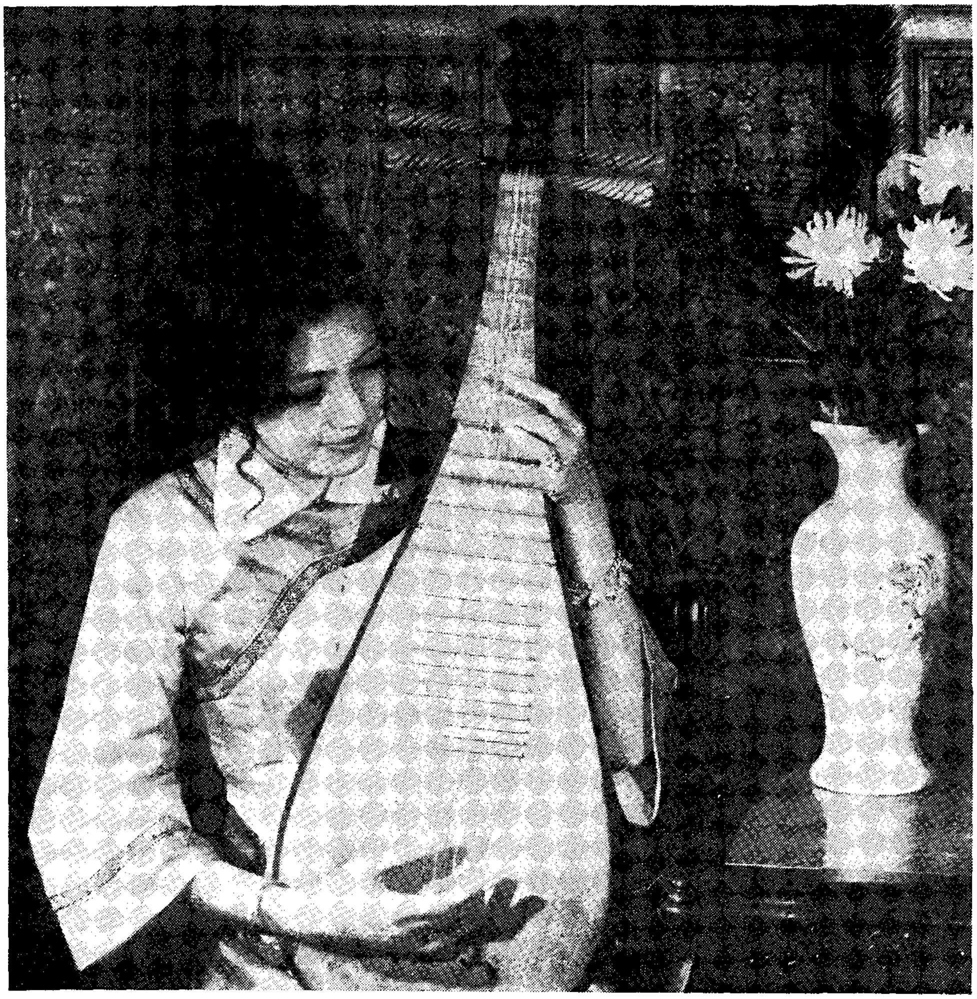

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

songs. Dancing begins at five-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays, at eight-thirty Saturdays, and at four Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Wilson Pickett Revue will be in residence through Wednesday, Feb. 23. Next evening's arrivals will be singer Bobby Darin and comedian Freddy Roman. No nights off. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas move out at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT**, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. (The band is an absentee-landlord proposition.) The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture*. . . . ¶ In the **CAFÉ**, Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ed Ames, whose closing night in the **PERSIAN ROOM** is Saturday, Feb. 19, is, of course, vox pop, but it's a vox that knows a good deal more than most of its competitors. On Monday, Feb. 21, Al Martino will start singing. At ten during the week, and at dinner and supper every Friday and Saturday. Burt Farber and Mark Monte, who go with the lease, are in charge of most ebullient orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **GREEN TULIP**, a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. Additionally, every night but Monday, there is discothèque dancing after ten. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Fran Jeffries is the dinner-and-supper tenant and soprano of this well-run mountain resort. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Barbara McNair, who paints her ballads with lightning strokes of the voice, is enjoying herself at dinner and supper in the **MAISONETTE**. George Cort's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE**, whose décor makes it yet another haven-on-earth, that master violinist Gunnar Hansen is conducting his this season's Grand Tour of the Continent, which goes on until long after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And in the **ST. REGIS ROOM**, a brace of guitarists are on as soon as the clock strikes nine-thirty. No Sundays or Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DIONYSOS, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a *minus* quantity. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after nine-thirty, sits Jacques Kayal, a vocal pianist to whom French, as it is to all Moroccans, is a second language; over here is the maître d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays, and Signor Palermo drops by from time to time. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one for an audience often made up of crowned heads. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Ronny Whyte and his piano are in evidence from eight-thirty to one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by the young Juilliard graduate student Ray Onley. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): This bookstall, a sister to the one detailed above, is fair of face, being all of a summery green and white. Against one wall sits Jerry Scott, whose voice and piano have the sound of a comforting country house-party. Nine until two through the week, ten until three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOGWOOD ROOM**, 50 E. 58th St. (PL 9-1710): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from five-thirty to one Mondays through Fridays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and Joe Candullo's set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace, from seven to nine in the King's Inn, and from nine to eleven in the Gold Room. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CARL ANDRE—Floor pieces in metal; through March 1. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MILET ANDREJEVIC—Mythical themes painted against a background of Central Park; through March 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

HORST ANTES—Paintings featuring magnified profiles; through March 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS AND LES LEVINE—Compositions in neon by the first, and gold-plated bubble gum by the second; through March 8. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Color-area paintings; through March 1. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Figurative paintings that stress patches of light and color; through March 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Monday, Feb. 21.)

MIRIAM BEERMAN—Oil paintings on paper of birds, tortoises, and monkeys; through March 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNOLD BELKIN—A series of sixteen paintings, each seventy-seven inches by fifty-five, on the theme of "The Death of Marat" by Jacques-Louis David; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

OSCAR BLUEMNER (1867-1938)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by an artist who was an early member of the Stieglitz gallery group; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Small watercolors and crayon and charcoal drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL BOLLINGER—Wooden constructions; through

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March 4. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Fernando Botero—Twenty-five recent paintings, drawings, and pastels of this Latin-American artist's balloonlike figures of generals, church officials, and ladies, plus still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Caro—New sculptures by this leading British abstractionist; starting Saturday, Feb. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Free-standing constructions, and wall pieces of masonite or wood cut into the shape of brush strokes; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcel Coard—A bedroom he executed in 1929 for Jean Cocteau; through March 18. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Ken Danby—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by a Canadian close-focus realist; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Davie—Emblematic compositions by a noted British painter; through March 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Twenty-one paintings covering the entire range of this pioneer American abstractionist's career from 1917 to his death; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jimmy Ernst—Complex abstractions; through Thursday, Feb. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Ernst—Four large paintings, seven sculptures, and some *frottages* by this well-known Surrealist; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Audrey Flack—Paintings of paintings and sculptures ("David") and of architectural monuments (the Cathedral of Amiens); starting Saturday, Feb. 19. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Frank Gallo—Fifteen new sculptures, plus screen prints and lithographs, by this artist known for his realistic female figures; through March 11. (Danenberg Contemporaries, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Gatch (1902-68)—Compositions of colored stones set into painted canvas; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alberto Giacometti—Eight sculptures, two paintings, twenty drawings, plus graphics; through Feb. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Haas—Tableaux of New York settings in shadow boxes and prints of buildings; through March 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Harloff—Paintings composed of symbols, often the human eye; first one-man show in New York by this Milanese. Through March 11. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Hart—Abstract paintings featuring textures produced through the use of sand; through March 4. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Johnson Heade (1819-1904)—Luminist landscapes and flowers by a nineteenth-century itinerant American; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Heidenreich (1901-65)—Oil paintings and watercolors by a German abstractionist who came to the United States in 1941; through March 11. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays—except Feb. 21—Fridays, and Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 1 to 8:30.)

Jerome Hill—Interiors and still-lifes; through Feb. 29. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ethelyn Honig—Encaustic paintings that stress texture; starting Saturday, Feb. 19. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

John Hultberg and Eric H. Olson—Abstract Expressionist landscapes containing suggestions of cities and industrial plants by the former, a veteran New York artist, and strips of film between sheets of glass that respond to changing lights by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—Steel and cast-iron abstract sculptures; through March 8. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Kramer—White geometrical paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Closed Mondays.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings, predominantly in the Constructivist mode, by the celebrated architect; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Monday, Feb. 21.)

Léger—Late oils, gouaches, and drawings, also lithographs; through March 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brice Marden—Paintings consisting of panels in single colors; through March 1. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Nicholas Marsicano and Roger Jorgensen—Freely handled paintings of the figure in oil on paper by the first, and one large abstract sculpture by the second; through March 2. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Meyerowitz—Paintings of musicians, landscapes, and horses, plus still-lifes, by a member of the National Academy; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Chase, 31 E. 64th St.)

Rus Michelsen—Abstract sculptures, some large, in bronze; first one-man show here. Through March 4. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Edgar Negret—Metal constructions, a number of them quite big, by a Latin American; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emil Nolde (1897-1956)—Watercolors by a leading German Expressionist; through March 18. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Pashgian—Translucent colored polyester disks; starting Saturday, Feb. 19. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—A show of four oils, one sculpture, and twenty-six drawings, which is running concurrently with the Picasso exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art; through March 17. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl Pickhardt—Abstract paintings on panels; starting Saturday, Feb. 19. (Meltzer, 783 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5:30.)

Joseph Raffael—"Portraits" of exotic birds and beasts; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Murray Reich and Garry Rich—Large color paintings by Mr. Reich, and dynamic abstractions by Mr. Rich; through Wednesday, Feb. 23. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Reid—Paintings and drawings on the theme of figures on a beach by this recently widely shown black artist; starting Tuesday, Feb. 22. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Rick Salzman—Ruby-colored polyester forms illuminated in the darkened gallery; first one-man show in New York. Starts Saturday, Feb. 19. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Strand—Forty photographs, most of them recent, plus twenty photogravures of a Mexican portfolio done in 1933 by this dean of art photographers; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Miklos Suba (1882-1944) **and O. Louis Guglielmi** (1906-56)—Paintings and drawings of architectural constructions by the former, and "magical-realist" paintings and drawings of New York by the latter, who was prominent in the thirties and forties; starting Saturday, Feb. 19. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Anne Tabachnick—Paintings and drawings by a younger New York figurative Expressionist; through Feb. 29. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

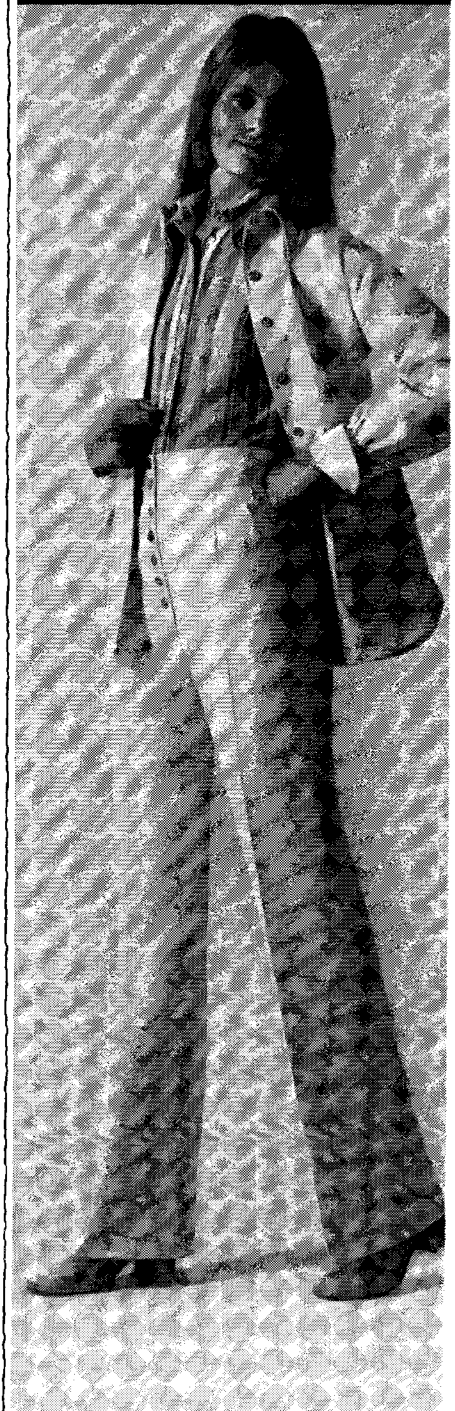
Richard Tuttle—Octagons made of stretched wire; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Steve Urry—Bright-surfaced welded-aluminum sculptures in twisted and curved forms; through March 4. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Vázquez—Large figurative oils in vibrant colors; through Wednesday, Feb. 23. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Joyce Weinstein—Abstract paintings; through

Shirttail chic in chino...



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 4. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Ann Wilson—Paintings on silk of boats and water scenes, some on the wall, some free-standing, also a sculpture of a stag in a rowboat; through March 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Sixty-five paintings by Edward Hicks, Grandma Moses, Horace Pippin, and John Kane; starting Tuesday, Feb. 22. . . . **BENEDEK**, 380 West Broadway: Young artists, ranging from "New Realists" to Minimalists, in a new gallery; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Oil paintings by leading American landscapists; through April 29. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An exhibit of posters done in the period from the eighteen-nineties through the First World War in the United States, England, and Europe; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Frank Stella, Lichtenstein, Morris, Warhol, Flavin, Judd, and Serra; starting Saturday, Feb. 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by Avedisian, Agnes Martin, John McCracken, John Wesley, and others; through March 2. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GREEN MOUNTAIN**, 17 Perry St.: An assembly of works by Alex Katz, gallery painters, and others considered by the gallery to be "metaphysical;" through Sunday, Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: American paintings of the late nineteenth century and the early twentieth by Prendergast, Luks, Bellows, Chase, and Bluemner, to name several; through Wednesday, Feb. 23. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and the like; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Works by leading Abstract Expressionist and Pop artists; through March 4. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: American naïve and folk art consisting of paintings, watercolors, chalkware, pen-and-ink drawings, and needlework from the eighteenth and early nineteenth century to half a dozen works from this one; through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings by faculty members of New York University's School of Continuing Education; through Friday, Feb. 25. (Weekdays, except Monday, Feb. 21, from 9 to 11.). . . **MENDOLA**, 341 Madison Ave., at 44th St.: Works by illustrators, past and present, among them Steven Dohanos, Bernie Fuchs, Rockwell Kent, Howard Pyle, Norman Rockwell, Andrew Wyeth, and N.C. Wyeth; through Feb. 29. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: An anniversary exhibit of gallery artists (Thon, Peirce, Vickrey, Sepeshy, and many others); through March 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **MYERS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists—Neil Welliver, Jane Freilicher, and Kendall Shaw, for example; starting Saturday, Feb. 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Archipenko, Chagall, Maillol, Pascin, and Rouault; through March 4. (Closed Mondays.). . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-five paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings executed abroad by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries; through March 25. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Four women painters and sculptors; through March 1. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WOMEN'S INTERART CENTER**, 549 W. 52nd St.: An exhibition, growing into the hundreds, of work by women, many of them militants of liberation; through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 10; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About thirty portraits and self-portraits of artists, in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints, along with photos of artists in their studios by Arnold Newman; through March 7. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-five photographs of China during the last thirty-five years by Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, March Riboud, and René Burri; through April 11. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 21, from 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by Picasso in all mediums and spanning every phase of his career, assembled from the Museum's collection and promised gifts; through May 1. A complement to this show is the exhibit at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ New acquisitions, consisting of a construction and a painting from the early twentieth century by two Russians, Vladimir Baranoff-Rossine and Ivan Puni, and paintings by Lichtenstein, Christensen, Ryman, and others; through March 5. . . . ¶ Naïve art from the Museum's collection; through April 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty sculptures and ten paintings by John Chamberlain, best known for constructions made of crushed automobile parts; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Examples of their own works selected by ten American artists—Bearden, Beauchamp, Frank, Grooms, Johnson, Kriesberg, Kurhajec, Maryan, Westermann, and Schumann; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 21, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The nationwide biennial survey of current painting by Americans; through March 19. . . . ¶ Paintings by Adja Yunkers, a well-known Abstract Expressionist painter and printmaker; through March 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program, "Ragtime and All That Jazz," performed by Eubie Blake, William Bolcom, Max Morath, and Willie the Lion Smith. Tickets will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, Feb. 16.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A new addition to the Museum's American period rooms, the Worgelt Study, embodies the Art Deco style in every detail, from furniture to bar decanters. . . . ¶ The newly installed Schenck House Gallery focusses on the Jan Martuse Schenck House, a Brooklyn miller's dwelling and one of the most important surviving examples of seventeenth-century architecture. . . . ¶ The recently opened Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Galleries contain furniture and decorations of the principal artists, designers, and craftsmen of the period. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; open Monday, Feb. 21, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W., at 79th St.—Over four hundred and fifty specimens of birds of the New York area are shown in a completely reconstructed exhibit. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 21, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Thirty-five Japanese "Nanga" paintings on paper and silk of the early eighteenth century to the mid-nineteenth; through Feb. 27. (Mondays, except Feb. 21, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Monday, Feb. 21, from 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

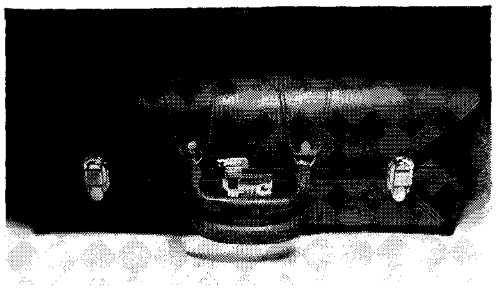
Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Works constructed at the Museum by six artists, among them D'Arcangelo, Indiana, LeWitt, and Warhol, with the method used by each photographed and documented in the gallery; through March 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

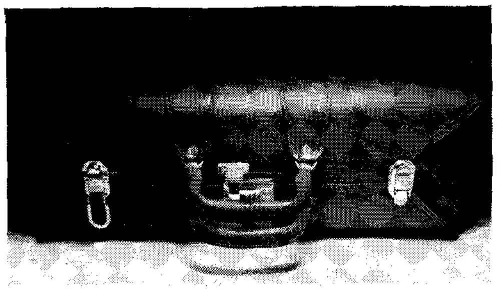
Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—A hundred paintings, sketches, drawings, watercolors, lithographs, and book illustrations spanning the career of Rockwell Kent; through March 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A refreshing showing of eighteenth-century French paintings of flowers (some enlivened by the presence of insects), all thought to be the work of pupils of Madeleine Basseporte, professor of flower painting at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris; through April 1. . . . ¶ French paintings of the late Medieval period; through April 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show surveying the Museum's collection of wood and stone carvings (including a large flock of decoys), paintings,

How to tell a good bellman from a bad bellman.





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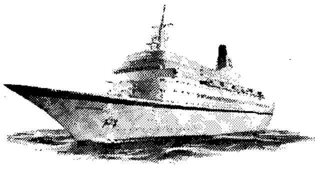

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

weathervanes and trade signs, quilts, and other of its specialties; through Feb. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures constituting a retrospective of the visionary works of de Chirico from 1911 to 1971; through April 2. Wednesdays through Sundays, at 4 and 6, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing of films related to the artist. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Seventy-two new additions to the print collection, ranging from an anonymous Swiss woodcut of 1502 to a Lee Bontecou lithograph; through April 29. (Weekdays, except Monday, Feb. 21, from 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Work by eleven black artists from Southern California, in a variety of mediums; through March 5. (Mondays, except Feb. 21, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 16: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Carlo Franci. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 17: A new production of Donizetti's "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Ljuba Welitch, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 18: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Barry McDaniel, Thomas Stewart, Giorgio Tozzi, and Adam Klein; Colin Davis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 19: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Carlo Franci. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 19: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 21: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Teresa Stratas, Frederica von Stade, Cesare Siepi, Hermann Prey, and Paul Plishka; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 22: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Barry McDaniel, Thomas Stewart, Giorgio Tozzi, and Adam Klein; Colin Davis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 23: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Ljuba Welitch, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 24: "Werther," with Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, and Fernando Corena; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 25: "Falstaff," with Renata Tebaldi, Jeannette Pilou, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Geraint Evans, Luigi Alva, and Kostas Paskalis; Christoph von Dohnanyi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 26: "Faust," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Frederica von Stade, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi; Alain Lombard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 26: "Fidelio," with Anja Silja, Judith Blegen, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Leo Goeke; Hans Wallat. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 30—Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 7: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Bianca Sauler, Michele Molese, and William Chapman; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Johanna Meier, Michael Devlin, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Bianca Sauler, Michele Molese, and William Chapman; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 18, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 21, at 7:30 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 25, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 28, at 7:30 (all with Rafael Druian, violin). . . . **note:** An hour before the concert on Saturday, Feb. 19, the Galimir Quartet will give a performance of Berg's "Lyric Suite."

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall—Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8: Alexander Gibson conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8: Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Roberto Szidon, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 21, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Beverly Sills, soprano.

National Symphony Orchestra—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Erick Friedman, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8:15.)

Prague Symphony Orchestra—Jindřich Rohan conducting, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra da Camera—Matthias Bamert conducting, with Marsha Heller, English horn. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist in the second in a series of four-and-a-half-hour concerts, this one an all-Mozart program, with Susan Belling, soprano; Paul Zukofsky, violin; Abba Bogin and Gilbert Kalish, pianos; the Janus Chorale of New York; the Oratorio Society of New York; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 6.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducting this chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8:30, a program of Venetian music, with Bert Lucarelli, oboe. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 8, the Vivaldi cycle of flute concertos, with Jean-Pierre Rampal.)

Manhattan Wind Symphony—David Simon conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Roberta Peters, soprano, and Julian Patrick, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—John Motley directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with Diana Hoagland, soprano; Carole Walters, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Marilyn Mason—Organ. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Idil Biret—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Sanford Allen—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 5:30.)

Composers in Performance—The Sonic Arts Group in a program of electronic music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman—Piano and violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2:15.)

Felix Salmond Memorial Concert—Samuel Mayes and Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Boris Goldovsky, piano; and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Thomas Stewart—Baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Sergio and Eduardo Abreu—Classic guitarists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8, an all-Schubert program. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8, a Schubert-Beethoven program.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Beverly Sills, soprano; Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Aldo Parisot, cello; Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 26, at 9.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Note—Agustin Anievas will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 5, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, Feb. 22, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (*not before*). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Stefan Wolpe Seventieth-Birthday Concert—A program of his music, performed by vocal and instrumental soloists, including Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Arthur Bloom, clarinet; the Zamir Chorale; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Music by Vazgen Muradian—Arthur Bloom conducting an orchestra, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Lili Chookasian, contralto; Humbert Lucarelli, oboe; Annie Kavafian, violin; and Seta Karakashian, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 5:45: The Orpheon Singers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 5:45: Jimmy Giuffre's trio.

Chris Connor—With her trio (Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Friday, Feb. 18, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Maynard Ferguson Orchestra—Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.

Don McLean—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.

Nana Mouskouri and the Athenians—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, and Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.

Dave Berger Jazz Orchestra—Maisonette, St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel. Friday, Feb. 25, at noon.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden**: Knicks vs. Houston, Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Baltimore, Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8. . . . **Nassau Coliseum**, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I.: Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Floridians, Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Dallas, Monday, Feb. 21, at 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Feb. 25, at 8:15.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 20, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 11. The Barbara Fritchie, Saturday, Feb. 19, and the John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 26.

Tennis—Clean Air Tennis Classic: Stan Smith, Clark Graebner, Ilie Nastase, Jim Connors, Tom Gorman, Cliff Richey, and Manolo Orantes. A benefit tournament. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 21-23, at 2 and 6:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 24-25, at 6:30; Saturday, Feb. 26, at 2 and 6:30; and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 1. For information about tickets, call EL 5-3611.)

Track Meets—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 18, at 7.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 7. For information about tickets, call 245-1540.). . . ¶ National A.A.U. *Indoor Championships. (Madison* Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 25, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Feb. 29.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN:** "H.M.S. *Pinafore*," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 19-20, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Feb. 26, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Ann Gardner, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

Stage Shows—*By the* **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "*Peter* and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 21, at 1 and 3:30.). . . **BLUE PEACOCK PLAYERS:** "Genji and the White Jewels." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2.). . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Saturday, Feb. 26. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Hot Feet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturdays at 3.). . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Robin Hood." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 21, at 1. Children under five not admitted.). . . **LEA WALLACE PUPPETS:** "The Adventures of Sinbad." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 1:30. *Children under three not admitted.)*

Movies—"The Secret Garden," with Dean Stockwell and Margaret O'Brien. Saturday, Feb. 19, and Monday, Feb. 21, at 10, 12, 2, 4, and 6, and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30. . . . ¶ "The Red Shoes," with Moira Shearer, Saturday, Feb. 26, at 10, 12:30, 3, and 5:30. (New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. For information about tickets, call 875-6261.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "By the Stars of Gitche Gumee." (Mondays, except Feb. 21, through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Feb. 21, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.). . . ¶ An hour before the shows, the Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, on Monday, Feb. 21, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.)

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits will be Chinese works of art, an 1890 penny arcade, and a display of fun sculptures. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Saturday, Feb. 19, through Sunday, Feb. 27. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 2: English and Continental silver, from the estate of Consuelo U. Ford and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2: English furniture, decorations, clocks, and carpets; from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 10:15 and 2: Photographs, including daguerreotypes and tintypes; illustrated books and photographic albums; and pre-cinematic toys. From various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 23-24, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 18.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 16 at noon: "The Land" (1941), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2: "Moana" (1926), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5:30: "Louisiana Story" (1948), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971), in Portuguese, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 5:30: "The Heirs" (1969), in Portuguese, directed by Carlos Diegues. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 8: "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1071). . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Memories of Helen" (1969), in Portuguese, directed by David Neves. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at noon: "Torment" (1944), in Swedish, directed by Alf Sjöberg. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 3: "Barrvanto" (1962), in Portuguese, directed by Glauber Rocha. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 5:30: "A Panoramic View of Brazilian Cinema" (1968), with an English narration. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 12:30: "The General" (1927), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 3 and 5:30: "Killed the Family and Went to the Movies" (1970), in Portuguese, directed by Julio Bressane. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at noon: "Razor in the Flesh" (1969), in Portuguese, directed by Bráz Chediak. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 5:30 and Feb. 22 at 2: "Seventh Heaven" (1927), directed by Frank Borzage, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 5:30: A program of films by Charles Levine. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2: "The Brave Warrior" (1969), in Portuguese, directed by Gustavo Dahl. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 5:30: "Razor in the Flesh" (1969). . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 2: "The Priest and the Girl" (1966), in Portuguese, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 5:30: "The Gods and the Dead" (1970), in Portuguese, directed by Ruy Guerra. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 8: "The Priest and the Girl" (1966). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Markopoulos, Jordan, Keaton, Murnau, Mekas, Menken, Landow, Melies, Nelson, Ozu, Smith, Renoir, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and 10. No Mondays, and no 10 o'clock show on Feb. 18. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison *Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—Feb. 16: "One* P.M.," directed by Jean-Luc Godard and D. A. Pennebaker. . . . ¶ Feb. 17-23: A program of animated shorts by independent filmmakers. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 24: "Image, Flesh, and Voice," directed by Ed Emshwiller. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

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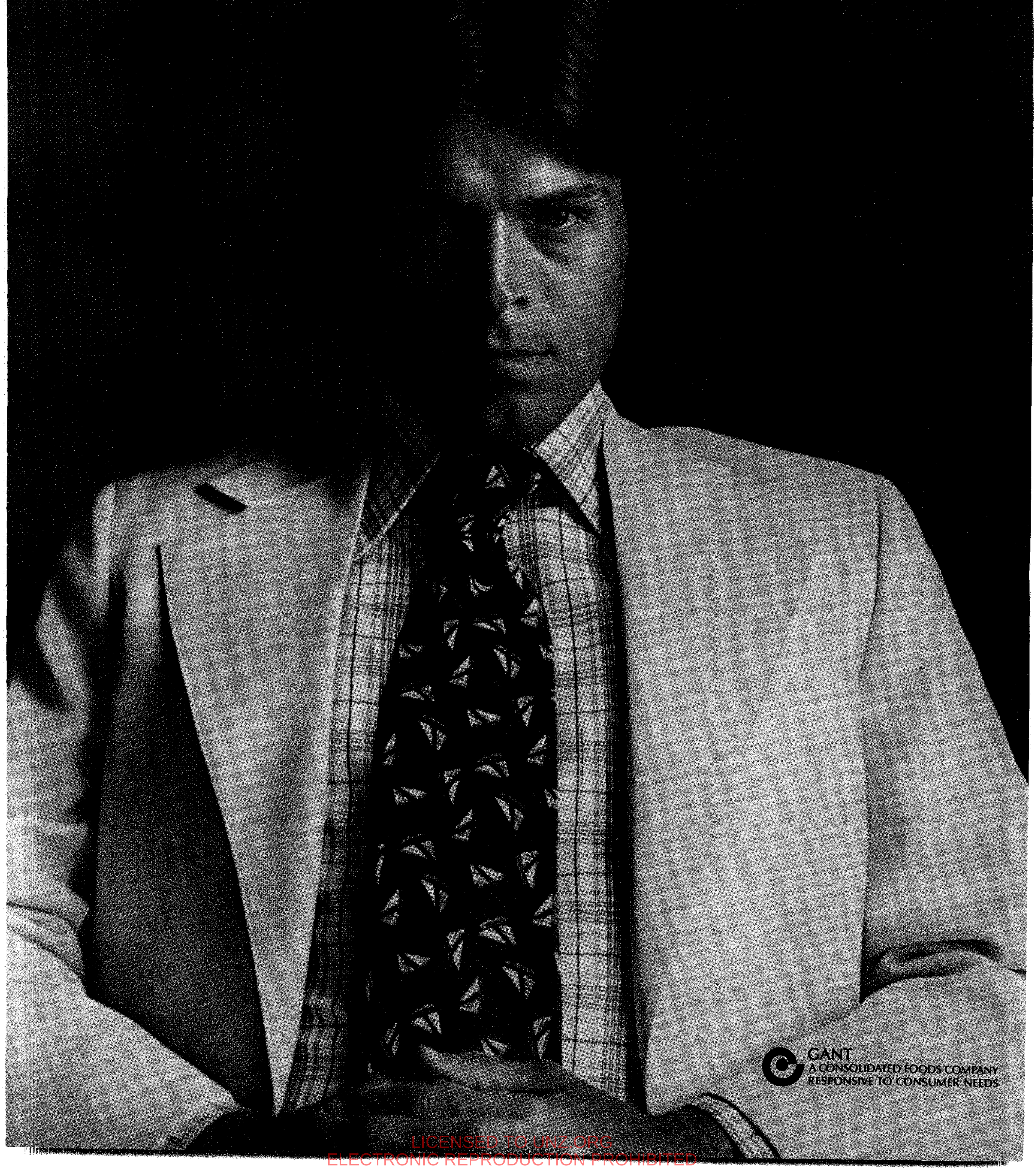

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)

Through Feb. 22: "Murder She Said" and "Murder at the Gallop."

From Feb. 23: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Feb. 19: "I Could Go on Singing" and "Blues in the Night."

Feb. 20-22: "Music in the Air" and "Sweet Adeline."

From Feb. 23: "Flying Down to Rio" and "The Sky's the Limit."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)

Feb. 16: "Woodstock" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"

Feb. 17-19: "Point Blank," "Shock Corridor," and "Brewster McCloud."

Feb. 20-23: "Singin' in the Rain" and "Ninotchka."

From Feb. 24: "A Hard Day's Night," "Help!," and "Bedazzled."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)

"Diamonds Are Forever."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)

"Billy Jack" and "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Dirty Harry."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Last Picture Show."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)

"The Hospital."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)

"The Hot Rock."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)

"A Man for All Seasons."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)

"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"The Nightcomers."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Through Feb. 22: "El Topo."

From Feb. 23: "No Drums, No Bugles."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Through Feb. 22: "The Jerusalem File."

From Feb. 23: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

"The Boy Friend."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)

"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)

"Minnie and Moskowitz."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th. (832-1670)

"To Find a Man."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)

"Made for Each Other."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)

"Le Boucher."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)

"Straw Dogs."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)

Through Feb. 22: "Such Good Friends" and "Desperate Characters."

From Feb. 23 (tentative): "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)

Through Feb. 22: "The Trojan Women."

From Feb. 23: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)

"The French Connection."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)

"The Hot Rock."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"King Lear."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)

"X Y & Zee."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)

"$."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Diamonds Are Forever."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)

"The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (688-1717)

Through Feb. 22: "Together."

From Feb. 23 (tentative): "Klute" and "Summer of '42."

WEST SIDE

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)

Through Feb. 19: "Children of Paradise."

Feb. 20-22: "Some Like It Hot" and "Tom Jones."

From Feb. 23: "My Night at Maud's" and "La Collectionneuse."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)

Through Feb. 22: "Murmur of the Heart."

From Feb. 23: "The Decameron" and "Fellini Satyricon."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through Feb. 22: "The Wizard of Oz" and "Forbidden Planet."

From Feb. 23: "Dutchman" and "The Emperor Jones."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)

Through Feb. 22: "The Trojan Women."

From Feb. 23: "The Quiet Man" and another feature, to be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Feb. 16: A program of experimental films by Hollis Frampton, Stan Brakhage, and Michael Snow.

Feb. 17: A program of experimental films by Stan Brakhage and Michael Snow.

Feb. 18-24: "Woodstock" and "Monterey Pop."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)

Through Feb. 22: "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

From Feb. 23: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)

"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)

Feb. 16: "Tenchu" and "Bandits on the Wind."

From Feb. 17: "Sanjuro" and "Samurai Rebellion." (No performances on Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)

"Long Ago, Tomorrow."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)

"Mary, Queen of Scots."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Cabaret."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)

Through Feb. 19: "Sunday Bloody Sunday."

From Feb. 20: "To Die of Love."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)

"Macbeth."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

Through Feb. 19: "Bananas" and "Yellow Submarine."

From Feb. 20: "Outback."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)

"Modern Times."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through Feb. 18: "Bartleby."

From Feb. 19: "Without Apparent Motive."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through Feb. 22: "Patton."

From Feb. 23: "The Hellstrom Chronicle" and "Blue Water, White Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"The French Connection."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)

Through Feb. 22: "Carnal Knowledge" and "Promise at Dawn."

From Feb. 23: "Long Ago, Tomorrow" and "Little Murders."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Feb. 16: "Belle de Jour" and "Picnic on the Grass."

Feb. 17: "Picnic on the Grass" and "Seventh Heaven."

Feb. 18: "Seventh Heaven" and "The Blue Angel."

Feb. 19: "The Blue Angel" and "The Baker's Wife."

Feb. 20: "The Baker's Wife" and "The Clowns."

Feb. 21: "The Clowns" and "Lola Montès."

Feb. 22: "Lola Montès" and "The Confession."

Feb. 23: "The Confession" and "Hour of the Wolf."

Feb. 24: "Hour of the Wolf" and "Bay of the Angels."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)

Through Feb. 22: "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

From Feb. 23: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

Through Feb. 17: "The Devils" and "Wait Until Dark."

Feb. 18-21: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "La Femme Infidèle."

Feb. 22-24: "The Confession" and "Le Petit Soldat."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Feb. 16: "Wind from the East" and "Breathless."

Feb. 17-19: "Right On!" and "The Great White Hope."

Feb. 20-21: "Contempt" and "Strangers on a Train."

Feb. 22-23: "The Hustler" and "Billy Liar."

From Feb. 24: "Bedazzled" and "The Fearless Vampire Killers."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Baker's Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry, which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 19-20.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (Little Carnegie; through Feb. 19.)

Bandits on the Wind (1961)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Bartleby—With Paul Scofield and John McEnery, directed by Anthony Friedmann. (Paris; through Feb. 18.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Jacques Demy's virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes this flimsy, capricious story of a gambling lady (Jeanne Moreau, in dazzling form) a lyrical study in compulsion and luck. A magical, whirling film, photographed by Raoul Coutard, and with one of Michel Legrand's best scores. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 24.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (St. Marks Cinema and Olympia; starting Feb. 24.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 16.)

Billy Jack—With Tom Laughlin and Delores Taylor, directed by Laughlin. (Kips Bay.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Olympia; Feb. 22-23.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (New Yorker; Feb. 18-19.)

Blues in the Night (1941)—Jazz and melodrama, in a fermented mixture. Directed by Anatole Litvak and written by Robert Rossen, this self-serious, overheated Warner Brothers picture about the life of travelling musicians was released just before Pearl Harbor. Richard Whorf is the tormented pianist who cracks up, and Betty Field is the bad, bad girl who not only leads him astray but kills Lloyd Nolan, and is herself killed in a car crash with Wallace Ford. Whorf's band includes Elia Kazan; the vocalist is Priscilla Lane. The songs are by Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 19.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Paramount; starting Feb. 23.)

Le Boucher—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Boy Friend—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Olympia; Feb. 16.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 17-19.)

Cabaret—With Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; directed by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 22.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Garrick; through Feb. 19.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (New Yorker; Feb. 20-21.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were there so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Garrick; starting Feb. 23.)

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The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 22-23. . . . ¶ Thalia; Feb. 22-24.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (Olympia; Feb. 20-21.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 23, tentative.)

The Decameron—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Waverly; starting Feb. 23.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Feb. 22.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Thalia; through Feb. 17.)

Diamonds Are Forever—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (Gramercy and 86th St. East.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife (1970)—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Thalia; Feb. 18-21.)

Dirty Harry—Clint Eastwood is the saintly cop who demonstrates the necessity for para-legal police power; Don Siegel directed this skillful, brutal, Fascist thriller. (Murray Hill.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Brutality and tension are a poor substitute for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Loew's Ciné.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 23.)

The Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with some ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 23.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and disowned by Roman Polanski, in an imaginative exile's comprehensible compulsion to find his feet again. The film flails, but you can see the talent somewhere. (Olympia; starting Feb. 24.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Waverly; starting Feb. 23.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 18-21.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays through Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 21, at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 21, at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitates in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 23.)

Forbidden Planet (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifts its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue; the language is flat. (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 22.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Juliet 2 and Regency.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; through Feb. 22.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian land-

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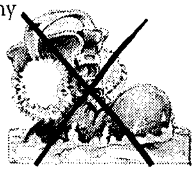

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owners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

The Great White Hope (1970)—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (Olympia; Feb. 17-19.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 24.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. In color, and good, but not quite so wonderful. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 24.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Paramount; starting Feb. 23.)

The Hospital—George C. Scott is at his most hammily brilliant in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself, it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Sutton.)

The Hot Rock—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (New Yorker; Feb. 23-24.)

The Hustler (1961)—The test of what a man has inside him—the Hemingway type of story frequently set in the bullring or, in this country, in the world of sports, especially among prizefighters. Here, it is set in the world of pool sharks. Paul Newman is the young contender, Eddie Felson; Jackie Gleason is the old champ, Minnesota Fats; Piper Laurie is Eddie's girl; and George C. Scott his evil manager. Robert Rossen directed this fine movie, which is marred, however, by too conscious an effort at pungent dialogue and some rather murky notions of perversion and corruption. But it's a strong movie, and Newman is at his best. With Murray Hamilton and Myron McCormick, who is stuck with the worst pseudo-Odets role. (Olympia; Feb. 22-23.)

I Could Go On Singing (1963)—Dreadful, but often fascinating: Judy Garland in the sort of movie that is usually made about a performer long after the events, and with someone else playing the lead. Her face puffy, her manner distressed, she goes through a sort of "Madame X" version of a selfish singer's life, in which she belts out numbers at the Palladium. Made in England and directed by Ronald Neame. With Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 19.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Kips Bay. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 16.)

The Jerusalem File—With Bruce Davison and Nicol Williamson, directed by John Flynn. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Feb. 22.)

King Lear—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (U. A. East.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Art, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and Juliet 1; starting Feb. 23. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 23, tentative.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (34th St. East and Columbia I.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 23.)

Long Ago, Tomorrow—Doomed love between paraplegics, who must go through considerable wheelchair wiggling even to kiss. For people who want to be turned on by the sadness of it. With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Guild. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 23.)

Macbeth—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. The play is treated not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (Playboy.)

Made for Each Other—Renée Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes that there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renée Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Beekman.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts.)

Mary, Queen of Scots—With Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson, directed by Charles Jarrott. (Music Hall.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Cinema II.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's infectious record of the Monterey music festival, with fifty thousand teen-agers and musicians. (Elgin; Feb. 18-24.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown in its full form. His command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 21-22.)

Murder She Said (1962)—Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, a maiden-aunt amateur criminologist, in an amiable adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. With Arthur Kennedy and Stringer Davis; George Pollock directed. (Art; through Feb. 22.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as at-

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tempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Art; through Feb. 22.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (Waverly; through Feb. 22.)

Music in the Air (1934)—An "adult" Fox musical, with Gloria Swanson and John Boles singing together, and June Lang, Al Shean, Hobart Bosworth, and Reginald Owen. The songs, by Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern, are on the coy side of romance ("I've Told Ev'ry Little Star," "I Am So Eager," "The Song Is You," "We Belong Together," "One More Dance"). Billy Wilder, newly arrived in Hollywood, collaborated with Howard I. Young on the script; it was Wilder's first American credit. Joe May directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 20-22.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Garrick; starting Feb. 23.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8; Friday, Feb. 18, at 8:30; Saturday through Monday, Feb. 19-21, at 1, 5, and 8:45; Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 7:30; Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 7:30; and Thursday, Feb. 24, at 7:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 23, tentative.)

The Nightcomers—With Marlon Brando, directed by Michael Winner. (Baronet.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 20-23.)

No Drums, No Bugles—With Martin Sheen, directed by Clyde Ware. (Coronet; starting Feb. 23.)

Outback—With Donald Pleasence and Gary Bond, directed by Ted Kotcheff. (Little Carnegie; starting Feb. 20.)

Patton (1970)—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed, in a handsome, almost imperial, style, by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Paramount; through Feb. 22.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Godard's first foray into politics, with romance and political extremism and torture and talk of cinema all suspended in an Existential mixture. Technically an innovative work, but humanly a baffling one. With Anna Karina and Michel Subor. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 22-24.)

Picnic on the Grass (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. In French. (New Yorker; Feb. 16-17.)

Point Blank (1967)—A brutal, visually stunning account of a crook who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. With a superb performance by Lee Marvin. John Boorman is the director. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 17-19.)

Promise at Dawn (1971)—Jules Dassin has tried to turn Romain Gary's nostalgic celebration of his loving mother into a vehicle for Melina Mercouri. But she seems, as usual, to be playing a normal hearty, hot nymphomaniac. The different parts of the past run together in a blur in this generally unsatisfying film, but there are a few good satirical sequences with Dassin acting the role of a silent-movie idol. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 22.)

The Quiet Man (1952)—With John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara, directed by John Ford. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Feb. 23.)

Right On!—Dangerous-natured, funny, agile film about three black poets—poets of revolution and infectious, lazy sarcasm. They incant on a roof in Harlem, accompanied by drums; the sunshine burns and wanes, the film is stirring and chilling. (Olympia; Feb. 17-19.)

Samurai Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed swordfight. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Feb. 17. No performances on Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Feb. 17. No performances on Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Seventh Heaven (1927)—The first year Academy Awards were given, Frank Borzage took the prize for directing this tender, sweet (and silent) film starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. (New Yorker; Feb. 17-18.)

Shock Corridor (1962)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 17-19.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 20-23.)

The Sky's the Limit (1943)—Dreary R.K.O. musical, with Fred Astaire, cast, unfortunately, opposite the wholesome Joan Leslie, with her girl-next-door big smiles. But Astaire does some beautiful solo work, including the memorable "One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)." With Robert Benchley; Edward H. Griffith directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 23.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Garrick; Feb. 20-22.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Olympia; Feb. 20-21.)

Straw Dogs—A picture that will be talked about for many years. Sam Peckinpah, who is an artist, has made the first American film that is a Fascist work of art. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative. (Tower East.)

Such Good Friends—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them, at that. It's a sour, crude movie, with another atrocious performance by James Coco. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Feb. 22.)

SUMMER OF '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Art, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and Juliet 1; starting Feb. 23. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 23, tentative.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Greenwich. . . . ¶ Festival; through Feb. 19.)

SWEET ADELINE (1935)—Irene Dunne, the most arch of the comediennes and the most ladylike of the singers, starred in this Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern show, directed to a dead finish by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast includes Donald Woods, Ned Sparks, and Hugh Herbert. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 20-22.)

TENCHU—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; Feb. 16.)

TO DIE OF LOVE—With Annie Girardot and Bruno Pradal, directed by André Cayatte. In French. (Festival; starting Feb. 20.)

TO FIND A MAN—With Pamela Sue Martin and Darren O'Connor, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Columbia II.)

TOGETHER—With Marilyn Briggs and Maureen Cousins, directed by Sean Cunningham. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Feb. 22.)

TOM JONES (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Garrick; Feb. 20-22.)

EL TOPO—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—as head comics. (Coronet; through Feb. 22.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Juliet 1 and 5th Ave. Cinema; through Feb. 22.)

WAIT UNTIL DARK (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Thalia; through Feb. 17.)

WIND FROM THE EAST—With Gian Maria Volonte, directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In English and Italian. (Olympia; Feb. 16.)

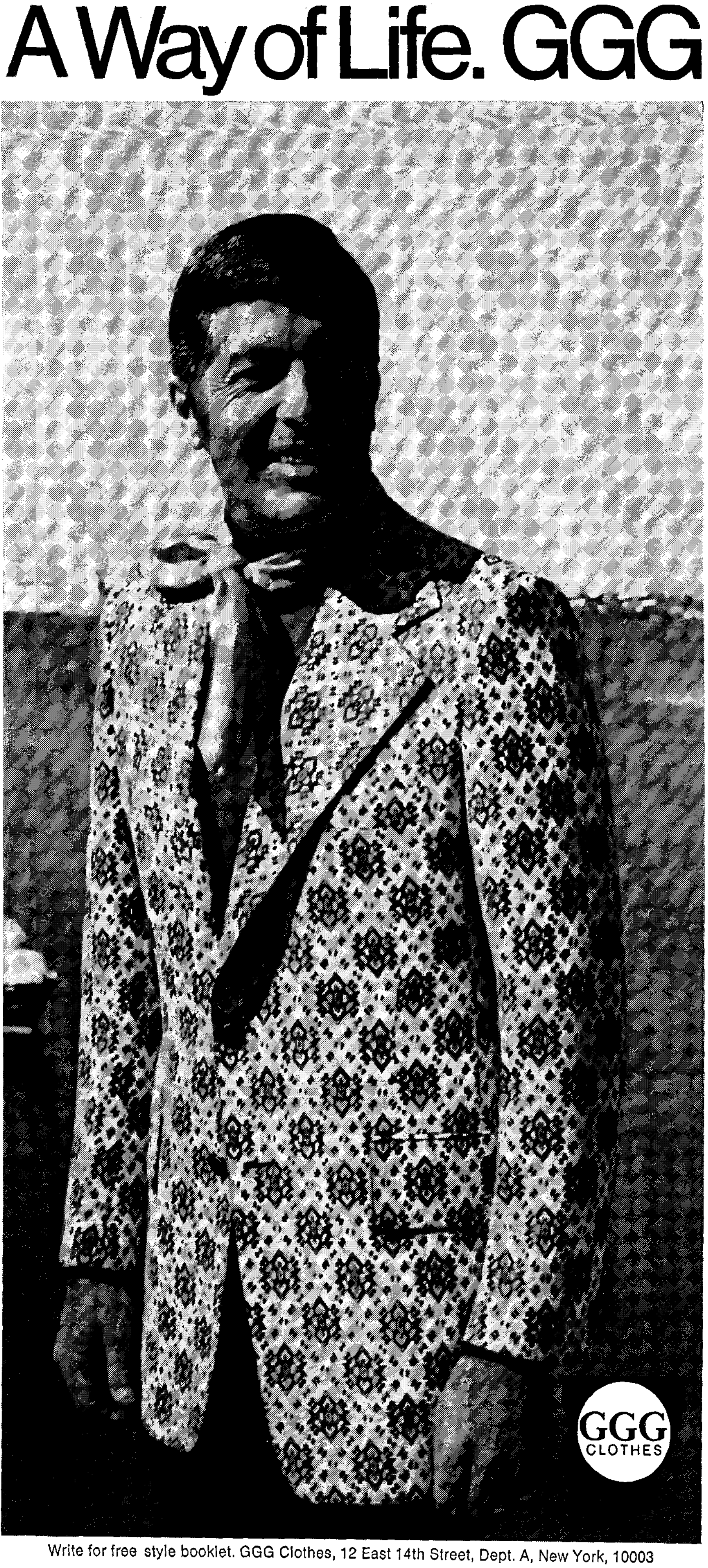
WITHOUT APPARENT MOTIVE—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Dominique Sanda, directed by Philippe Labro. In French. (Paris; starting Feb. 19.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 22.)

WOODSTOCK (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Elgin; Feb. 18-24.)

X Y & ZEE—Elizabeth Taylor in an all-out, let-it-bleed performance that shows her talent for comic toughness. She's a great bawd in this one, and so energetic that Michael Caine and Susannah York (it's a triangle movie) have to work hard to hold their own. The picture doesn't quite break through the plush-circus women's-picture format, but Edna O'Brien's dialogue has a sardonic tickle to it. Directed by Brian G. Hutton. (Orpheum.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Little Carnegie; through Feb. 19.)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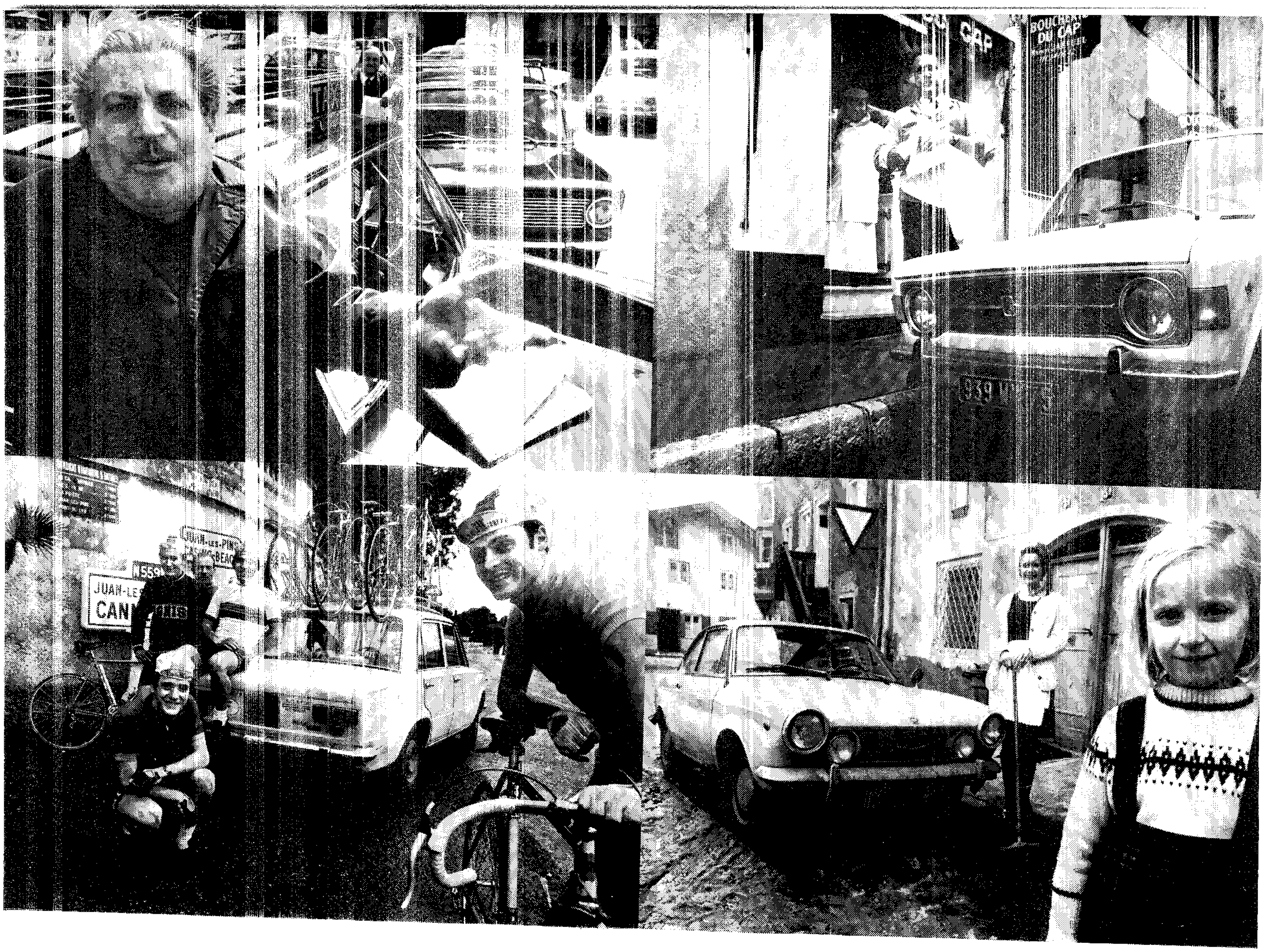


IN EUROPE, WHERE THEY'VE BEEN BUYING SMALL CARS FOR THREE GENERATIONS, THEY BUY MORE FIATS THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

For every Volkswagen sold in Italy, 6 Fiats are sold in Germany.

For every Renault sold in Italy, 2 Fiats are sold in France.

For every Volvo sold in Italy, 9 Fiats are sold in Sweden.

All this becomes even more meaningful when you consider that, over there, they have fifty different kinds of cars to choose from.

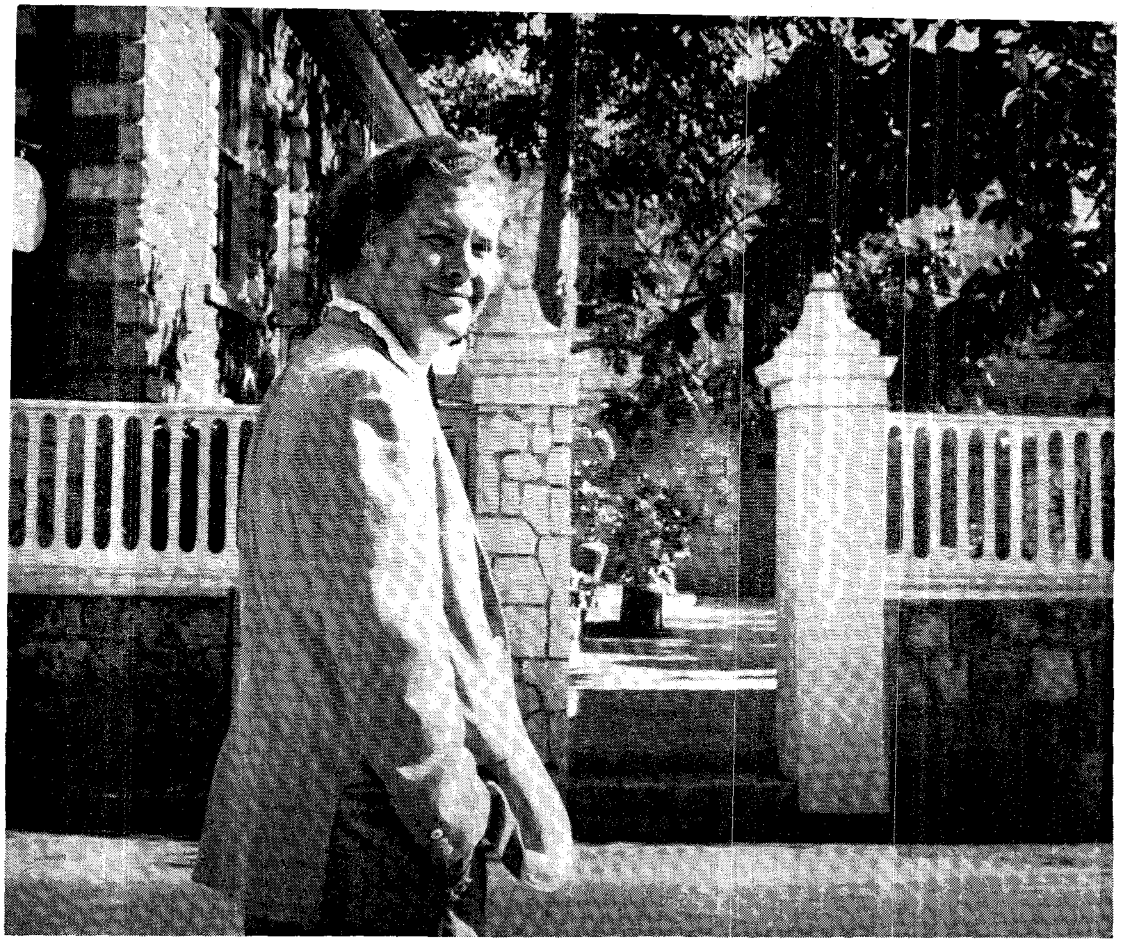
And that their choice is based on sixty years of driving these various cars under conditions that run all the way from the subzero winters of Sweden to the Alpine roads of northern Italy to the traffic jams of Paris to the no speed limit driving of the German autobahn.

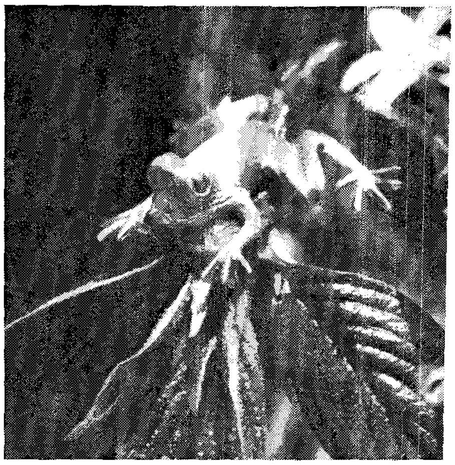
Now, if you've been trying to decide between the dozen or so small cars sold here in the States, the above facts should make your decision easier.

After all, when it comes to small cars, you can't fool a European.

FIAT
The biggest selling car in Europe.

Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.





Come on down to Montego Bay, says Douglas Cooper. I've got a fantastic midnight blue gem star sapphire to show you.

Mr. Cooper is looking for an appropriate home for his midnight blue gem star sapphire. It is, he said, a gem fit for a connoisseur. He also suggested that it would make a most appropriate souvenir of Jamaica. (If you are in Jamaica right now and your wife just gave you this advertisement to read, you've got big trouble, friend.)

If you aren't quite sure just how to find us in Montego Bay, which seems unlikely (everyone knows Mr. Cooper, mon), you can (1) give us a call at Montego Bay 952-5705 and we'll come get you or (2) ask for F. J. Cooper in the Georgian Corner. We're part of the new restoration of Old Montego Bay. In fact, we're in one of the two oldest buildings in town—typically 18th century. It's really fun these rush-rush, push-push days to take a step backwards into another century, rather than a step forward. (At least backward you know where you've been. Which isn't so bad either.)

Enough philosophizing. When you come visit with Mr. Cooper you'll find among other things our gem star sapphire. You can see it below actual size but the picture doesn't do it justice. It's over 84 carats and one of the finest in the world. Set in a "Design by Diene" (Mrs. Cooper) in 18 karat gold and platinum with diamonds, it is $55,000. Less, of course, than what you might spend for several exotic motor cars.

Two other attractions in Montego Bay (see above) are an unusual collection of cultured baroque pearls with an opal clasp, $2100. And an 18 karat gold Puerto Rican tree frog (Coquí) with ruby eyes as a brooch or a charm (who just came over to try the Jamaican sun) $75. His larger cousin, $90.

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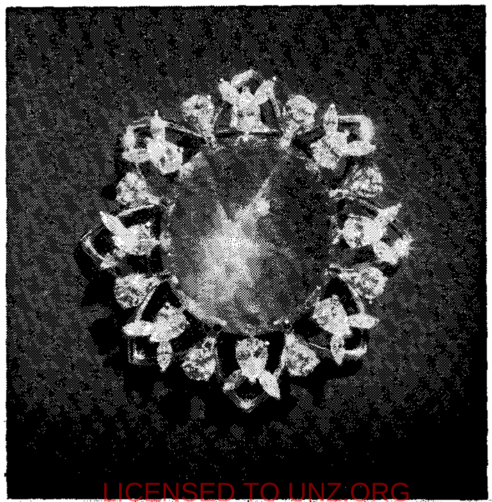


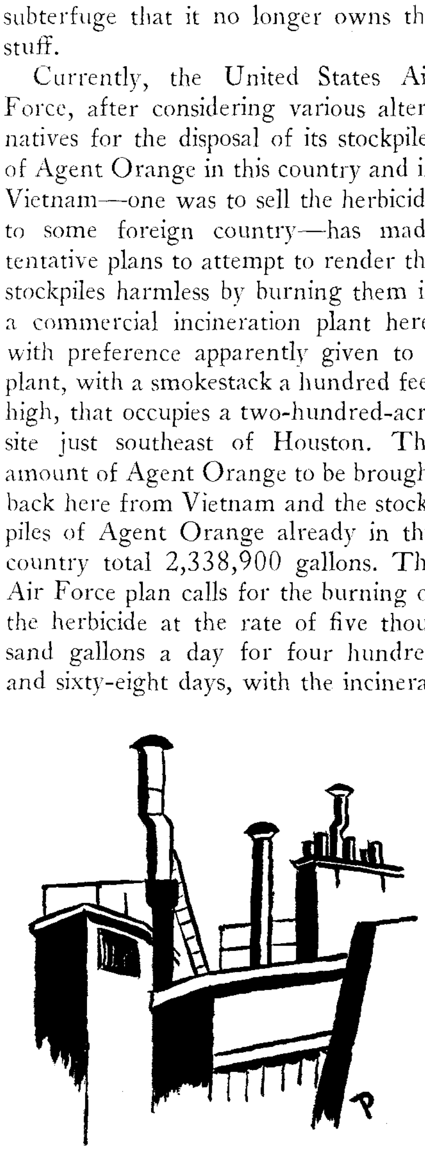
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Department of Defense, not because its leaders wished to do so but because they were apprehensive about the political consequences of not doing so, has decided to withdraw from Vietnam its stockpile of a million and a half gallons of the defoliant Agent Orange—consisting of an equal mixture of the herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T—which it was about to hand over to the South Vietnamese authorities last fall to spray on their own countryside and people. As far back as 1966—when the Americans had already been waging herbicidal warfare in Vietnam for five years—samples of 2,4,5-T studied under government contract by Bionetics Research Laboratories, of Bethesda, Maryland, were shown to exert teratogenic, or fetus-deforming, effects on experimental animals. But it was not until about two years ago—after protracted delays, successive evasive maneuvers, and downright distortion of the facts by the Department of Agriculture and the Department of Defense, and even the concealment of important data about the potential hazards of 2,4,5-T by a former science adviser to President Nixon—that pressure, resulting from a Senate subcommittee investigation headed by Senator Philip Hart, obliged the Administration to place restrictions or prohibitions on certain uses of 2,4,5-T in this country. Since then, the herbicide has been shown to be inevitably contaminated with a dioxin known as TCDD, one of the most toxic substances known to man; even in as purified a form as science has been able to achieve, 2,4,5-T, in large doses, has been shown to have teratogenic effects on experimental animals. Confronted with these facts, the Department of Defense, in 1970, was forced to suspend its use in defoliation operations in Vietnam. As late as this past August, however, the Department was attempting to propagate the fiction that although the American military had stopped its own use of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam, it had no power to prevent the South Vietnamese authorities from using the million and a half gallons of Agent Orange remaining in Vietnam as they saw fit in defoliation operations conducted by the Army of the Republic of Vietnam. But further pressure, from responsible biologists and representatives of environmental groups in this country who are aware of the damage the use of this defoliant in Vietnam has already done, has now made it too difficult for the Department of Defense to hand over the stocks of 2,4,5-T under the subterfuge that it no longer owns the stuff.

Currently, the United States Air Force, after considering various alternatives for the disposal of its stockpiles of Agent Orange in this country and in Vietnam—one was to sell the herbicide to some foreign country—has made tentative plans to attempt to render the stockpiles harmless by burning them in a commercial incineration plant here, with preference apparently given to a plant, with a smokestack a hundred feet high, that occupies a two-hundred-acre site just southeast of Houston. The amount of Agent Orange to be brought back here from Vietnam and the stockpiles of Agent Orange already in this country total 2,338,900 gallons. The Air Force plan calls for the burning of the herbicide at the rate of five thousand gallons a day for four hundred and sixty-eight days, with the incineration process, which results in the formation of hydrochloric acid and carbon dioxide, going on day and night. The drums in which the herbicide is now stored would, according to this plan, be flushed with an alkaline detergent solution, then mechanically crushed, and buried in a deep pit. An Air Force report estimates that the temperatures involved in the incineration process would decompose the herbicide and its dioxin contaminant, but in order to make sure that this decomposition would indeed take place the Air Force proposes to study the problem with the Department of Agriculture. However, since the Department of Agriculture has consistently argued in the past that 2,4,5-T, potent contaminant and all, is innocuous and benign, one can hardly feel sanguine about the reliability of whatever assurances the Department of Agriculture and the Air Force may come up with as a result of their joint study.

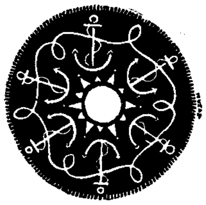


While agencies of the United States government are pondering the best ways of rendering the remaining stocks of Agent Orange harmless, others can ponder what the American military has wrought so far in its program of herbicidal warfare in Vietnam. In the last ten years, it has sprayed or dumped upon the Vietnamese countryside and the Vietnamese people approximately fifty thousand tons of herbicides. In order to hurt the Vietcong and to turn inhabitants of Vietcong-controlled areas into refugees, it has carried on a huge campaign of crop destruction, but that is not all. In the course of the herbicidal warfare in Vietnam, the Americans have defoliated a seventh of the land, ruined a large part of the timber resources that in the postwar period would have to be considered South Vietnam's principal potential export, and caused other grave ecological damage, some of which—like the infestation of certain defoliated areas by ineradicable bamboo—cannot be reversed for many generations. All this has been carried out to the accompaniment of repeated claims by the American military, and by the State Department as well, that the herbicides used are "not dangerous to man or animal life." A couple of years ago, a spokesman for the Department of Defense claimed as one of the benefits of the defoliation campaign in Vietnam that charcoal burners could easily move in on the defoliated hardwoods and could sell the resultant charcoal in the Vietnamese towns. The Air Force now appears to be happy that it has found a hundred-foot tower in this country to carry off the combustion products of the herbicide, with its potent dioxin. But the Vietnamese people have no such towers. Many Vietnamese women cook family meals over charcoal obtained from trees killed by the 2,4,5-T herbicidal spray. If the charcoal these women use still contains traces of the dioxin contaminant—or if, as some scientists have reported, the burning of 2,4,5-T can itself produce dioxin—they are running a risk of ingesting quantities, though small, of one of the most poisonous and teratogenic substances known. As long ago as 1967, a confidential memorandum from an American official connected with the herbicidal program in Vietnam reported that "no American program is more bitterly resented by the Vietnamese peasant than defoliation and crop-destruction operations." And now the Vietnamese people may be breathing the results of this American folly.

It would be unwise to conclude that the return of the remaining stocks of Agent Orange to this country means the end of herbicidal warfare in Vietnam. The American military provided the South Vietnamese authorities with several hundred thousand gallons of two additional herbicidal agents it has been using in Vietnam. They are Agent White, which is a mixture of 2,4-D and picloram (the latter is the most persistent of all herbicides), and Agent Blue, which is fifty-three per cent arsenic. Now these agents are being sprayed around fire bases and on the Vietnamese countryside by the South Vietnamese military. When will this destruction be brought to an end? Hasn't fifty thousand tons of herbicide been enough? We think that the proposed withdrawal, at last, of the remaining stocks of Agent Orange from Vietnam, having in effect knocked the props out from under the rationalizations of the American military about the harmlessness and humaneness of herbicidal warfare, should enable the United States Senate to ratify the Geneva Protocol of 1925, outlawing chemical and biological warfare. The Geneva Protocol has not been ratified by the United States, partly because the President, almost alone among the leaders of civilized nations who have expressed themselves on the question, is unwilling to recognize herbicidal warfare as one of the forms of warfare that the Protocol was intended to outlaw forever.

Towns

LAST week, Our Town—badly put down of late by upstaters—was a sanctuary for about nine hundred of the nine hundred and thirty-one small towns in the state. From Monday to Wednesday, more than three thousand elected or appointed town officials took over the New York Hilton and the Americana Hotel to pick up tips from one another—and also from some New York City officials—on how to do a better job of running their towns. It was the fortieth meeting of the Association of Towns of the State of New York, which has its headquarters in Albany, and which exists, in the words of its annual report, "to provide the officers of member towns with the information they need to perform properly their official duties." To explain the choice of New York City as the site of the annual meeting, one official said it is the only town in the state that can comfortably hold all the other towns at one time. And, according to another official, it is the best place "to have a little fun on the side."



We learned all this last Tuesday afternoon at the Hilton, as we moved among delegates from towns like Aurora, Colonie, Watson, Austerlitz, Fabius, Kinderhook, Guilderland, Pittsford, Monroe, Otego, Oneonta, Hartland, Irondequoit, Norwich, Guildford, Vestal, Pomfret, Ramapo, Southold, and Tonawanda—most of which, we must say, we hadn't heard of before. The majority of the delegates proved to be town supervisors, but there was a healthy sprinkling of assessors, town clerks, town boardmen, constables, town historians, town justices, collectors, fire officers, and highway superintendents. At the Hilton, they were rushing between suites and ballrooms, on their way to and from clinics and seminars that, we saw in our program for the three days, included such topics as "Suggestions on Conducting Meetings and Hearings," "Snowmobiles," "How to Be an Ethical Historian," "Meeting the Public," "The Small Rural Type Food Market and Gas Station," "Collector's Cash Book," "Review of Questionnaires on Dog Law Matters," "Cable Television Regulation Today," "Sand and Gravel Mining," "Roadside Vegetation," "Special Districts: Accounting Problems," and "Planning a Town's Growth."

We stopped a plump, gray-haired middle-aged man hurrying out of the Georgian Ballroom, where the clinic on "Meeting the Public" had just broken up. He carried a heavy-looking briefcase and wore a rumpled blue suit; his tie, which was gray, was loose at the collar of a gray-striped red shirt; he looked tired, and a tag on one lapel said his name was Emmett Sullivan. He told us that he was the town supervisor of Hartland. "You'll find us in Niagara County," he said. "We are a small town, I guess. In 1970, our population was forty-one hundred and sixty. Still, we are bigger than a lot of towns. Why, you'll find that a lot of the towns that are here today have no more than five hundred people, and sometimes as few as one hundred. I've been a Hartland man all my life—was born there. Matter of fact, all my folks, going back more than a hundred years, were born there."

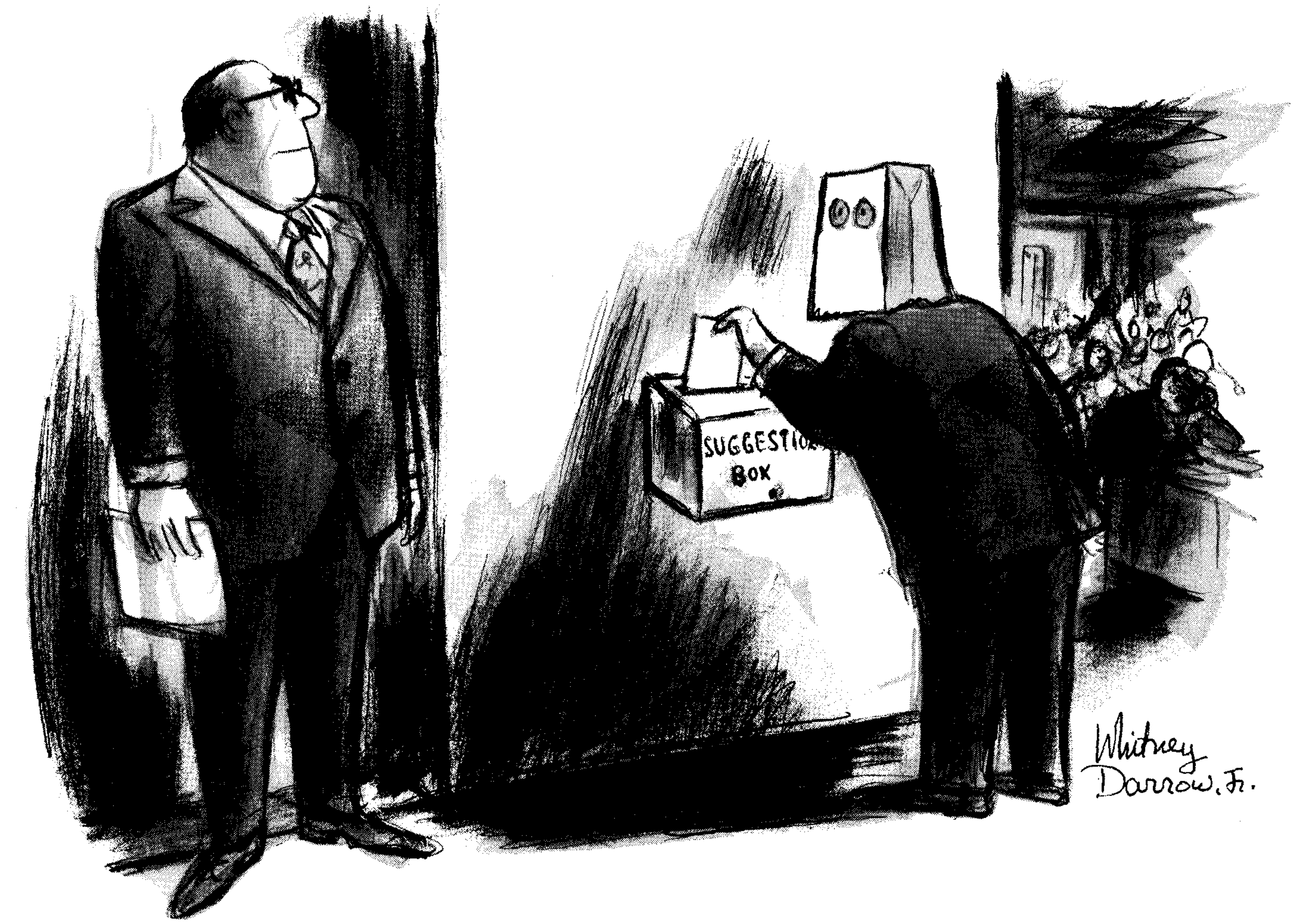
We asked him to tell us a little about his job.

"Well, as town supervisor, I'm the chief elected officer," he said, resting his briefcase on the floor. "I chair the town-board meeting once a month, represent my town on the Niagara County Water Authority, keep all the records of our income and disbursements, manage the books, pay all the salaries and bills, and recommend the appointment of zoning officers, attorneys, and members of the planning board, the youth committee, and the board of ethics."

We said that it sounded like a tall order, and that we hoped we wouldn't embarrass him if we asked about his salary.

He smiled, and said, "I'm waiting to tell you. Twenty-seven hundred a year. It's really a part-time job. I don't know any supervisor who can live off what he gets. My wife helps me keep the town books, while I go out and work as a building contractor. That's true of most supervisors. I know one who works part-time doing what I do. I know another who has a dairy farm with eighty head of purebred Holsteins. But if you're not dedicated there's no sense in running for a job like supervisor. There's no money in it."

A few minutes later, we stopped in at the Sutton Ballroom, where about four hundred delegates were attending



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the annual business meeting. They did not completely fill the room, and we asked the delegate we sat beside why there were still so many empty chairs.

"You know some of those guys," he said. "They *have* to go out on the town. When your town sends you here to represent it, you're on your own. There's no one to check up on what you're doing."

As the meeting went on, however, and we heard a little more of what the Association of Towns was all about, we were struck by its solidarity. It wasn't just that the "aye"s carried every discussion; there was a conspicuous absence of "no"s. We couldn't remember when we had last witnessed such a display of unanimity in the City of New York. We heard one note of dissent, but it lacked the energy or the courage to grow into a "no." When the chairman presented the slate of new officers—one candidate per office—for approval, a delegate who must have been attending his first Association annual meeting rose to ask why the delegates were not presented with a choice of candidates. The chairman explained that that was the way such matters had always been handled "in *this* Association," and the delegate said nothing more.

As for what troubled the towns, three of the resolutions that were read on the platform seemed informative. One deplored the proposed take-over by New York State of the counties' sales-taxing powers, on the ground that the counties not only needed the sales tax for themselves but were already overtaxed by the state government. Another demanded that the Telephone Company extend to small towns the preferential rates granted to cities and villages. And the third protested a tendency of county legislatures to pass laws that usurped the legislative powers of the town boards. One delegate was not quite clear about what the last resolution covered, and asked for an example. "For instance, a town may well decide that eight-foot fence poles around swimming pools are high enough," the chairman explained. "But then the county legislature rules that all poles around swimming pools must be ten feet high. Well, that's none of their affair. They can't come in and tell us how to run our town."

Family Store

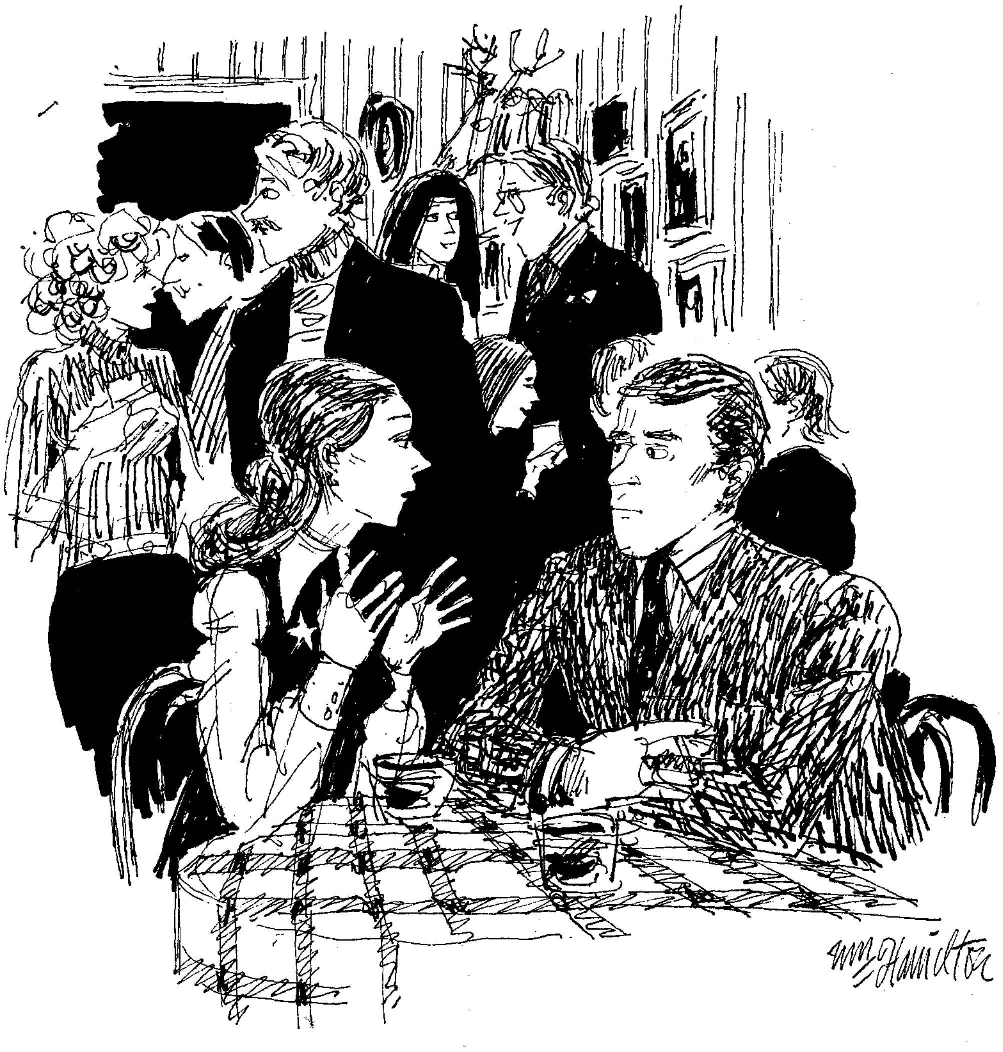
A BRAND-NEW, windowless, white-Carrara-marble-and-black-Buckingham-slate-panelled monument of a department store, with fourteen levels (twelve aboveground and two below), totalling four hundred and twenty-five thousand square feet of floor space, was being filled, carton by carton, with brand-new mattresses, towels, lamps, Keds, jumping jacks, Italian dinnerware, Japanese dinnerware, Wedgwood china, jars of cleansing cream, tins of fried herrings in mushroom-flavored sauce, boxes of super-eyelashes, toys, nightgowns, bathrobes, coats, pants, sofas, Wassily chairs, Eames chairs, buttons, perfumes, ties, pocketbooks, bathing suits, jewelry, clocks, curtains, flags, pool tables, umbrellas, candles, shoes—things, things, things. Brand-new, beautiful escalators. Brand-new elevators, one of them stuck between the tenth and eleventh floors for half an hour, its alarm bell ringing the whole time. Cash registers being plugged and cabled into some remote computer. Switchboards, uncovered and incomplete, with their wires hanging out. Workmen scrubbing a brand-new terrazzo main floor. Workmen putting up glass shelving. Workmen carrying unclothed mannequins (men, women, and children). Painters, carpenters, electricians, space planners all doing their thing around people carrying or wheeling in cartons and delivering them to other people to unpack. We saw all this, and more, last week at Gimbels East—the second Gimbels in the city—on the northwest corner of Eighty-sixth Street and Lexington Avenue, as it was being made ready for its official opening, on February 24th.

"If it's new, if it's going to be great, we're going to have it," said Margot Infantino, a friendly, attractive, strong-willed woman, who is public-relations manager for the Gimbels New York division. She had invited us in for a look, and there was no doubt about the way she felt about Gimbels. "This is the first time a store has been built to serve the needs of an area in Manhattan," she told us. "This is the first time a major retailer will operate two full-line, full-service department stores in Manhattan. This is a very contemporary store. We've even got a teeny little cocktail lounge. Very *intime*."

"Is there a Mr. Gimbel around?" we asked as Miss Infantino guided us firmly to the eleventh floor.

"Bruce A. Gimbel. Son of Bernard. Grandson of Isaac Gimbel. Great-grandson of Adam Gimbel, the founding father. I'll have Bruce Gimbel waiting on the street-level floor to meet us by the time we get back there. Bruce Gimbel is head of Gimbel Brothers, Inc.—thirty-five Gimbel stores in the metropolitan and suburban areas of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Milwaukee, as well as thirty Saks Fifth Avenue stores, coast to coast, all over the country."

Miss Infantino led us past several rooms filled with serious study groups in salesmanship, and into a large restaurant that had white stucco walls trimmed with chocolate-brown vinyl. Here she sat us down at a brass-trimmed walnut table. "*This* Gimbels is the eleventh in the New York area," she said, and she checked off the predecessors on her fingers. "Gimbels New York opened in 1910. Gimbels Westchester opened in 1955. Gimbels Valley Stream opened one year later. Gimbels Massapequa opened about the same time. Gimbels Bay Shore opened one year later. Gimbels Stamford opened in 1958. Then came Gimbels Commack, Gimbels Paramus, Gimbels Roosevelt Field, and Gimbels Bridgeport. And, as Bruce Gimbel will tell you, this Gimbels—Gimbels East—is in the suburb with the greatest possibilities."



"But, Rick, how can there ever be an us *if you don't even know the difference between Adelle Davis and Angela Davis?"*

"Are you going to have your own shopping bags?" we asked.

"Shiny chocolate brown, with a big 'G' in bronze, silver, and gold," Miss Infantino said.

"What else?" we asked.

"A Rich Uncle Shop and a special shop just for dolls—the Doll Shop—on the tenth floor," she said. "The Ice Cream Cone Shop, on the fifth floor—for kids, while their mothers shop."

"With ice-cream cones?"

"No. Too messy. With penny candy. We call this area Les Petites boutique."

"What else?" we asked.

"The young-contemporary floor. We'll start by calling one of the areas the You're the Top Shop. Based on the Cole Porter song, because Cole Porter is the going thing at the moment. And the emphasis will be on the top—all kinds of tops. We'll have a piano, a white-lacquered piano with a mirrored top, and a guy in white tie and tails playing the piano à la Cole Porter. It's a sort of what's-happening shop. Come back in another month and we'll have another new look. Whatever is the going thing, we'll have it."

"What else?"

"The Au Courant Shop. Fashions by Halston, Geoffrey Beene, Evan-Picone, Alley Cat, Sirotto Sport—all of them. And wait till you see the men's shops, on the second floor. Rosewood panelling. Mirrored-chrome stripping. Beautiful red carpeting. Shirts, ties, suits will carry the names of Dior, Cardin—all the big ones. People on the upper East Side want merchandise of a higher order, and we're upgrading it for them. And they're culture-conscious. So we're giving them the Museum Information Center. The Guggenheim, the Whitney, the Metropolitan, and the Museum of the City of New York are all coöperating, and we'll sell their books, prints, and cards. We'll have art lectures. Art exhibits. Original *paintings*. And a bike rack."

"Let's have a look," we said, getting up.

"And here is the Gimbels East manager, George Griffith, just in time," Miss Infantino said, introducing us.

Mr. Griffith looked harassed and happy. "I've just had my usual five-minute lunch, and I'm on my way to give a lecture to the new salespeople," Mr. Griffith said.

"He knows about this suburb," Miss Infantino said. "He's been living a few blocks away from here for almost a year."

"Doing what?" we asked Mr. Griffith.

"Planning. Developing the organization. Selecting and upgrading the merchandise. The two words I stress for this store are 'quality' and 'contemporary.' This store doesn't resemble any other at all. I think the personalized attention that we're going to give in customer service will measure up to the image of the store."

"It's the relaxed, *intime* setting," Miss Infantino said. "It's going to be a real fun store to shop."

"What do you stress in training the salespeople?" we asked.

"The necessity of becoming a store family," Mr. Griffith said, changing his expression suddenly from smiling to alert and stern. "Salesmanship is a lost art these days. Understand and serve the customer. That's basic. If you create that quality from me on down, we'll get the service into line with the image."

"Everybody thinks New York is dead," Miss Infantino said as we started down an escalator. "Obviously, we believe in the city. Oh!" she said as we got off at the sixth floor and sidestepped a couple of men lifting an Eames chair out of a packing crate. She waved to a tall man with a thatch of red hair who was heading for our escalator. "I want you to meet Norman Guile, in charge of our Food Center."

"What's going to be different about your food?" we asked Mr. Guile, who was wearing a brown suit and a green sweater vest.

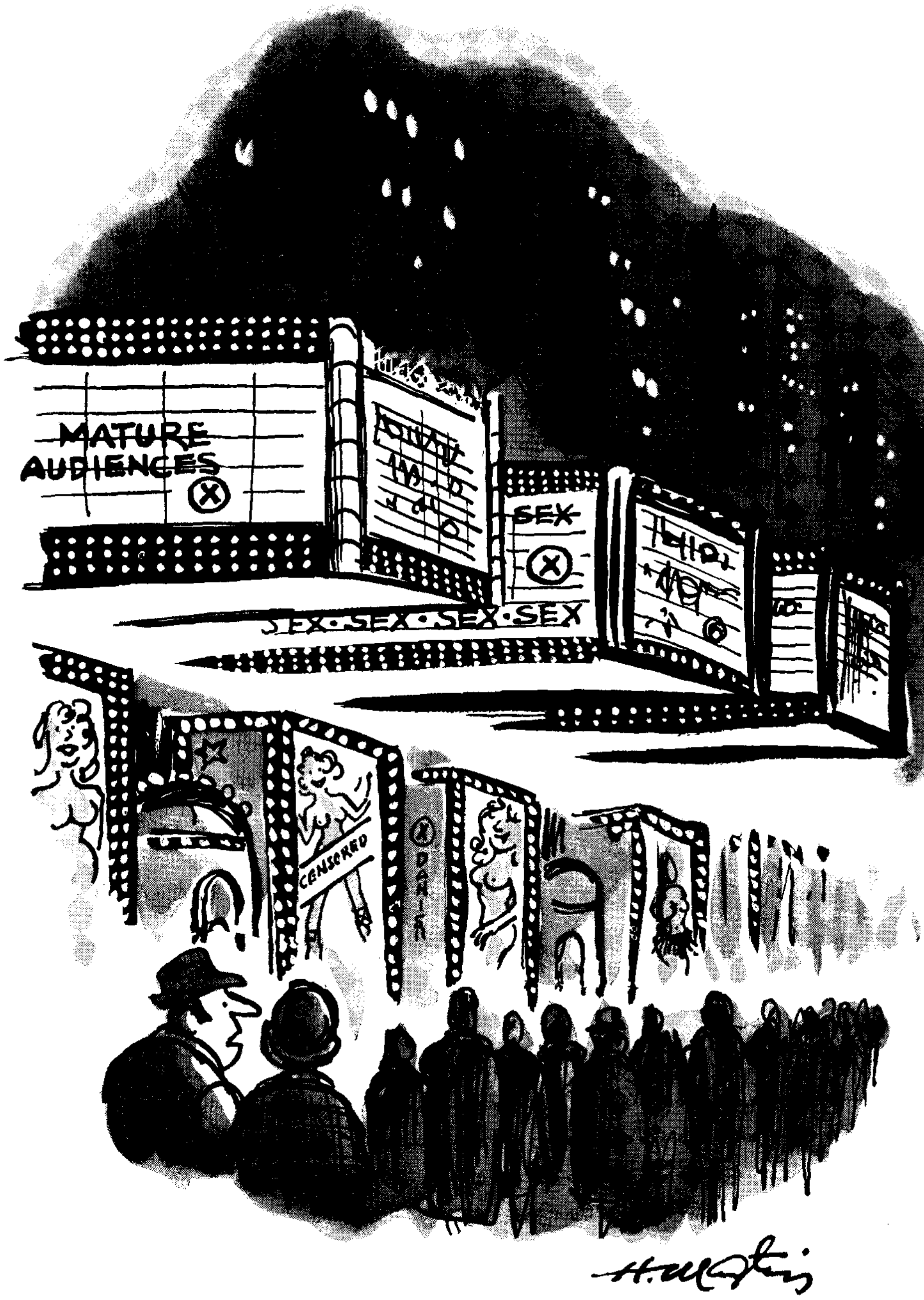
"You name it, we'll have it," Mr. Guile said. "We're going to have glass cases filled with delicacies. In our bakery we'll have every variety of freshly baked bread. Hungarian loaves. Danish. Whatever. We'll have a coffee grinder going constantly, grinding twenty-nine varieties of coffee bean. We'll have continuous free samplings of cheese in our Cheese World. People will buy more cheese if you let them taste it. We'll have prepared meals. Chicken cacciatore, and like that, brought in daily, and you take it home hot. We'll have all the special in-season fruits. I ordered grapefruit today that costs *me* eighty cents a grapefruit."

"What will you sell it for?" we asked.

"When I get some sleep, I'll decide," Mr. Guile said.

Waiting on the ground floor, as promised, was Bruce Gimbel, a suntanned, boyish-looking man, wearing what must surely be the only conservative navy-blue topcoat left in town.

"Hi!" Mr. Gimbel said, cheerfully getting out of the way of a terrazzo-scrubber. "This store is my dream baby. I'm the only Gimbel in the company. I never get tired of any of it, down to the last hairpin. This is the biggest Gimbels store built in fifty years, and it's the biggest investment, in terms of the old dough-re-mi."



"I'll bet if George M. Cohan were alive today he wouldn't be telling all the gang at Forty-second Street he'd soon be there."

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"How much?" we asked.

"Thirty million," Mr. Gimbel replied coolly.

"Why did you do it?" we asked.

"It's been my conviction for a dozen years that it was needed," Mr. Gimbel said. "For some reason, people on the East Side travel up and down but they don't go across. Town, that is. We looked at other properties. But when we—I don't like the pronoun 'I'—saw this, we knew this was it. It has the subway stop—and we built two beautiful new subway entrances—and two different bus stops. This was our sweetheart."

"What do you like best about the new store?" we asked.

"We've got unusual and unorthodox features that would make most merchants shudder," Mr. Gimbel said. "For example, most merchants would not put the escalators right next to the elevators, as we've done. They want people to walk around from one to the other. But we think it's an intelligent adaptation, because of the height of the building, and we want to make things easy for the customer. We want this store to have the greatest appeal in terms of taste and quality. This is the suburb with the greatest possibilities."

AROUND THE BEND IN EIGHTY DAYS

VI—FOR SALE OR RENT: ONE PAIR OF SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS

EARLY one mid-April afternoon of last year, Ah Sim Gee, a sleek young Chinese businessman returning to Hong Kong, emerged from Kai Tak Airport briskly swinging his dispatch case and looked about for a bus to carry him into town. None was in sight, but his quick eye detected two travel-worn foreigners, a lady and a bespectacled gentleman with a russet mustache, boarding a nearby taxi, and while unable to descry the name on their luggage tags, he sensed that it might be E. Z. Pickens. He bounded toward the car, wrenched open the door, and settled himself beside the driver. "Excuse me for bursting in like this, good people," he apologized. "I could see that the weight was unevenly distributed in your cab, and I was afraid it might overturn in transit."

"Very chivalrous of you," commented the gentleman, whose craggy features unsurprisingly matched those in my passport. "In the circumstances, I suppose, one could hardly ask you to fork over your share of the ride."

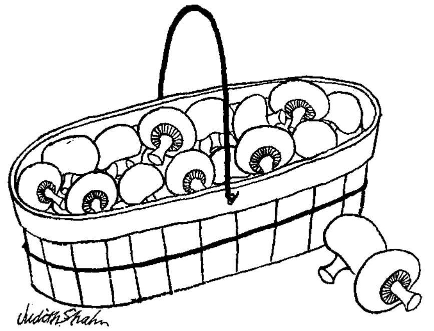
"So I figured," said Ah Sim smoothly. "Now, friends, as to your hotel accommodations. The night clerk of the Highland Fling in Repulse Bay is my cousin, so I can promise you a truly palatial suite at half price."

"You *are* a Good Samaritan," I said. "Unhappily, the Golden Bamboozle, which is already reserved, would be desolate if we failed to appear."

"No problem," he assured me. "The concierge there is my uncle. Next, the matter of clothes. Where, you ask me, does Cary Grant get his suits at a fraction of what they would cost in Savile Row? Why, at the Wideawake Tailors in Des Vœux Road, my grandfather's renowned establishment. He also operates another emporium on Icehouse Street, featuring stereo systems, mutton jade, and the largest selection of cheap, machine-made gewgaws in the Orient. Here is my card, Mr. Pickens—the Setting Sun Import-Export Corporation of Macao. And if, by the way, you or the lady should require anything in the way of plastic dentures," he added, extracting a tongue depressor from his pocket, "I am equipped to take your measurements right now."

I bared my teeth to indicate how superfluous I found his offer, to say nothing of his society, and eventually, as the cab wove through the noisy, congested maze of Kowloon, our incubus persuaded himself to clam up. Once aboard the vehicular ferry to Hong Kong Island, he disappeared—not, however, without engaging Passepartoute, my companion, in an extended colloquy on the afterdeck. What its purport was I could not imagine, but the longer it lasted the more suspicious I became. After all, it was at this very stage of Phileas Fogg's journey that his nemesis, the detective Fix, had enticed the former's servant into an opium den, hoping to delay Fogg until a warrant arrived for his arrest. Was this plausible Chinese hatching a similar scheme, I asked myself uneasily. Sally-Lou and I were booked to sail to San Francisco two days hence on the President Wilson, and though I could envision no possible motive for him to prevent our departure, I frankly disliked the cut of his jib. As it turned out, my apprehensions were groundless; he was merely pressing her to visit his mother's noodle factory in Wanchai, which she quite properly refused to do. And small wonder, for, as everyone knew, the noodle factories of Wanchai were well-known recruitment centers for the white-slave traffic.

INCURABLE romantic that I am, I somehow expected to find Hong Kong as exotic as it had been when I first saw it in 1947, but the transformation a quarter of a century had wrought was staggering. Skyscrapers elbowed each other all the way up the Peak, masses of humanity surged through the narrow, traffic-choked streets, nowhere was there any escape from pestilential racket and confusion. From my tiny bedchamber atop the Golden Bamboozle, costing a prince's ransom, I looked down fifteen stories into an immense excavation advertised, a sign said, to hold the tallest building in Asia. I could believe it; the spoon in my coffee cup danced to the ceaseless thump of the pile drivers. Downstairs, in the lounge, the clangor was even more disheartening. Scores of tourists, festooned with cameras and shopping bags, milled about, gleefully displaying to each other the booty they had amassed—the electronic gadgets, batik shirts, sandalwood fans, carved-ivory tusks and balls and bookends, all the sleazy gimcracks Chinese ingenuity could contrive to dazzle the foreign devil. Deafened by the hubbub, I wandered all forlorn through the Bamboozle's arcades, yearning for some human contact in this soulless discount center, and then, amazingly, my plea was answered. A face loomed out of the crowd, a hand wrung mine, and there stood my old and valued friend Jeffrey Proctor.



Since we persisted in interrupting each other, it required considerable time and whiskey to update our activities over the last dozen years, but neither of us begrudged it, and the bar of the Press Club was an ideal haven for the purpose. I had known Jeffrey in a number of phases—as a Broadway publicity man, a writer for television, and a journalistic jack-of-all-trades who nowadays, he disclosed, had achieved executive status in a worldwide record corporation. The particular link in our past, though, was the ravishing Candide Yam, Mike Todd's Chinese secretary, whom he had known and adored in the tempestuous period I spent with Todd, and hence my present exploit had a special relevance for him. He besought me to recount the stages of the journey thus far, and with what enthusiasm I could summon up I sketched in the highlights.

"Well, I must say you're a glutton for punishment," he commented. "Tell me something. Under that lighthearted exterior of yours, do I detect a note of disenchantment?"

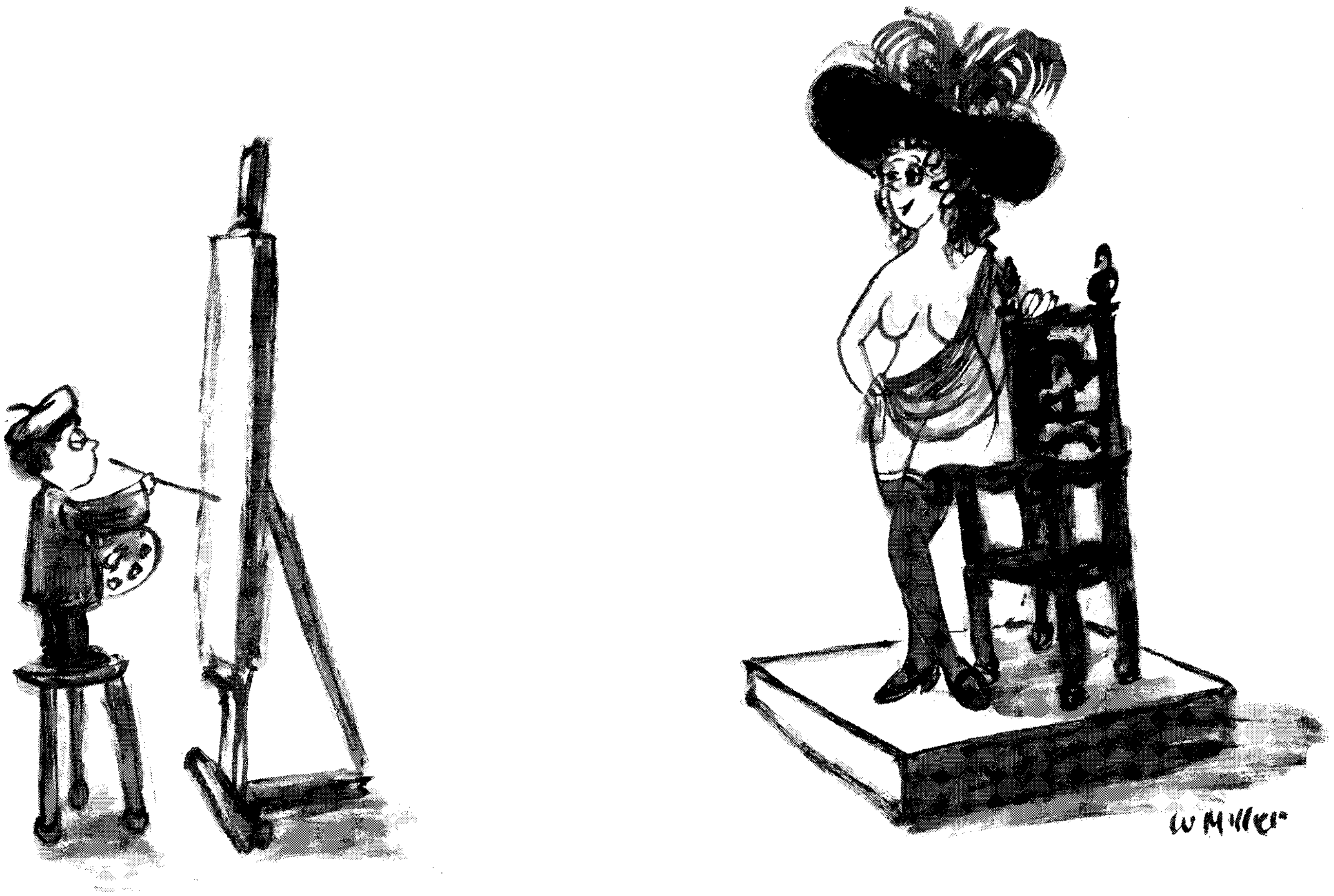
"Ridiculous," I said. "Whatever makes you say that? The truth is, it's been the most stimulating—"

"Yes, yes," he broke in. "Never mind the bromides. This is your old friend Doctor Proctor—you can level with me. You're a bit fed up, aren't you?"

"I certainly don't know where you got that impression," I said haughtily. "Naturally, there've been difficulties—it's only normal in a trip of this magnitude—"

"Of course," he soothed me. "Look, I'm not criticizing you or anything. All I said was, I think you've had it. And God knows I'd feel the same way if I were in your shoes—especially during the next three weeks."

His shaft had struck the target with



"I mean, like, is there good money in being a prodigy?"

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such accuracy that I was momentarily stunned, but I had to pretend innocence. "What—what do you mean?"

"Why, the Pacific crossing—from here to San Francisco. Didn't you see that mob in the lobby of the Bamboozle—those imperious blue-haired dames from Santa Barbara, those old pirates with the liver spots? They're going to be your shipmates for nineteen days, Charlie. Cocktail parties every night so the ladies can show off their formals . . . bingo galore . . . square dances and tango contests . . . loads of galas with paper hats and confetti. Oh, yes, and don't forget Honolulu—the leis and the tin ukuleles, all that yakka hoola hickey doola. Listen, old chap," he said, glancing at his watch, "I've got to run, but I just want to leave one thought with you. Phileas Fogg wouldn't have sailed on the President Wilson if he'd had any alternative."

By what clairvoyant process Proctor had so unerringly read my mind I shall never know, but in that moment the forebodings that had oppressed me dissipated and I breathed again. The man was dead right.

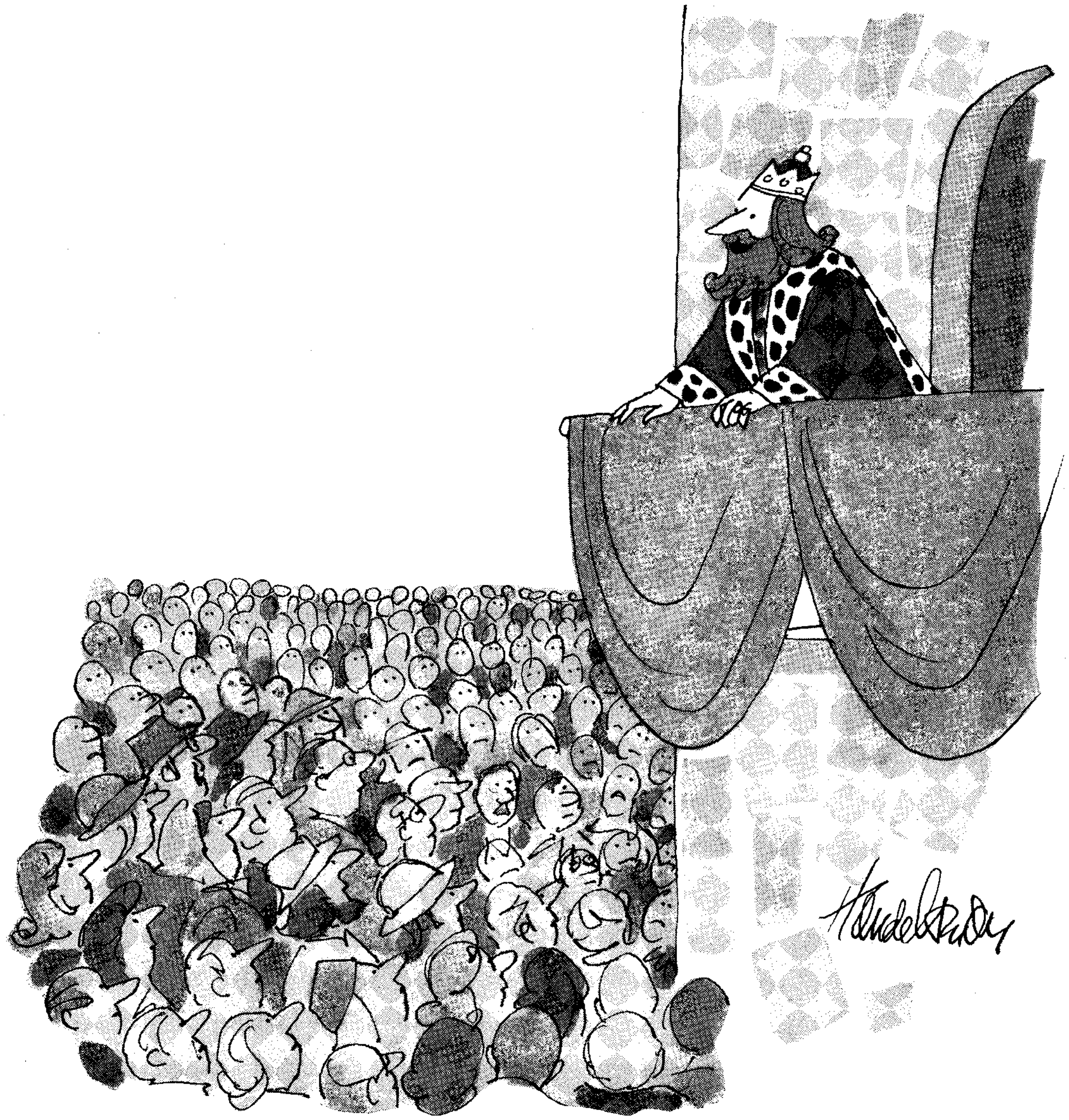
The moment had come for one of Fogg's improvisations. Mentally, I stepped off the President Wilson and into the first available jet liner. I felt like a man reborn.

Nineteen hours afterward, Sally-Lou Claypool and I sat in the boarding area at Kai Tak Airport, our impedimenta piled about us, each of us waiting for our respective aircraft—hers westward to Britain, mine to Tokyo, Los Angeles, and New York. Unaccountably, none of the drama I feared my decision might evoke, the possible tears or recrimination, had manifested itself. My handmaiden had displayed an astonishing composure tinged, almost, with delight—a reaction that thoroughly baffled me until the reason emerged under close questioning. Quite unknown to me, it appeared, an incorporeal third party had been accompanying us along the route—Dan Cupid. The discus thrower at Cal Tech with whom she had confessed an earlier infatuation at the time I hired her had reëntered her life. Currently living in London, he had been wooing her assiduously throughout our journey—indeed, had proposed by cable in Singapore, importuning her to curtail the trip and join him at the altar. Needless to say, I was overjoyed that my change of plan should be hastening Sally-Lou's future happiness, and I sensed, as she picked up her things and prepared to go through the gates, that she was struggling to express her gratitude. "Well, this is it, I guess," she said awkwardly. "It could have been worse, but I don't see how."

"It could have been longer," I said. "Still, half a loaf is better than none, isn't it? I'll always remember you, Passepartoute."

"And I'll never forget you, no matter how hard I try," she promised, and was gone. A lovely yet curious person, I reflected, gazing after her. How odd that we had travelled so many miles, shared so many perils, and parted with so little emotion. Still, there was one peril I had avoided, I thought with a sigh of relief. If Cupid had loosed his arrow at me instead of the discus thrower, things might have been very different. With my genius for seeking out trouble, the two of us might have wound up on the Mississippi Gulf Coast, battered by hurricanes and subsisting on a diet of catfish, fatback, and greens.

TOKYO to Los Angeles, Los Angeles to New York—a blur of images superimposed on each other, movie dissolves that left no residue except an immense thankfulness for the wings annihilating the distance between them. What did it matter that the food in the plastic tray before me was as bland as the captain's smile, the



"It is my wish that this be the most educated country in the world, and toward that end I hereby ordain that each and every one of my people be given a diploma."

attentions of the stewardess as mechanical as the Muzak?

By the time I arrived in New York, though, I realized that some lingering sense of noblesse oblige still gnawed at me: I owed Jules Verne's hero the final sentimental gesture of completing the pattern as he had, by sea, and, in a quixotic, last-minute decision, I traded in my plane ticket for a cabin aboard that majestic ocean greyhound the Queen Elizabeth II. It was a singular but in the end worthwhile experience, for it convinced me as nothing else ever could have of the existence of magic. Somehow, all the blue-haired ladies from Santa Barbara, all the elderly pirates with liver spots I had eluded on the President Wilson had mysteriously hurtled across the world to enliven the passage. They held cocktail parties morning, noon, and night, danced the tango in paper hats, and generated such jollification that the crossing became one endless gala. Not a cashmere sweater or a sliver of Waterford glass remained after they had finished stripping the ship's boutiques; it was bargain time on our floating supermarket, and their cheeks flamed with fever as they shopped. And when the mighty vessel drew into her berth at Southampton, terminating the longest five-day voyage in memory, I felt that I had paid my debt to Phileas Fogg.

ON a Saturday evening in May a fortnight later, I stopped by the Reform Club to pick up an accumulation of mail. It was my first visit there since returning to England, and the club was deserted, everyone who could having fled to the country to enjoy the fine spring weekend. I was about to depart, leaving the great silent edifice to its sole tenant, an elderly member dozing in the library, when I heard voices issuing from the cardroom. I looked in and beheld a quartet of players clustered about a bridge table.

"Oh, excuse me," I apologized. "I hadn't meant to interrupt your game."

"Nonsense," one of their number called out. "We've finished—come and join us, won't you? We're just having a nightcap and a bit of a discussion."

"Yes, do," said another, pulling out a chair for me. "It's about that American member of ours who set off around the world a while ago."

I froze on the threshold. "Why, what about him?"

"Nothing, really," he said. "We were just wondering what ever became of the chap. Do you have a theory, by any chance?"

"I've got more than that, gentlemen," I said, reaching for the doorknob. "I've got the answer. He was lost, completely and utterly, from the moment he conceived the idea, but somewhere along the way, thank God, he managed to find himself. Thank you for your hospitality, friends, and good night."

I came down the club's magnificent staircase and paused before the grandfather clock in the foyer. It read a quarter to nine—precisely eighty days, by a coincidence, since I had last looked at it prior to my leavetaking. Surely there was a moral here, a conclusion to be drawn if one had the wisdom. Well, I had the wisdom, all right—the very few grains I'd acquired in those eighty days—but I was saving it up in case ever again, Heaven forfend, I felt the tiniest compulsion to travel. I made a deep obeisance to the clock, collected my hat, and went forth into Pall Mall.

—S. J. PERELMAN

(This is the last part of a six-part chronicle.)

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"I consider golf an excellent exercise," the former Carmel High golfer relates. "My most exciting sports experience was the death of a neighbor's Dalmatian from eating a golf ball and this actually gave me the impetus to take up golf five years later."—*Libertyville (Ill.) Independent-Register.*

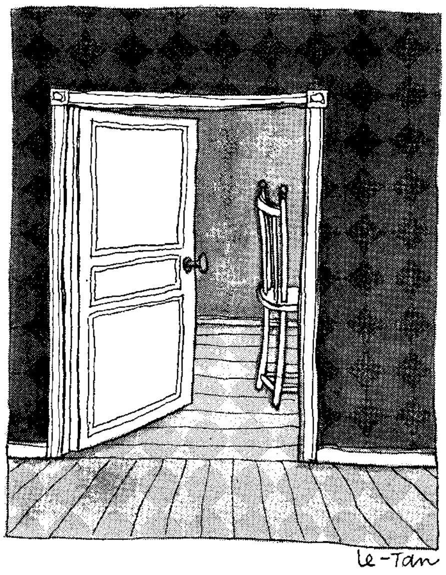
On one of those rare days when everything becomes crystal clear.

REFLECTIONS

MATHEMATICS AND CREATIVITY

MATHEMATICS, like chess, requires too direct and personal a confrontation to allow graceful defeat. There is no element of luck; there are no partners to share the blame for mistakes; the nature of the discipline places it precisely at the center of the intellectual being, where true cerebral power waits to be tested. A loser must admit that in some very important way he is the intellectual inferior of a winner. Both mathematics and chess spread before the participant a vast domain of confrontation of intellect with strong opposition, together with extreme purity, elegance of form, and an infinitude of possibilities. Mathematics is pure language—the language of science. It is unique among languages in its ability to provide precise expression for every thought or concept that can be formulated in its terms. (In a spoken language, there exist words, like "happiness," that defy definition.) It is also an art—the most intellectual and classical of the arts. And almost no one is capable of doing significant mathematics. There are no acceptably good mathematicians. Each generation has its few great mathematicians, and mathematics would not even notice the absence of the others. They are useful as teachers, and their research harms no one, but it is of no importance at all. A mathematician is great or he is nothing. Perhaps that is where the purity of the discipline begins. In mathematics, no one can be fooled; there is never the remotest chance of great work's suddenly being done by a previously uninspired man; everyone recognizes mathematical genius immediately, and without bitterness or reservation. So it is tempting to approach the nature of mathematical creativity by describing the nature of creative mathematicians. But that is the wrong way to go about it. For example, the approach cannot explain the fact, amusing at first and then puzzling, that nearly all mathematicians are eldest sons. The few exceptions tend to be mathematicians whose older brothers are mathematicians, too. Mathematical gifts cannot be unique to oldest sons. It must be that the discipline itself is crucial—that it provides a domain in which mental power and creativity can be wielded in a manner congenial to the special qualities of men who for a time, at least, were the only sons in their families.

The logical way to begin is to describe what mathematics is and what mathematicians do. But this is probably impossible. Almost certainly, any two mathematicians would disagree in significant ways if they were asked to give such a description, and a day later each would disagree with what he had said the day before. It can be said that mathematics is whatever mathematicians are doing. This sounds circular, and in some respects it is. But there is never any doubt about who is and who is not a creative mathematician, so all that is required is to keep track of the activities of these few men. A stronger case can be made for the assertion that mathematics is in large part the discovery and study of analogies. Mathematicians will consider two mathematical objects and ask whether they are similar in some significant way, and whether there are other objects that are like those two in the same significant way, and then, perhaps, whether there are among these objects further similarities, which have not yet been discovered. It is almost impossible to give examples of this. Mathematics is at a stage where the apparently simple and easily posed problems are too difficult to approach, so it is necessary to construct elaborate mathematical objects with a great variety of special properties before there is any possibility of discovering fundamental relationships between the objects. Then, there are the branches of mathematics concerned with foundations. At one level, they deal with the nature of logic itself. At another level, they deal with numbers—the basic units of mathematics, and perhaps of all human thought. Often, the problems can be simply stated and yet are profoundly difficult—in fact, usually impossible even to begin to solve. Here is an example of the kind of question that is asked. A number is called a prime if it is divisible only by the number itself and the number one. So the numbers two, three, five, seven, eleven are primes, and the number six is not a prime. It seems apparent that all composite numbers are products of primes, as twelve is the product of two and two and three. It is another matter, but not a difficult one, to prove that this is so. Primes, then, are the building blocks of the whole number system, and mathematicians pursue their special properties. How many primes are there? Are they finite in number, or can primes of arbitrarily large size be found? A shrewd guess will not do. What is required is an assertion, together with its proof. Perhaps the reader can supply it. If so, he will have proved a theorem of Euclid, and will have discovered a fundamental property of the number system.



THERE are two simple and ruthless ethical standards by which the purity of any discipline can be determined. Mathematics has at times seemed almost alone in the attainment of these standards. What is required is, first, an institutionalized indifference to men whose work has been completed—a disregard or contempt for those who have accomplished much but who have lost the will to create and whose major accomplishments are of the past. This applies perfectly to mathematics. There is in mathematics no repressive establishment of older men, no traditional way to do mathematics and so to become an important member of the mathematical community, no shortage of room for the rapid progress of gifted men, none of the slavish behavior toward academic superiors which is common in many other disciplines. What is also required is the institutionalized conviction that accomplishment is important only if it advances the discipline in some significant way. Competition must exist for creative achievement only—with and for the discipline itself, rather than with competitors. This, too, applies perfectly. Plagiarism among mathematicians is essentially nonexistent. There is little haste to be credited with results before someone else is, because it simply does not matter who achieves results as long as someone does achieve them. This is not at all in the spirit of "The Double Helix," a book that, perhaps unfairly, indicts biochemistry as a field in which a major concomitant of success is a cynical attempt

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to keep others unaware of what is being done, and, when this attempt fails, to mislead and misdirect them. Science simply cannot function in this manner, and mathematics is a science.

THE mathematical life of a mathematician is short. Work rarely improves after the age of twenty-five or thirty. If little has been accomplished by then, little will ever be accomplished. If greatness has been attained, good work may continue to appear, but the level of accomplishment will fall with each decade. Perhaps this is due to an early failure of the nerve for excellence. It is easy to believe that life is long and one's gifts are vast—easy at the beginning, that is. But the limits of life grow more evident; it becomes clear that great work can be done rarely, if at all. Moreover, there are family responsibilities and there are professional sinecures. Hard work can certainly continue. But creativity requires more than steady, hard, regular, capable work. It requires total commitment over years, with the likelihood of failure at the end, and so the likelihood of a total waste of those years. It requires work of truly immense concentration. Such consuming commitment can rarely be continued into middle and old age, and mathematicians after a time do minor work. In addition, mathematics is continually generating new concepts, which seem profound to the older men and must be painstakingly studied and learned. The young mathematicians absorb these concepts in their university studies and find them simple. What is agonizingly difficult for their teachers appears only natural to them. The students begin where the teachers have stopped; the teachers become scholarly observers.

ONE quality, that of absolute skepticism, is organically a part of mathematics more than of most other disciplines. Not that the world is deficient in this quality; every thinking person possesses it. But where most of life's encounters invite skepticism, mathematics, by its nature, forces skepticism on its students as a first requirement. This can be put more strongly: Mathematics is a field in which much that appears obviously true is in fact false. (A natural corollary would be that mathematics is a field in which very little is known, and this is indeed so, but the statement is equally true of every other domain of human thought.) The ambient uncertainty is apparent even at an elementary level. For example, nothing could seem more reasonable than the assertion that every surface—every page of a book, say—has two sides. It is reasonable, but it is false. The Möbius band, a figure produced by twisting a strip of paper and then gluing the ends together, has only one side. This is no trick, no joke, no semantic sport. It is an aspect of reality that cannot be dismissed, and therefore no proof of anything can ever make use of the falsehood that all surfaces have two sides. Another example: It is easy to sketch a curve with an angle in it (for instance, the letter *v*). It is just as easy, if more time-consuming, to sketch one with three angles (the letter *w*), or twenty, or ten million. The process becomes absurd, however, when one is asked to construct a curve consisting entirely of angles, or corners. Absurd, and yet it can be done. About a century ago, the mathematician Weierstrass gave an example of a curve consisting of angles, or corners, and nothing else. It cannot be sketched, but its equation can be written down, and can be comprehended by most college juniors and seniors. The examples proliferate. They cannot be avoided, for they lurk in every branch of mathematics, and the mathematician learns early to accept no fact, to believe no statement, however apparently reasonable or obvious or trivial, until it has been proved, rigorously and totally, by a series of steps proceeding from universally accepted first principles.

And even the first principles have been exposed as uncertain. Again, it is not a matter of semantics. Nor is it a matter of the pronouncement that it is fallible human beings who are doing the thinking and hence the product of their thought is fallible. This is true, but too obvious to be very fruitful—not a statement likely to force us to take a large piece of our picture of ourselves and of our world and alter it radically. Goedel's Theorem does precisely that. It proves that there exist meaningful mathematical statements that are neither provable nor disprovable, now or ever—neither provable nor disprovable, that is, not simply because human thought or knowledge is insufficiently advanced but because the very nature of logic renders them incapable of resolution, no matter how long the human race survives or how wise it becomes. There is no way to escape this conundrum. It is not a question of sophistry of any kind. The theorem itself was proved some decades ago, and recently the first example of an undecidable mathematical statement was found. Called the Continuum Hypothesis, it is the assertion that in a set-theoretic sense there exist no sets with more elements than the integers but fewer than the set of all real numbers. So there it stands—an assertion that to the end of time cannot be proved and yet cannot be disproved. The philosophical implications are devastating.

JOSEPH FARRIS

"Gee, Dad, I should think you'd be pleased that I'm a Jesus freak."

THE mathematician's disciplined skepticism and creative imagination might seem enough to guarantee success in the non-mathematical world. Mathematicians are often expected to manage brilliantly in the fields of business and finance. Of course, they do nothing of the kind. Their non-mathematical efforts are, on the whole, pitifully inept. The qualities embedded in the mind of the mathematician by the discipline of mathematics fail to extend beyond the boundaries of mathematics. It appears to be mathematics itself, rather than any inner constraint, that anchors the mathematician to caution and rational thought in his professional work—a measure of the astonishing power of the discipline. For example, departmental and mathematics-society meetings are occupied mainly with talk—aimless and pedantic talk, billowing with Latinisms. Little of substance is ever accomplished, or even intended. The financial adventures of mathematicians consist of wildly speculative stock-market excursions—always exciting but usually unsuccessful—rationalized by elaborate but irrelevant formulas and systems. Almost no mathematicians are to be found in banking or finance, the two fields to which one might suppose them to be ideally suited. Nor do mathematicians distinguish themselves by their political activities, at any level. They have been known for their radical positions, usually on the left but sometimes on the right—positions defended emotionally and often irrationally. There is no reason to expect mathematicians to do well in politics, true. However, their aversion to any but extreme and speculative positions has caused them to forfeit even the modest power and influence due them in bureaucratic affairs, where, consequently, mathematics at all levels is much less influential than any of the other sciences and much less influential than its scientific importance and its procedural virtues warrant. All this contrasts vividly with the achievements of mathematicians when they do mathematics: meaningful results of brevity and simplicity, accomplished by an insistence on total rationality both in hypotheses and in proofs. The professional restraints are so severe that the reaction is too powerful. As soon as the bonds are loosened, mathematicians adopt careless procedures that, together with a vast self-esteem and a conviction of intellectual superiority, cause them to overlook crucial aspects of whatever they are doing—to lose the mental self-control essential to almost every successful human effort.

Why do otherwise rational men fail to see what is happening to them? It may be because the non-academic world makes it easy for them to succeed in very minor ways—to fulfill small ambitions and a greed for acclaim. Perhaps mathematicians, lacking the imagination to appreciate the scope and sophistication of the outside world, confuse minor success with real achievement and are satisfied with it. Then, too, they seldom recognize failure when they are confronted by it; rather, they tend to think of it as simply one more betrayal by a society that usually patronizes them while elevating armies of patently inferior claimants. In the academic world, on the other hand, mathematicians often enjoy rewards that they do not merit. They are engulfed by admirers from the departments of philosophy and the social sciences, disciplines that suffer from a dangerous confusion of thought; namely, that the presence and the casual contributions of scientists certify them as sciences. Mathematicians are too vain to assess such admiration at its true worth.

MATHEMATICIANS as teachers are another matter entirely. There is no reason to expect good mathematicians to be good teachers, any more than to expect them to be good financiers, or even good philosophers. These subjects all rely to a large extent on mathematical reasoning and techniques but involve other talents as well. Nevertheless, almost every good mathematician is also a good teacher, while almost no mediocre mathematician can teach the subject adequately even at an elementary level. This phenomenon is easier to recognize than to explain. Students, even though in most cases they do not know what constitutes good mathematics or which are the best mathematicians they have encountered, will unfailingly pick out the best mathematicians when asked to identify their best mathematics teachers. Love of mathematics and active involvement in its development forge ties between the teacher and his students; the latter are rarely fooled by style or dramatic effect. The usual confusions are absent: confusions between content and presentation, between the subject and the man, between profound inspiration and trivial manipulation—in short, those confusions common in the classrooms of so many other subjects, and common, in fact, in so great a part of life. There is no such thing as a man who does not create mathematics and yet is a fine mathematics teacher. Textbooks, course material—these do not approach in importance the communication of what mathematics is really about, of where it is going, and of where it currently stands with respect to the specific branch of it being taught. What really matters is the communication of the spirit of mathematics. It is a spirit that is active rather than contemplative—a spirit of disciplined search for adventures of the intellect. Only an adventurer can really tell of adventures.

THERE is no Nobel Prize in mathematics. In view of the record of the Nobel committee, this doesn't matter very much. But it is an indication of what all mathematicians eventually learn to expect, and even take for granted—that successful research and teaching are the only rewards they will ever receive. Money? Salaries are adequate but never have been and never will be generous enough to permit more than a modest middle-class way of life. Power? It is almost ridiculous to speak of any relationship between mathematics and secular power. Of course, money and power are only superficial rewards, and it is possible to live without them; less tangible rewards, those of recognition and understanding, are what make effort and accomplishment rich and fulfilling when things are going well, and effort and failure bearable when things are going badly. But mathematicians cannot expect these, either. For example, it would be astonishing if the reader could identify more than two of the following names: Gauss, Cauchy, Euler, Hilbert, Riemann. It would be equally astonishing if he should be unfamiliar with the names of Mann, Stravinsky, de Kooning, Pasteur, John Dewey. The point is not that the first five are the mathematical equivalents of the second five. They are not. They are the mathematical equivalents of Tolstoy, Beethoven, Rembrandt, Darwin, Freud. The geometry of relativity—the work of Riemann—has had consequences as profound as psychoanalysis has. The mathematical equivalents of Mann, Stravinsky, and the others would be Bochner, Thom, Serre, Cartan, and Weil, and it is all but certain that the reader is unfamiliar with every one of these names. There is really no reason he should be. But that is precisely the cruelty of the situation. All professions reward accomplishment in part with admiration by peers, but mathematics can reward it with admiration of no other kind. It is, in fact, impossible for a mathematician even to talk intelligently to non-mathematicians about his mathematical work. In the company of friends, writers can discuss their books, economists the state of the economy, lawyers their latest cases, and businessmen their recent acquisitions, but mathematicians cannot discuss their mathematics at all. And the more profound their work, the less understandable it is; a spirited high-school teacher can regale his audience with puzzles and magic squares, but there is no way for the serious mathematician to talk to the non-mathematician about his latest results on the homotopy groups of spheres. Few laymen are really interested enough to distinguish between real mathematicians and fools who can multiply six-digit numbers in their heads. Even a well-educated layman is generally willing to grant, at most, an hour's time to the consideration of the implications of the last half century of mathematical discovery, and then only if he is in a benign humor and the explicant is eloquent and talks philosophy rather than mathematics. The listener will then almost certainly leave without any understanding of what is going on in mathematics, because he has not cared to expend any effort on understanding mathematics by first learning a bit about it; that is, by learning it as a language. The most rudimentary requirement for comprehending a language is a knowledge of its vocabulary, and acquiring a vocabulary demands some hard work. The mathematician can take it for granted that acquiring the vocabulary of mathematics is simply out of the question for his friends, acquaintances—nearly anyone.

And yet the language of mathematics is so natural and so simple in comparison to the spoken languages that the resistance it encounters is difficult to understand. All children learn to count, and most seem to enjoy it. Perhaps incompetent teaching spoils mathematics for them early. Elementary-school teachers know all about arithmetical and algebraic techniques, but not many are able to alert their students to the power and beauty of mathematics, at which these techniques can only hint. Algebra, geometry, calculus—some of the most profound residues of human thought—are taught simply as trades. The operational methods of mathematics become a calculating aid. Yet it is operational methods that distinguish one language from another, that give each language its par-

KING DAVID DANCES

Aware to the dry throat of the wide hell in the world,
O trampling empires, and mine one of them,
and mine one gross desire against His sight,
slaughter devising there,
some good behind, ambiguous ahead,
revolted sons, a pierced son, bound to bear,
mid hypocrites amongst idolaters,
mocked in abysm by one shallow wife,
with the ponder both of priesthood & of State
heavy upon me, yea,
all the black same I dance my blue head off!

—John Berryman (1914-1972)

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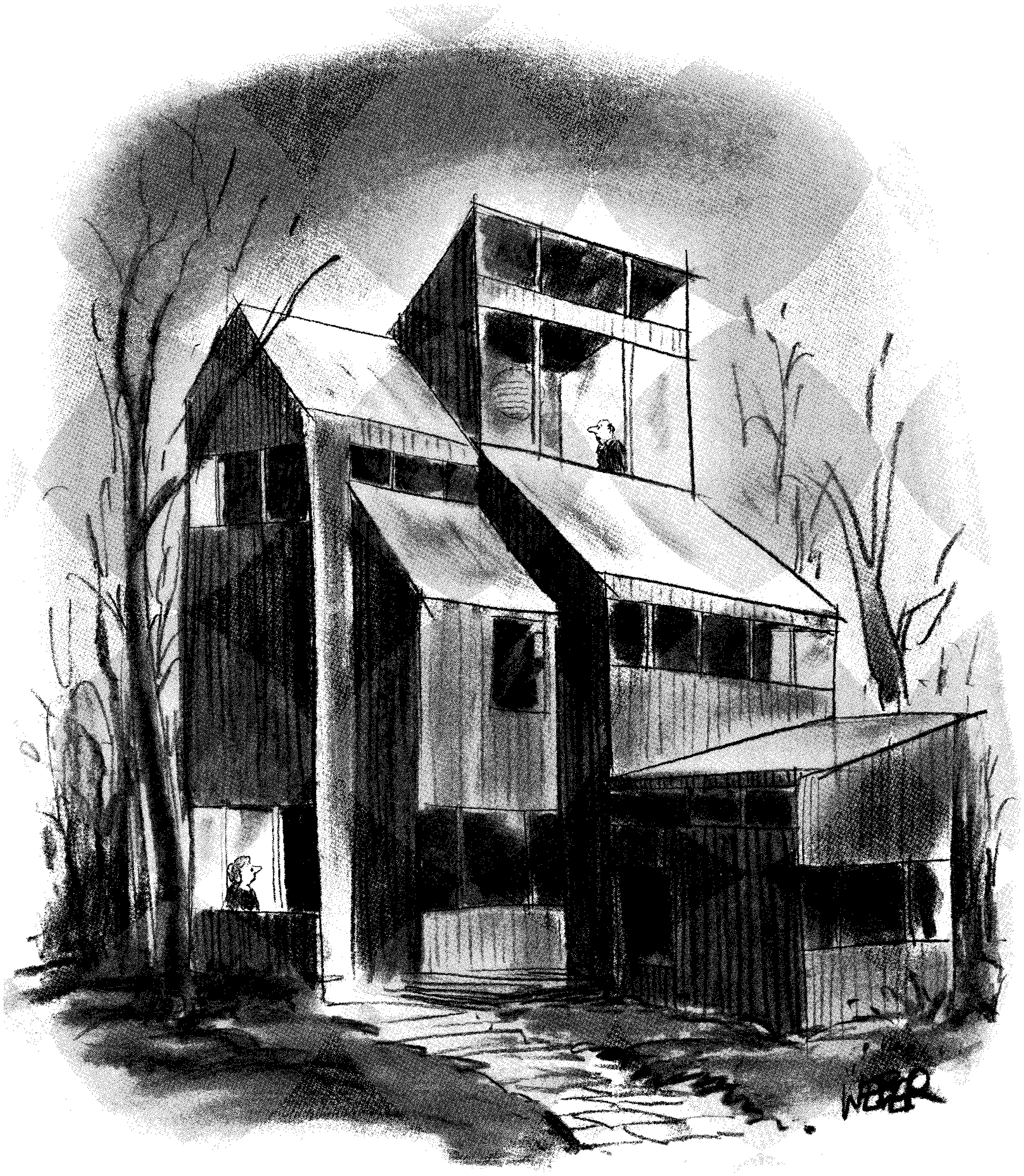
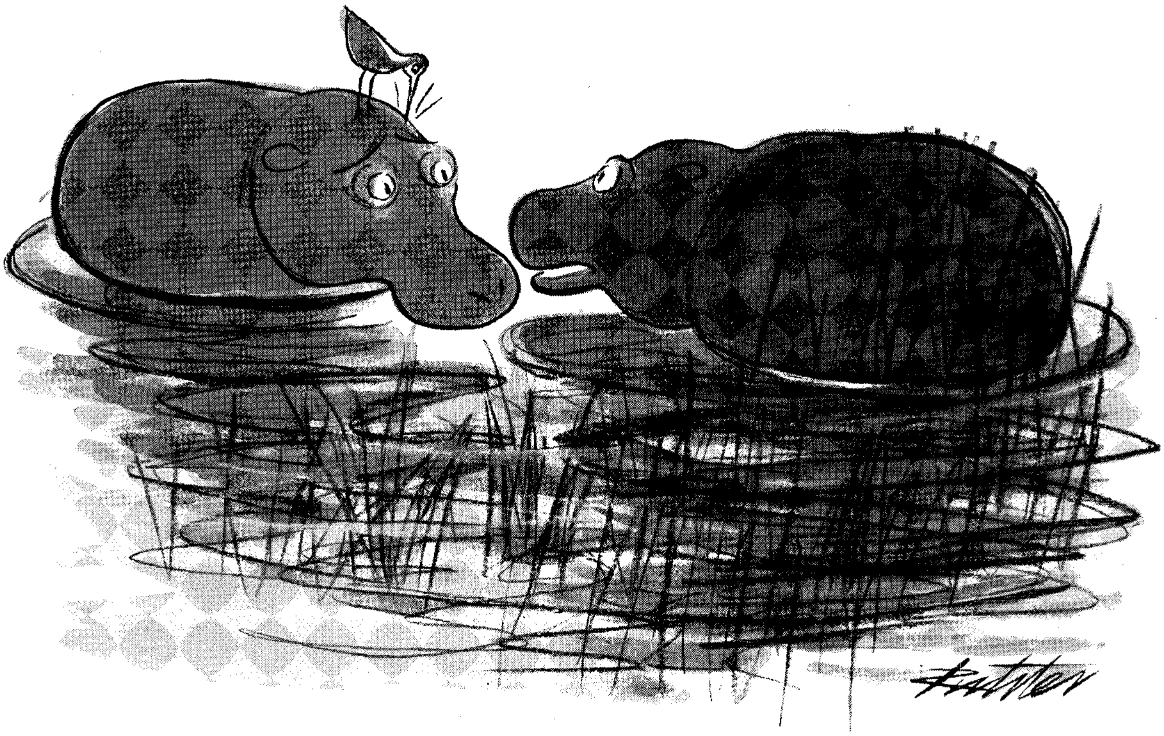


"Ethel, my darling! Where are you?"

• •

ticular "feel" and, in many ways, endow nationalities with their divergent patterns of thought. The operational methods of mathematics are designed to refine and simplify the search for analogies. Their purposes are to abstract, to generalize, to compress, to isolate, and to expose.

The first abstraction, that of number, is perhaps the most profound. There exist cultures that have not discovered numbers—cultures that can speak of "one" and "many" but of nothing between. Most attempts at a definition of the concept of number seem reasonable at first but prove unsatisfactory on close inspection. Not until this century, in fact, was the first logically acceptable definition found. A further abstraction is that of algebra. This requires speaking of numbers as a whole, rather than of specific numbers, so letters—called variables—are introduced to take the place of particular numbers. The letter *t* might represent time—not one second or thirty hours but any amount of time whatever. The letter *h* might represent height—any height—and the letter *w* any weight. In this way, the concept of numbers is abstracted to that of variables. And it is possible to go much further. A first generalization is accomplished by the



"I think I know what's causing your migraine."

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recognition that the variables t, h, and w are simply special cases of a more general phenomenon, that of mathematical functions. A second generalization occurs with the observation that functions need not be restricted to real values, such as lengths or widths, but can be given meaning for other mathematical objects as well. One can consider collections of functions, and then speak of functions of functions, and so on. In short, by abstracting and generalizing first the concept of number, then the concept of the variable, and then the concept of function, it is possible to arrive at an extremely abstract and general level of thought, and so to isolate the kernel of subtlety and difficulty that the less abstract levels obscure.

Then, there is the method of accommodation. The mathematical language is continually being altered to fit new results, to simplify new techniques. In this respect, it differs from the spoken languages, which usually resist accommodation. It is a commonplace that human thought is often bent by the accumulated meanings of words, instead of bending the words to denote refinements of their old meanings. Mathematics does not suffer from this weakness. In the calculus, for instance, the derivative was at one time denoted by a Newtonian symbol—adequate but uninspired. Another notation, introduced by Leibnitz, denoted the derivative by the symbol $\frac{dy}{dx}$, which looks like a fraction but is nothing of the kind. It is only a symbol, and the two ds cannot be cancelled, as they could if the $\frac{dy}{dx}$ were a fraction. The Leibnitz notation nevertheless suggests that in some sense derivatives can be expected to behave like fractions, even though they are not fractions. But can they really? Do they satisfy some of the usual rules for fractions? It became the task of mathematicians to find out. They can and do. The appropriate notation thus led directly to a collection of results that had been hidden by inappropriate notation. One good definition is worth three theorems.

Finally, there are the methods of compression and referral, typified by the evolution of the theory of tensors. The original theory, still in use among some scientists, emphasizes the manipulation of tensors, which are enormously complicated variables, involving elaborate arrays of subscripts and superscripts. The modern theory derives from the observation that these complications are not essential—that the theory would remain intact, and, in fact, would be greatly advanced, if the complicated objects (tensors) representing something simple (numbers) were replaced by simple objects (called forms) representing something complicated (called matrices). It does not really matter whether the reader is familiar with the technical concepts; the significant thing is the method. What has been accomplished is a compression of the notation into one that is easy to manipulate mathematically, together with a referral of the difficulties to the one place where they really belong (the theory of multilinear algebra) and away from the subscripts and superscripts, which serve only to obscure the basic problems.

It is all very simple: Each of these methods results in the isolation and, finally, the exposure of some essential—which is to say difficult—mathematical problem. It is axiomatic among mathematicians that only difficult tasks are worth doing. A difficult problem will lead to important results; a truly intractable problem is one that is worth any amount of time and effort. The most exasperating questions promise the most significant mathematical answers. For example, one of the first results of the theory of integrals is a formula for powers of x. The formula, which is simple, is valid for all powers except the power -1. Therefore, precisely this power must be the important one. Why does the formula break down? Where is one to look for a resolution of the special case? Is there some mathematical object whose importance has never been fully appreciated and which is suddenly signalling its hidden meanings? The answer is known: the formula for the case -1 requires the introduction of the logarithm—the logarithm of high-school algebra, which in high school is usually relegated to a computational role. Why should it appear among the formulas of the theory of integrals, when it really belongs to algebra? What in the world is the logarithm doing in so diverse a pair of domains? These are among the next questions that must be asked about this most important mathematical object. It is difficult to believe that anyone would not wish to know the answers.

NOTHING venture, nothing gain. It is time now to propose the existence of a pattern in all that has been said: The essential feature of mathematical creativity is the exploration, under the pressure of powerful implosive forces, of difficult problems for whose validity and importance the explorer is eventually held accountable by reality. The reality is the physical world. Mathematics allows great speculative freedom, but in the end each mathematical theory must be relevant to physical reality, either directly or by relevance to the main body of mathematics, which, in turn, has direct physical origins. There is perhaps no other way to force the distinction between style and substance, and so to purify a discipline periodically of stylistic eccentricities and of trivial but fashionable diversions. The forces that exert the pressure have been described. There is the constant awareness of time, of the certainty that mathematical creativity ends early in life, so that important work must begin early and proceed quickly if it is to be completed. There is the focus on problems of great difficulty, because the discipline is unforgiving in its contempt for the solution of easy problems and in its indifference to the solution of almost any problems but the most profound and difficult ones. There is the pressure of the nature of mathematics itself—of the elusiveness of truth, of the ever-present necessity for skepticism. And, finally, there is the non-mathematical world, in which the mathematician appears unable to find success, and which at almost all points accords the mathematician a monolithic indifference. So there is no way out for mathematicians; there is no place for them to turn but to other mathematicians and inward on themselves. The insanity and suicide levels among mathematicians are probably the highest in any of the professions. But the rewards are proportionately great. A new mathematical result, entirely new, never before conjectured or understood by anyone, nursed from the first tentative hypothesis through labyrinths of false attempted proofs, wrong approaches, unpromising directions, and months or years of difficult and delicate work—there is nothing, or almost nothing, in the world that can bring a joy and a sense of power and tranquillity to equal those of its creator. And a great new mathematical edifice is a triumph that whispers of immortality. What is more, mathematics generates a momentum, so that any significant result points automatically to another new result, or perhaps to two or three other new results. And so it goes—goes, until the momentum all at once dissipates. Then the mathematical career is, essentially, over; the frustrations remain, but the satisfactions have vanished. It has been said that no man should become a philosopher before the age of forty. Perhaps no man should remain a mathematician after the age of forty. The world is, after all, full of worlds to conquer.

—ALFRED ADLER

ON THE ROAD, ALMOST

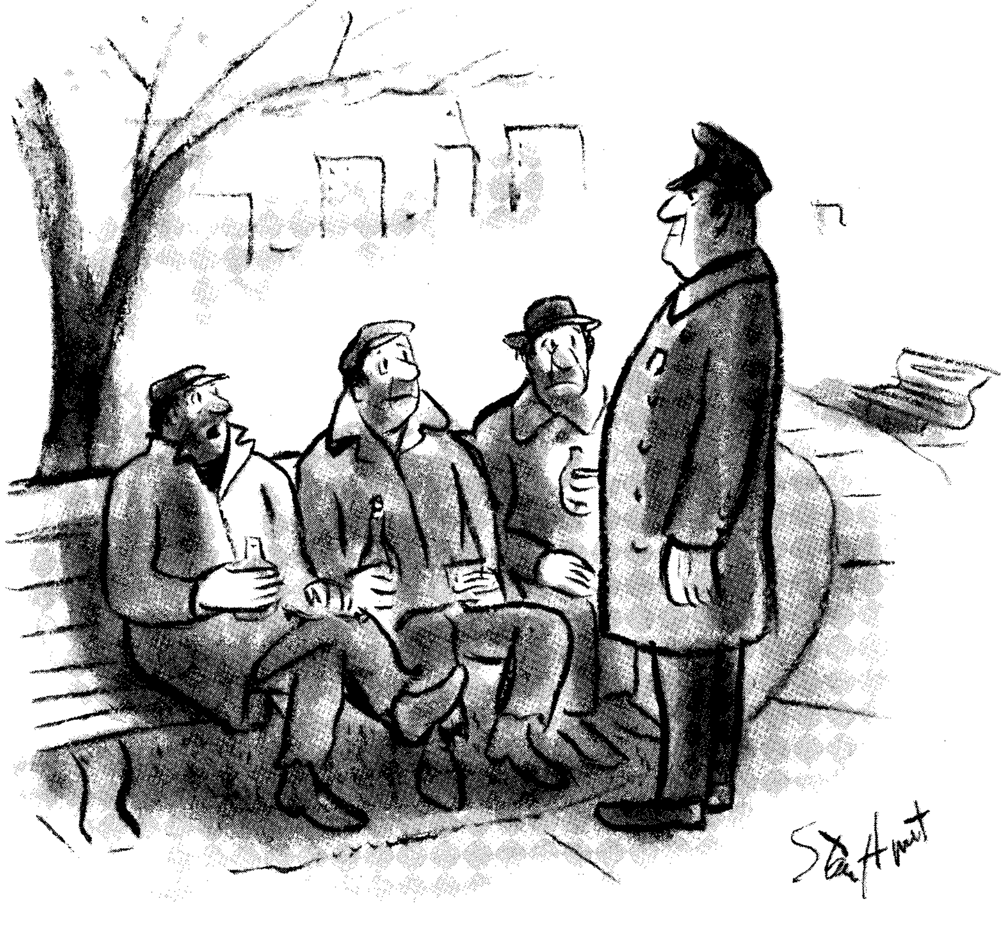
OH, yes, we're going down the road back to the country, you and me, baby, got to be free, got to learn how to feel, on a water bed full of good hot oatmeal, but in the meantime we're stuck here in the city, I hate my job and our apartment, and life, in general, is pretty heavy. They say we're too young to be in love, but I'm twenty-nine, you're twenty-seven, we have a kid (age three), so what do they know? They're a bunch of creeps anyway, and do crystal beams illuminate our minds or not? I think they do, and when I stand by the river flowing and see the sparkling reflections of our dreams I know that everything, it's going to be O.K.

In the moonlight silver stillness of the morning, I wake up and brush my teeth and go to work at the radio station, playing records and giving weather reports. I say, "It's going to snow today," and it does, but I don't care, I am so lonely. Nobody to talk with and nobody knows who I am really. They all think I'm a top disc jockey. They say, "He must be so happy." They can't see my tears are falling on the turntable. Just a clown sitting around and earning lots of money trying to make the whole town think it's funny, but in my heart I know it's only a show and I'm playing the part of the Fool on the Radio.

I look at the clock through the studio glass and I see that the time, it is passing. 7:10—let me tell you once again about this skin cream, the American Dream; it is powerful and long-lasting, ten times better, helps you get it all together, I use it all the time, and it's 7:09.

I gulp down my coffee and a candy bar with almonds in it, and the telephone is ringing eighty times a minute. Someone calls to say, "You're my friend and you really make my day." I'd like to reply, "Don't you see I'm grieving, for I know my train is leaving and I'm going to die if I can't get away?" I love my fans, but they don't understand me. A radio personality with his own show in a major market, but all I want to be is an ordinary farmer and grow a little wheat—enough to make a loaf of bread or a couple pancakes, maybe. Baby, we've made some mistakes, but there's where we're going, someplace far away where the dewy grasses touch our minds with wonder and the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay.

—GARRISON KEILLOR



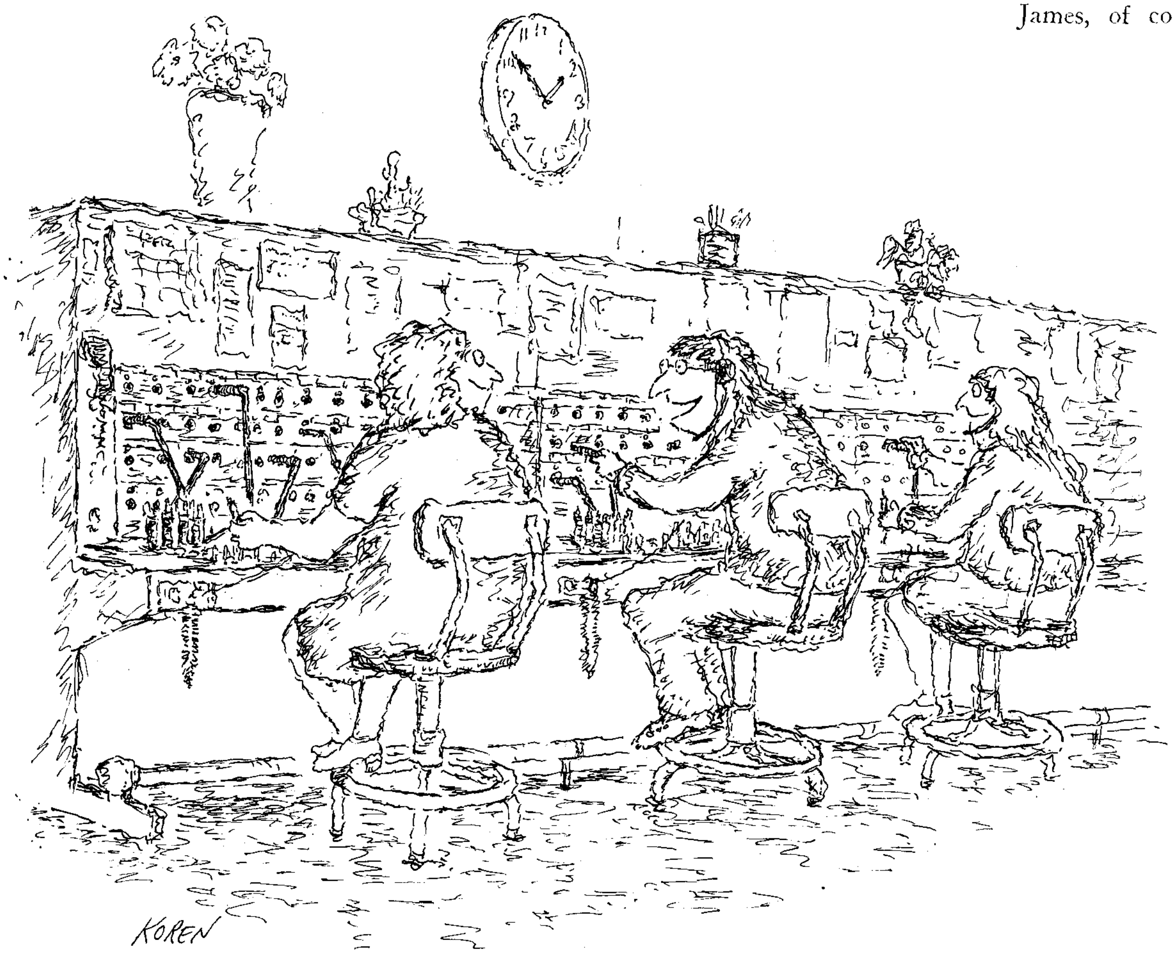
"Look, Officer, this is *the cocktail hour, correct? Furthermore, we have the inalienable right of free assembly, correct?"*

LETTER FROM IRELAND

IT is impossible to talk about two Irelands anymore. Whether or not the Six Counties of the North actually join the twenty-six counties of the Republic, Ireland is united again by dreams and bloodshed. No one here—from the armchair revolutionaries in Dublin to the Belfast terrorists, from the Anglican gentry in the Wicklow hunt clubs to the Protestant zealots at the Reverend Dr. Ian Paisley's church—can say for sure now what kind of island he will be living on this time next year.

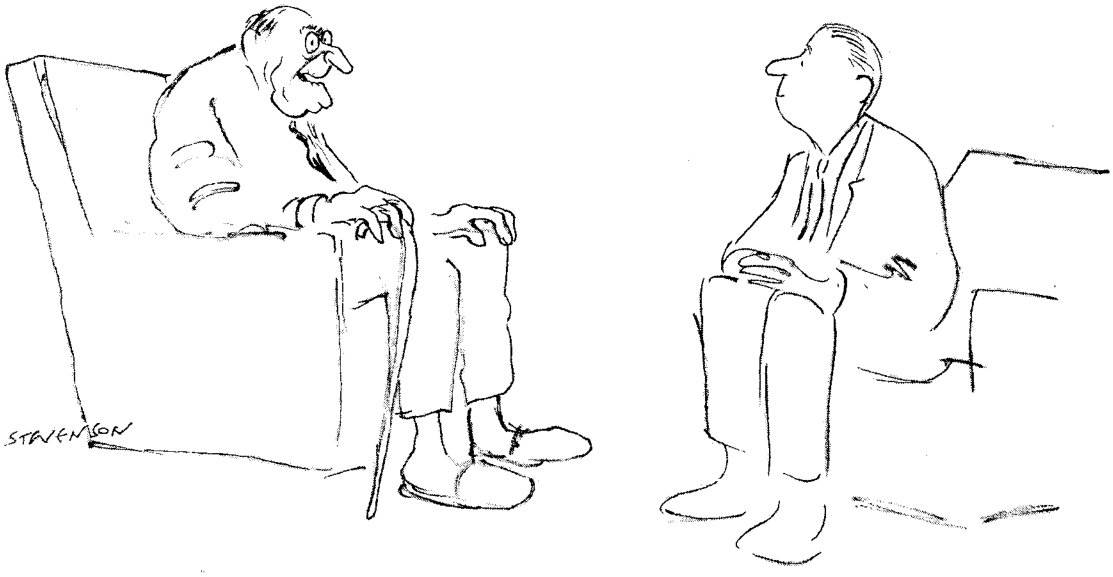
Brendan Behan once said that if you put three Englishmen together on an island they would start a club, but that if you put three Irishmen together on an island you would soon find two of them in a corner talking about the third. Behan was right. This is a place that seems doomed to its own intrigues and dissensions, and to a war that thickens like the proverbial bad plot. The bombers of a Belfast store, safe across the border in County Monaghan, will sit at a bar and wait for the evening news on television as if they were depending on confidences from a B.B.C. reporter to persuade them that the store was gone. A boy at a pub in Derry will strike his girl friend because the girl has mentioned in front of strangers a local gunman whose name has been in the papers every day for weeks. Even the Prime Minister in Dublin will arrange a secret meeting to hear about talks between Protestant extremists and men from the Irish Republican Army which he has probably been following quite openly since the talks began.

This is the style of Irish crisis politics. It is the style in the Protestant North as much as in the Catholic South—and the Catholics, after several centuries of resisting this intelligence, are now discovering that their Northern neighbors are Irish, too. Lately, in fact, whether out of desperate illusion or accumulated insight, Irish republicans are talking a lot about "the essential Irishness" of the Protestants on the other side. It is a way, of course, of reviving republicanism's old obsession with the British as the real enemy, but it is still true. The only people in Ulster now who do not seem to belong there are the aging Unionist politicians who run the country, and they are the token Englishmen, descendants of settlers who were given the land and the power in the seventeenth century on their promise to keep the hostile Catholics of the area controlled. The rest of Ulster is pure Irish. A Protestant Orange Order march, with its drumming and its chanting and its rowdy, King Billy patriotism, is as much a piece of Irish bravura ritual as an I.R.A. funeral, with its company of scrubbed and uniformed virgins presenting rifles over a hero's grave. And if most of the marchers would insist on calling themselves English nobody from England would agree. (The Ulster Protestants are nearly all Scots-Irish, which makes them just as "Celtic" as the Catholics.) Certainly the fifteen thousand British soldiers fighting in Ulster would be hard put to it to distinguish the Protestants there from the Catholics if it were not that the Protestants paint the curbstones in front of their houses orange, while the Catholics paint theirs the green, white, and gold of the Irish flag—and that the Protestants feed them tea and cookies, while the Catholics shoot at them from ghettos that they call "free cities, where the Queen's Writ does not run."



"We're planning a trip this summer to Area Codes 603, 802, and possibly 207."

THE Irish say that their war began in 1690, when James II and William of Orange fought at the River Boyne for possession of the island. James, of course, was Catholic and William Protestant, but the real issue in Ireland has never been religion so much as religious politics—whether it would be Protestants or Catholics who owned the land, controlled the wealth of the country and the Army, and had access to the political power. Religion itself—the Catholic cause and the Protestant cause—was at first a convenient cover for the cause of privilege, but the cover was convincing and survived as a means of manipulating the disadvantaged on both sides. It was actually the early republicans who first challenged the practice of religious politics and pressed for a pluralistic state. At its best, republicanism has never been a specifically Catholic movement. Wolfe Tone, the eighteenth-century republi-



"Look, you're not going to wheedle any wisdom out of me, kid."

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can theoretician, was Anglo-Irish. So was Charles Stewart Parnell, and so were a good many of the Irish rebels who founded the nineteenth-century brotherhood that was to become the I.R.A. But by the time the British Parliament decided to grant home rule to Ireland, under a Dublin government, most of the Northern Protestants were too comfortable with their own privilege, and too fearful of the repercussions of Catholic privilege, to go along. The Unionists in the North publicly defied the decision taken at Westminster, and armed themselves against abandoning what they called—and still call—the British way of life. The British backed down and, with the Government of Ireland Act, in 1920, partitioned the island according to its present boundaries. A year later, Stormont, the Northern parliament, was opened, the Irish Free State in the South was formed, and a civil war broke out, which continued into 1923, when the republicans were defeated. In 1925, the partition boundary was guaranteed by Britain and by the governments on both sides.

For fifty years now, neither of these governments has shown any inclination to counter the sectarianism that has taken hold of their people. The Republic, with three million Catholics and only a hundred and thirty thousand Protestants—most of them too rich and influential to be inconvenienced by their country's politics anyway—has written the Catholic hierarchy into a constitution that turns out to be one of the most theocratic public documents in Europe, relinquishing to the Church such tremendous social power that the Church can effectively block any legislative changes that might threaten its authority. The Church controls education in the country; every one of its schools but the technical schools and a few private Protestant schools now has a Catholic clergyman as principal. The Church is responsible for public morality, which means anything from contraception and divorce to the books people read and the movies they see. And the Church, while not technically "political"—the last time it officially entered politics was during the revolution against Britain, when it excommunicated Éamon de Valéra and backed the British cause—can, with one pastoral letter, undermine any popular enthusiasm for the kind of reforms that might begin to woo the Northern Protestants away from their real repugnance at the thought of a united country.

The North, for its part, has spent the past half century consolidating the power of the reigning Unionists, with the support of its million Protestants and invariably at the expense of its five hundred thousand Catholics. The Protestant majority in the North is by no means fixed, and the Unionists know this and legislate accordingly. Given the Church ban on contraceptives, there are by now possibly as many school-age Catholic children in the North as school-age Protestant children—and some people estimate that there are in fact more Catholic children, although the government naturally avoids collecting statistics of this sort. But business is in the hands of the Protestants, and they have been able to maintain their two-thirds majority by hiring practices that insure a continuing migration of Catholic labor to England or to the South. (John Barnhill, the Unionist Senator and grain merchant who was killed by the I.R.A. in December, apparently once boasted that in all his years in business he had never hired a Catholic.) Catholics who do stay in Ulster can face a lifetime out of work. Ten per cent of the men in the North are unemployed; in the predominantly Catholic western counties the percentages are much, much higher. (In Derry, nearly twenty per cent of the men are unemployed; in Catholic Strabane, male unemployment is often thirty per cent.) The Catholics complain, and live on British welfare, but they have had almost no political recourse, because the country has always been gerrymandered to keep Catholic representation, both local and parliamentary, low. Derry has been the worst example, with most of its Catholic majority squeezed into a ghetto called the Bogside and its political districting maintained by a tradition of confining all new Catholic housing to that area, which is now as dense and as deteriorated as a Brazilian slum. Derry, in fact, proved such an embarrassment to Stormont that the government finally removed the Protestant mayor from office—and consoled him with the job of Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Home Affairs—and placed the city under a municipal commission of nine men. But the gesture, like most of Stormont's gestures to the Catholics, was not entirely generous, since the majority of the commissioners happened to be Protestants. The Catholics on the commission all resigned within its first two years, saying that they could no longer believe in the will of the government to accommodate itself to Catholic demands. In fact, none of the Catholics in the North believe at this point in their government. Last fall, their Prime Minister, Brian Faulkner, went to London and promised the British that he would appoint a Catholic to his Cabinet, but when he got home he told the country that the man would have to be "a Catholic Unionist" to qualify. Eventually, he announced that he had found a Catholic Unionist—"*the* Catholic Unionist" is what a Catholic would have said.

HOW IT MIGHT BE

How it might be to be another: there is
your life I might know, but only when completed
(as a young girl you awoke with hollowed bones,
your hair chained to a rainstorm, while I bent
upon the damp wall outside your castle prison).

This night is damp; only two thin lights show
from Montefollonico; and the rain is pinlike
and now turns to snow. A blue flake flicks
from the light switch as I start up to bed.

A series of scenes exists where a saint walks up
and drifts down a mountain. Two villages are
set up like fans. Up close, their walls are hollow.
"Watch out for mice," you said on the battlements
of Castiglione del Lago. The lake was a flat sky.
The farm's groves passed through the walls.

At our home, mice are at home in our stove.
It is spring since we grew sick in Rome.
When I torture dreams, the mice bathe in warm milk.
"When he turns pale I will resemble
a veterinarian," I said in my sleep.
The saint's jog is pictured in the electric flicker
of day-in, day-out. I wanted to lie in the peaceful storm
that would be you as a child, but I grew pale
as the current leapt from the stone wall of clouds.

Even if we are one or two, interchanged
or the same, with a signal of breath to recognize
the other after life—or after this series of lives—
in a drift (which you will get) of stars, tonight
there are no stars. But there are those lights
that cross the veils of rain or snowfall, fanlike,
with the trouble of dreams. We try to escape to each
other and are not ourselves. Before turning off the light,
I lifted the stove's lid and saw the red eyes
of the mouse. He crouched full of another life.

—William Hunt

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NEARLY two hundred people have died in the violence in Ulster over the past year, many of them victims of the I.R.A. bombings and of crossfire between Catholic snipers and British troops, and the toll, in lives and nerves and property, makes it the worst year in Ireland's history since the civil-war year of 1922. The war today is like a drama of bad faith, played to an audience that is already scheming and scrambling for the best seats at the next production. Republicans in the South decry the violence and support it. Protestants in the North decry it and provoke it. And politicians on both sides decry it and are counting on it for their next moves. The fighting began in August of 1969, but most people in Ireland would date the present troubles from the previous October, when a new Civil Rights Association, theoretically nonsectarian but in fact largely Catholic, defied a ban by the Minister for Home Affairs and marched in Derry in a demonstration against the government. The police stopped the march, and seventy-seven of the marchers were wounded, but the demonstration itself marked the beginning of an indigenous and peaceful resistance movement in the North that has managed to recover from all the subsequent fighting, and that revived last month in Derry, when the Catholics defied a new ban, marched again, and lost thirteen men to British fire. By the end of 1968, Ulster had a new party, People's Democracy, which started as an alliance of young Socialists at the Queen's University and served for a while as a political base for Bernadette Devlin. And it had the makings of an armed Protestant backlash, inspired by Ian Paisley, who was already preaching Protestant supremacy from the pulpit of his Martyrs Memorial Free Presbyterian Church in Belfast. When People's Democracy and the Civil Rights Association decided to hold their first joint demonstration—a march from Belfast to Derry, which started on January 1, 1969—these Protestant militants staged an ambush on the marchers at Burntollet Bridge. The ambush was so brutal and effective that it thoroughly discredited the Northern government. Terence O'Neill, who was then Prime Minister, was forced to resign that April. And James Chichester-Clark, his successor, could do nothing to restore confidence. Spring in Ulster brought the tiny, Northern I.R.A. out of hiding, and revived its sizable Protestant equivalent, an illegal armed militia known as the Ulster Volunteer Force. Violence was inevitable—and it erupted in August, in Derry, during the annual procession of the Apprentice Boys, an old Protestant order that takes its name from the boys who closed the Derry gates against King James in 1689. The Apprentice Boys like to end their parade with a symbolic humiliation of the Papists—they stand on the town walls tossing pennies into the Bogside and burning an effigy of James's governor—but this time when they arrived at the Bogside with their pennies they found the ghetto sandbagged and barricaded and the Catholics ready to take them on. The fighting might have stopped at the Bogside if several thousand armed auxiliary Protestant policemen had not suddenly appeared, to "protect" the Protestants. The policemen attacked the Catholics—with a zeal that the Catholics found excessive, considering that by then there were almost as many policemen as Catholics on the streets of the Bogside and that a number of these Catholics were small children. The news spread, and, with it, the fighting, which broke out in Belfast and in Armagh, and was contained only when the British Army's commanding officer in Ulster sent in his own troops. There were a little over two thousand British soldiers in the North that day. By the end of the summer, there were nearly eight thousand.

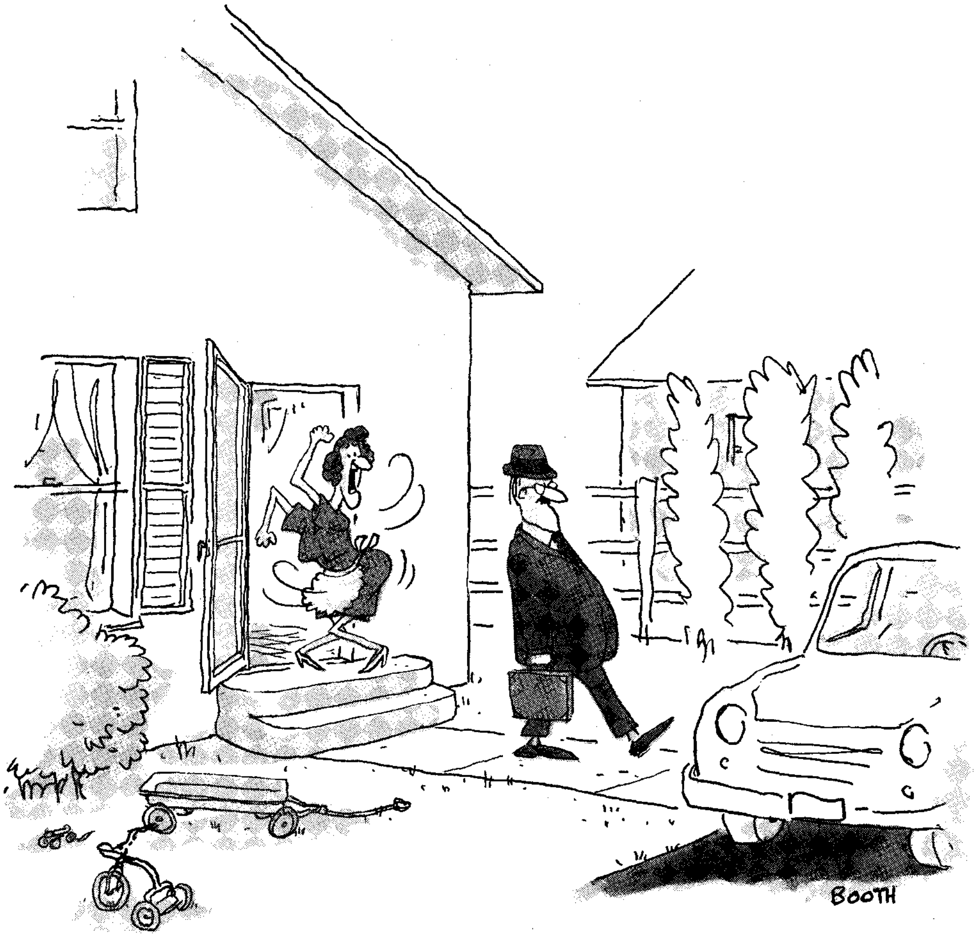
NORTHERN IRELAND is an odd construct—one of those awkward, early British experiments in home rule.

STRIP MINE VIEW
Dana Fradon

• •

It falls within the political pale of the United Kingdom, but it neither has independent Commonwealth status nor is it technically part of Great Britain, like Wales or Scotland. And while it has always had a Prime Minister and its own parliament, it is part of the British welfare system, sends twelve M.P.s to Westminster, and is subject to Westminster in matters of taxation, defense, diplomacy, and foreign trade. Republicans like to say that the British left the North with no power but the power to do damage to Catholics—by which they mean that the British left what is generally called "security" in Stormont's control. The British, in fact, had constitutionally retained the right to intervene in the North's domestic problems, but until the summer of 1969 they had always preferred to ignore the Northern politicians, whom they tended to regard as redneck, Rhodesian types, and to give a tacit laissez-faire to Unionist policy. The British intervention, when it came, was in one way an acknowledgment of the obvious fact that, with Britain losing face because of Ulster, a sectarian Unionism was no longer in the best interests of the government in London. The British forced Stormont to disband its auxiliary policemen, who were known as the B-Specials, and to disarm the regular Northern police force, the Royal Ulster Constabulary. (The Unionists, predictably, contrived to replace their notoriously anti-Catholic B-Specials with a unit called the Ulster Defense Regiment, which is technically under the command of the British Army, but which provides them nevertheless with an armed militia, six thousand strong and overwhelmingly Protestant.) And the British managed to keep the peace through the rest of 1969 and into the new year, although the peace was deceptive, since the Catholics were arming and the Protestants were waiting for their next annual processions, which take place in summer and, even in the best of times, have always managed to bring the year's resentments to a head. The election of Edward Heath that June in London so elated the Protestants—they were certain that the Conservatives would be more sympathetic than Labour to their point of view—that their parades turned out to be especially unrestrained and arrogant. Rioting broke out again, all over Ulster, and it went on for days before the British Army was able to seal off the Protestants and the Catholics in their separate neighborhoods.

Heath reluctantly inherited what the British were still calling "the Irish unpleasantness." He sent his new Home Secretary, Reginald Maudling, over to Ulster to talk to the Northern politicians and the British Army (Maudling, like most Englishmen who visit Ulster, left as soon as possible and reportedly said as his plane took off, "What a bloody awful country. For God's sake, bring me a large Scotch"), and less than a week later the Army was authorized to make its first arms search in a Catholic neighborhood. In one day, the raid turned the Northern Catholics against the Army. Catholics who a year before had welcomed the Army's protection stoned the armored trucks that carried the soldiers to the street they were searching, in Belfast's Lower Falls. The soldiers replied with CS gas. And by nightfall shooting had started, and the neighborhood was being blown apart by nail and petrol bombs. That night, the Army called a two-day curfew for the Falls, which is a vast neighborhood and houses the largest single Catholic community in the Six Counties, and during it they raided the entire area. Ten people were dead and hundreds wounded by the end of the curfew, and British soldiers had replaced the Protestant militants, who were happy to retrench for a while under Army cover, as the new enemy of the Catholic cause. No one seemed concerned that the soldiers had come



"Give me a W. Give me an O. Give me an R. Give me a K. I want an E. I want a T. Give me an H and an I and a C."

• •

to their new role more through default than by intention, since by then no Ulster constable or Ulster Defense Regiment man would have considered setting foot in a Catholic ghetto—and especially not to make an arms raid. When the Army took on the job of Ulster's policeman, it gave the I.R.A. the mandate the I.R.A. was after to stake its claim in the ghettos and recruit for the campaign of murders and bombings that began last year.

THE Irish Republican Army is a curious alliance of crackpots, ideologues, visionaries, heroes, criminals, and thugs, often with not much more in common than that they make up the oldest illegal army in the world. It was never very large, and it is divided now to such an extent that its factions have shot it out on the streets of Belfast. But it is at the center of the action in the North of Ireland, and anyone from the housewife who beats her dustpan to warn of an approaching Army squad to the little boy who lures a soldier into a sniper's ambush can be said to be an accomplice in its terrorist campaign. Those ghetto Catholics who do not support the I.R.A. out of enthusiasm for the old causes tolerate it out of fear or desperation, and there is no Catholic in Ulster now, in or out of the ghettos, who can say in conscience that he would refuse shelter to an I.R.A. man on the run.

Until the troubles started, the I.R.A. had been inactive in the North since the early sixties, when it ended a campaign of border raids that had been going on for six years and had forced the Southern government to introduce the same practice of internment without trial that Dublin is complaining about in the North now. But even these raids were basically a Southern affair. They had originated in the South and were masterminded from Dublin, and they involved old Thompson submachine guns, which the Southern leadership had got from America in 1934. There were fewer than a thousand I.R.A. men, North and South, in Ireland when the raids were over, and together they had about twenty pounds sterling, a little gelignite, which they immediately gave to the Free Wales Army for its own bombs, and a stockpile of weapons that would have armed no more than fifty men. But the I.R.A. was changing then, and after the raids failed, its old militant leaders had to give way to men who were essentially political revolutionaries, committed to a peculiar, Irish brand of Marxism, which they called "socialist republicanism," and which combined a sort of thirties Communist platform with the syndicalist theories of a turn-of-the-century patriot named James Connolly. These new leaders said that they were going to inspire a peaceful, parliamentary revolution of the proletariat, Catholic and Protestant, North and South. They resolved on an end to military tactics and decided to sell what rifles they did have left to the Free Wales Army. (There has been a long tradition of contact between the I.R.A. and groups like the Free Wales Army, the Scottish Republican Army, and the little separatist armies in Brittany and Catalonia. Some of these armies send their recruits to the I.R.A. for training, and their leaders are always getting together to compare notes.) They claim now that the guns were never sold, but the fact remains that the rioting in 1969 had found the Northern Catholics unarmed—"unable to defend their families" is what the militants say now. It was not ideology so much as this question of arms for the Ulster Catholics that finally split the I.R.A.—in January, 1970, at the annual meeting of its political, or, more accurately, legal, wing, the Sinn Féin Party. ("Sinn Féin" means "Ourselves Alone" in Gaelic.) About a third of the delegates—most of them old-time Sinn Féinners and basically rural, flag-waving, conservative types—were convinced that the Marxist leadership had purposely disarmed the I.R.A. in order to expose the Northern Catholics to a pogrom, which it could then exploit. They walked out, on the pretext of opposing a plan to abandon the Party's traditional policy of abstention from parliamentary politics, and promptly declared themselves the true voice of the republican movement. Their defection left Ireland with two Sinn Féins—their own new, "true" Sinn Féin, which everybody else calls the Provisional Sinn Féin, and the original, so-called Official one—and, in effect, with two secret armies. For the next six months, the Official I.R.A. pursued its proletarian objectives, which ran to such activities as organizing strikers and fishermen and, on request from locals, blowing up American lobster boats, Canadian mine equipment, German vacation villas, and other imperialist installations in the Republic itself. (They were generally on target, except for the

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time some hasty Cork men tried to bomb an “imperialist warship” that turned out to be an English oceanographic vessel out on a free survey for the Irish government.) In the North, the Officials worked through the civil-rights movement, which was broad-based in its appeal, and they confined themselves to civil disobedience and to reformist, rather than revolutionary, politics, claiming that unification of the island was a pointless issue until there were “democracies of the people” on both sides of the border.

The Provisionals, on the other hand, were spending their time arming, with the support of old militants in Dublin and with money that they got from bank heists and holdups, and from Southern republicans and rich Irishmen in America who had been bred to fantasies of a Red spectre hovering over God's green Ireland and would sooner have shot an I.R.A. Official than a Black and Tan. There is no way of knowing how much gun money the Provos—which is what the Irish have taken to calling the Provisionals—have been able to raise since they began. Two big arms shipments, bound for Ulster, have already been intercepted on the Continent. By the end of 1971, the British Army, on its searches in the Six Counties, had uncovered more than five hundred rifles, shotguns, pistols, and machine guns, as well as seventy-five thousand rounds of ammunition and an assortment of explosives, detonators, fuse wires, and hand grenades. And the Provos themselves claim that by now every one of their recruits is fully armed.

The rebel, not the saint, has always been the real martyr in the hagiography of the Irish Catholics, so it is not surprising that the Provo terrorist fleeing into the night as a British bank explodes behind him has provided the Irish with the most romantic and satisfying sacred image they have had since the Easter Rebellion, in 1916. The Official leaders—weedy, cerebral types with ten-year plans and puritan passions and endless agonizings over fine points of ideology—had been a far cry from what the Irish imagination looked for in its heroes. The Provos were different. They were God-fearing countrymen who could still shudder at the thought of a contraceptive and who could shoot a Protestant and cry that Christ and Ireland had been avenged. The Officials might have been born in a Shaw comedy; the Provos, defending their violence with noisy piety, were straight out of O'Casey, and this made them impossible for the Irish to resist. Their particular contribution to the burgeoning collection of “solutions” to the Irish problem involved dividing the island up into its four historic provinces of Munster, Leinster, Connacht, and Ulster. The plan came dressed up as a model of grass-roots Socialism, but that was pure publicity—the Irish may be terrified of Communism, but for some reason they all love to think of themselves as Socialists—and not many of the people who support or even join the Provos have paid much attention to the Dublin Provo leaders and their solution anyway. The Provos in the North wanted boys for fighting. It made little difference to them what their commanders were saying as long as the propaganda was helpful and the money kept coming in. They ordered their guns, and they did their recruiting in the Northern ghettos. And then they set up their training camps, near the old Official camps, in Ulster and in counties just across the border, which could provide them not only with a base of operations but with arms depots, hideouts, and even way stations for on-the-run gunmen, which the Dublin government has never dared to close. As soon as the first Provo recruits were ready, they spread across Ulster contesting the Officials, who were there already, for control of the Catholic towns and neighborhoods, which had been “no-go” areas to all Protestant authority for the past year. They had no political network, like the Official Sinn Féin clubs, from which to operate, but their presence was unmistakable and their infiltration so effective that by now every Northerner can say exactly which areas are Official, which are Provo, which are still contested, and by what percentage one group or the other is in control.

There are still no more than a few thousand I.R.A. men, Provo or Official, in the Six Counties. The Officials have less than half as many members as the Provos, but they have the advantage of being better established in the neighborhoods, and they are much more adept at local organization. They tend to think of themselves as part of a larger operation, directed from their Sinn Féin office back in Dublin, and this gives them a kind of discipline and consistency that the Provos lack. The Provos rarely agree on anything except fighting. They work in small, independent units, responsible to no one—certainly not to Dublin—and they are terrible at the sort of action that would involve efficient coöperation with the unit across the road. Still, the Provos have the numbers, and they are able to

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Colorado Springs .... Bendish
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Manchester .... Fletcher Glass
Manchester .... Wilton's
New London .... Outlet Co. (Dept. 650)
Newtown .... Four Seasons
Norwich .... *Canterbury* Gift Shop
Warehouse Point .... B & B Card & Gift
FLORIDA
Plantation .... Diana's Gifts
Gainesville .... Maas Bros. (Dept. 660)
Lakeland .... Maas Bros. (Dept. 660)
St. Petersburg .... Maas Bros. (Dept. 660)
Sarasota .... Maas Bros. (Dept. 660)
GEORGIA
Atlanta .... Davison's
Athens .... Davison's
Augusta .... Davison's
Columbus .... Davison's
Macon .... Davison's
Sea Island .... Davison's
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Richton Park .... Hearth & Heather
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Indianapolis .... Wm. H. Block Co. (China & Gift)
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Spencerville .... Rhinehart Glass
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Amana .... Amana General Store
Ft. Dodge .... Iowa Gift & China
KANSAS
Emporia .... *Stanley Jewelry*
Wichita .... Stough's
KENTUCKY
Bowling *Green* .... Rebel's Landing
Louisville .... Shilloto's
Murray .... Sav-Rite, Inc.
LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge .... Dorothy *Parker Gifts*
MAINE
Portland .... Porteous, Mitchell & Brown
Thomaston .... Corner Gift Shop
MARYLAND
Gaithersburg .... Craft Shop
Silver Springs .... *My Grandfather's* Shop
MASSACHUSETTS
Beverly .... White Barn
Brockton .... Balsam Gifts
Chelmsford .... Chelmsford Card & Gift
East Sandwich .... Cranberry Gift Shop
East Wareham .... Grey Oaks Shop
Hingham .... *The* Glass House
Marlboro .... Wayside Country Store
Middleboro .... Rae's Colonial Shoppe
North Dartmouth . The Outlet Company (Dept. 650)
Salem .... Blue Peacock
Springfield .... Albert Steiger, Inc.
Southwick .... Country Colonial Shop
Westfield .... John Krostoski
Westfield .... Albert Steiger, Inc.
West Mansfield .... Old Country Store
Hanover .... Balsam's Colonial Shop
MICHIGAN
Lansing .... *J.W. Knapp*
NEW HAMPSHIRE
East Barrington .... Calef's Country Store
Hillsboro .... Country Craftsman
Milton .... Elm Shade Country Store
Nashua .... Balsam's Card & Gift
Bedford .... Bedford Candle & Gift
NEW JERSEY
Clayton .... *Den of Antiquity*
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Millville .... Corson Furniture
Millville .... Holly City Bottle
Millville .... Moore's Antiques
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Newfield .... Old Barn
Pennsauken .... *Brown's*
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Salem .... Butler Gardens
Sea Isle City .... Dalrymple Gifts
Tuckahoe .... Wheaton Emporium
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Albuquerque .... Coronado *Candle & Gift*
Old Albuquerque .... Old Town Gourmet
NEW YORK
Bouckville .... Hinman's Gifts
Buffalo .... Adams, Meldrum & Anderson
New York City .... R.M.H. International
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NORTH CAROLINA
Charlotte .... Ivey's
Chapel Hill .... Blackberry Farm Antiques
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OHIO
Akron .... Leisa Darlyn Candies
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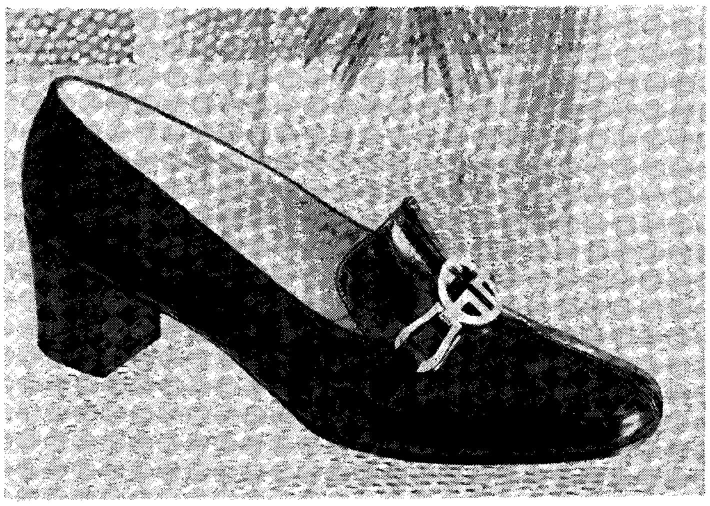

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recruit new members just as fast as the British arrest their old ones and drive them off to interrogation centers and internment camps.

The Provos started shooting British soldiers last February, after the British Army, which had in fact been using Provos to police the ghettos, broke what the Provos called their gentlemen's agreement, raided a Provo neighborhood in Belfast, and killed one Provo and another Catholic. The Provos themselves killed a British soldier, and then decided that they would not stop shooting until every soldier in the Six Counties was either dead or back home. Within a month, they were also bombing. Their targets were anything Protestant—pubs, stores, factories, hotels, even movie theatres—and they claimed responsibility for a hundred and fifty *major* Ulster bombings during the first three months of their campaign. Their violence put the Officials in an odd position, because the Officials were losing face with every Provo bombing, and even their own members were beginning to drift over to the Provo camp. The Official leadership claims now that the Provos, by provoking the British troops against the Catholics, were trying to force Official I.R.A. men into abandoning their nonviolent stand. They did abandon it, however—by spring of last year the Officials had given up their brief experiment with peaceful politics, and had revived their training camps all over Ireland and begun recruiting for their own campaign. They say that their strategy is different from the Provos'. And certainly their bombings have been different. Until December, when the Officials blew up John Barnhill's house outside Strabane and shot the Unionist Senator—they say accidentally—in the process, they had been involved in only six Northern bombings, all of civil-administration buildings that were seized and carefully cleared of people before the bombs went off. (The Provos, who, curiously, had never thought of bombing politicians' houses, replied to the Officials a few weeks after the Barnhill bombing by choosing another Unionist and blowing up *his* home.) The Officials say, too, that they shoot soldiers only in retaliation—one British soldier for every Irish life. But by now, with nearly a hundred innocent civilians killed in crossfire, it makes very little difference to anyone in Ulster whether the bullet coming at him is from a Provo or an Official gun.

EVERYBODY in Ireland knows that Stormont has already failed as an institution, but what happens in the North within the next few months is going to determine the survival of the Southern government as well. Half the voters in the Republic are countrymen, which means that they are conservative, republican, and very Catholic, and are not apt to be overconcerned with questions of due process and the will of the majority where the political rights of Northern Protestants are involved. They would never vote for a government which suggested that the unification of the island is not its first principle and its abiding passion, and it is therefore the business of the present government—as the government sees its business—to sound as republican as possible while never actually committing itself to intervention in Ulster's war. It is, in fact, the business of every Southern party these days to sound as republican as possible without having to adopt an intervention policy. No sane politician here believes that the Irish Army, with its eight thousand men, could take on fifteen thousand well-trained British soldiers, six thousand Ulster Defense Regiment volunteers, four thousand Royal Ulster constables, three thousand territorials, and three thousand reservists in a confrontation with the North, but he will still talk about the South's unifying Ireland and never admit to any inconsistency.

For a while in the nineteen-sixties, Dublin politicians had the leisure to indulge in nice distinctions of republicanism. Members of Fine Gael—the name means United Ireland, but Fine Gael is actually the direct descendant of the party that accepted the partition treaty—and Labour, the opposition parties, said then that they recognized partition but did not approve of it. Members of the ruling party, Fianna Fáil—Soldiers of Destiny—said that they did not even recognize partition but had decided to accept it nonetheless. (Sinn Féin members, of course, claimed never to have recognized, accepted, or even acknowledged the existence of partition.) But ever since 1969 distinctions like these are a luxury that nobody who wants to stay in office can afford. The government is faced with a coalition of Labour and Fine Gael, neither of which can ordinarily tolerate the mention of the other, and, while its rhetoric dwells carefully on a peaceful, "political" sort of unification, it will fall unless it can convince the Irish people that it is sufficiently tough in dealing with the situation in the North.

The trouble with Fianna Fáil is that it has always been more successful at provoking problems in the North than at solving them, or even at exploiting them properly. A couple of years ago,

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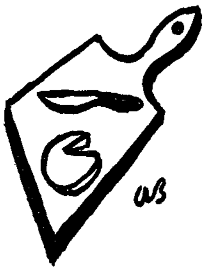
Sinn Féin radicals within the civil-rights movement started to talk about winning the Northern Protestant workers away from the Unionist ascendancy and thus masterminding the great Socialist *rapprochement* between those workers and the vast Southern rural proletariat, which partition had managed to subvert for fifty years. No one believed them, apparently, except the Fianna Fáil politicians, who were convinced that a successful civil-rights movement in Ulster would spread South and undermine their own power. The politicians replied to the radicals by crying Communist, and won in the last election with the old familiar evocations of a Red threat. And when Sinn Féin finally split, in 1970, they encouraged the Provisionals, hoping by this to insure the separation of the Northern I.R.A. from the Official I.R.A. executive in Dublin—which meant from the republican left in general, since the left, however republican, could obviously not be trusted to exploit a crisis in the North to the political benefit of a group of conservative Dubliners. Jack Lynch, the Taoiseach (the Irish call their Prime Minister the Taoiseach), was moderate as Dublin politicians go, but he was very much a novice in his own party. He was a lawyer who had stood for parliament and had suddenly found himself Taoiseach as a compromise candidate between two opposing and equally regressive Fianna Fáil factions, and his authority was still shaky at the time of the split in the I.R.A. Lynch may not have actually sat down to deal with the Provisional leaders, but there is evidence that his conservative Ministers were fairly active in lightening some of the burdens that an illegal army in a republic ordinarily confronts. Lynch let them do it, if for no other reason than that he was in no position then to risk a Party crisis and a new election, especially with republican feeling in the South so high. Small arms shipments passed into Ulster through County Donegal, where Lynch's Minister for Agriculture, Neil Blaney, ran a political machine that was known and admired throughout the country as the Donegal Mafia. (Coal boats off Donegal would drop the guns at night, sail back out to sea, and return in the morning for a clean and friendly customs search.) Two big shipments were even said to have reached the North through regular government and Army channels, and a third was on its way when "a document" implicating Blaney and Lynch's Minister for Finance, Charles Haughey, got into the hands of Fine Gael.

People in Dublin say that the Ministers hoped to start the Northern Provos and the British soldiers fighting and exploit the attendant Southern sympathy to bring Lynch down and take over the government themselves. Lynch himself had been following the course of that third shipment long before the opposition had the story. He dismissed the Ministers when the threat of a scandal was apparent, and had conspiracy charges brought against them, but he still could not afford to press in earnest for conviction on charges of supplying arms to helpless Catholics. The charges against Blaney were dropped, and Haughey was acquitted in October, 1970, after a trial that was long and steamy and noted for the number of passionate, patriotic speeches from the dock. Still, the Taoiseach's handling of the scandal somehow managed to settle the question of his authority. The dismissed Ministers pledged their support and kept their seats, as Fianna Fáil deputies, in the Dáil, Dublin's parliament. And the Irish, who will give their hearts to any politician ambitious enough to guard his turf properly, began to talk about the Taoiseach's "deadly staying power."

Since then, the government has survived on double-talk. To soothe the British, who for all practical purposes still control the South's economy, Lynch has soundly denounced I.R.A. violence every time he has made a speech or talked to a reporter (lately he has even taken to letting his wife write I-am-ashamed-to-be-an-Irishwoman letters to the Dublin papers), and he has been careful not to condemn, per se, the practice of interning suspects. (He could hardly do so, given the South's own policy during the fifties border-raid campaign.) But he has made the requisite anti-British gestures, such as taking Britain before the European Commission of Human Rights, in Strasbourg, on charges of brutality to Northern internees, and he has also refused all pressure from the North and Britain to introduce internment in the Republic now. Most people here are sure that there would be civil war if Lynch were to start interning I.R.A. men. He had eleven of them arrested this winter on charges of illegal possession of weapons, and after the first arrests—it was in December, when policemen came upon three



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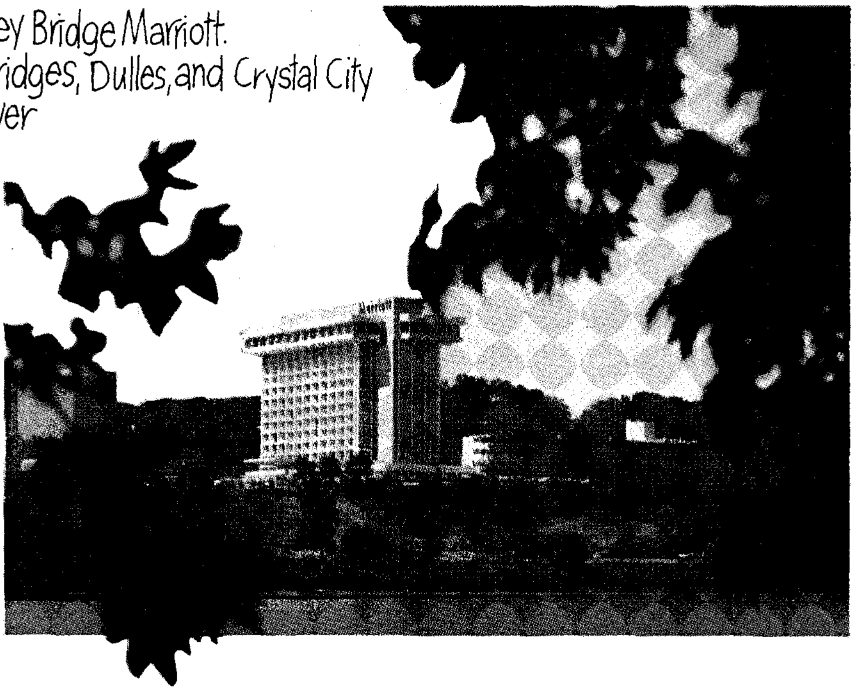

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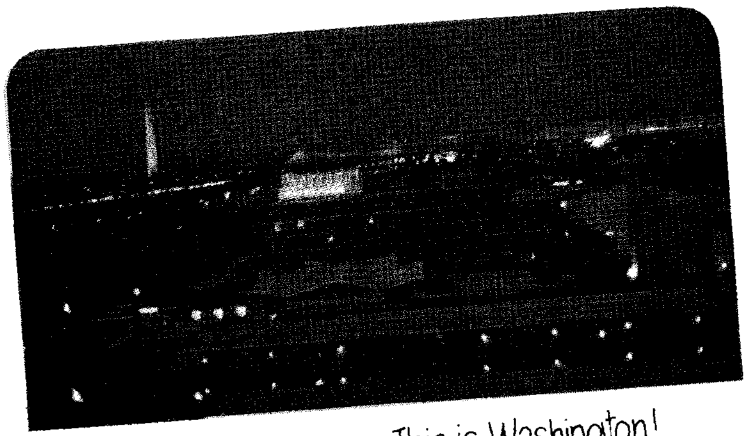

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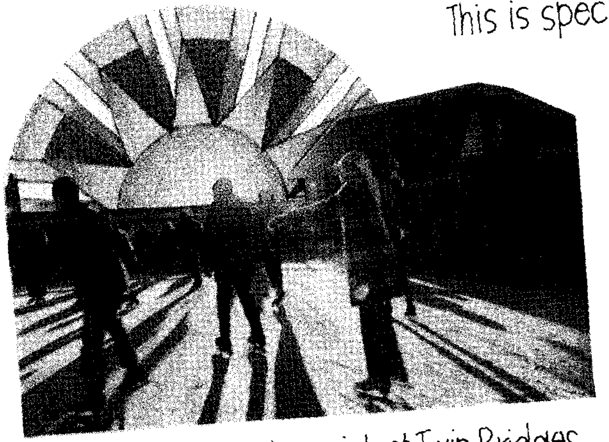

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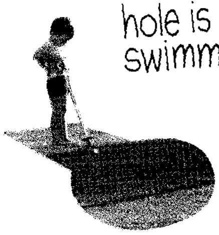

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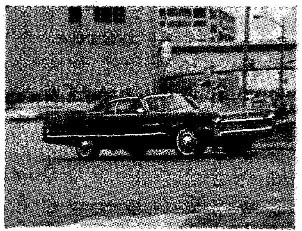

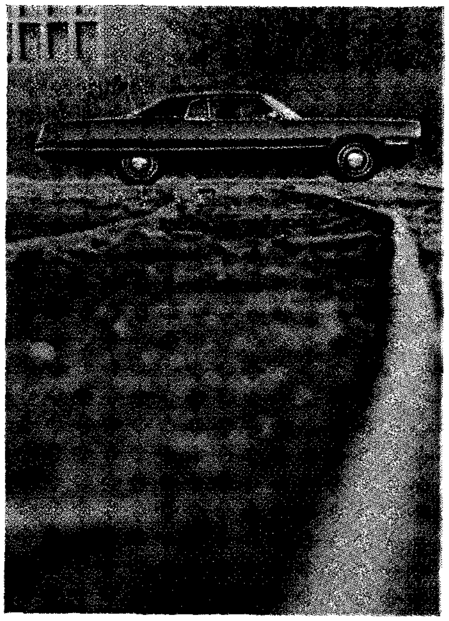

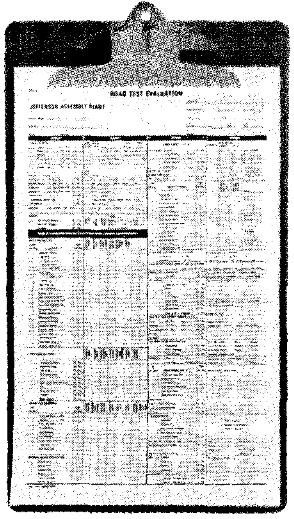
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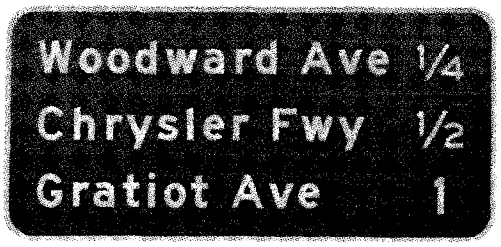
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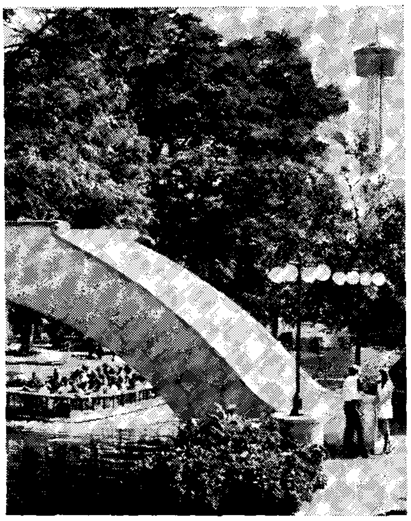
Provos during an arms search in Ballyshannon—four hundred villagers rioted and police had to be called in from all over the country.

The government's holding action has given the I.R.A. a marvellous latitude in the Republic. A year ago, the Dublin I.R.A. commanders were still careful to dissociate themselves, at least in public, from any specific action taken in the Six Counties. Now they are openly claiming credit for the Northern bombings, each faction insisting that its own particular brand of violence reflects the right strategy and the proper patriotic goals. Northern terrorists who used to make their trips in secret are cavalierly commuting across the border, murdering in Derry, drinking in Donegal, and boasting that no policeman in the South would dare to stop them. Southern terrorists stand at the frontier, ten feet into the sanctuary of the Republic, and bombard the British soldiers on the other side with bombs and rifle fire in a kind of insane border war that leaves them free from any retribution. Arms smugglers hold press conferences in Dublin—so close to Leinster House, where the Dáil meets, that people who want to can drop in to hear them during a break in parliament—to recount in detail their adventures in evading the police. The Sinn Féin Provos have even staged a mock Ulster parliament in the Republic, complete with delegates, which they used as a recruiting platform, but which was nevertheless enthusiastically and openly attended by rural priests and politicians and several hundred Irish countrymen. And the Officials have distributed a broadsheet threatening any Southern judge or juror who convicts a republican "for actions in the cause of a Free and United Ireland."

Fianna Fáil, meanwhile, has been trying to hold on to the republican vote with what it quite seriously calls its "we-have-been-consulted policy," which means that it hopes to persuade republicans that Britain has recognized the claim to authority of the Southern government—or, more precisely, of Fianna Fáil's government—in the North's future. Lynch, in fact, would like his people to believe that Leinster House and Westminster are even now negotiating Irish unity. His people, of course, reply to British tactics in the North by blowing up the British Embassy. Most of them know by now that Heath has been using Lynch to buy more time for Brian Faulkner, and that each time Lynch and Faulkner go to London Lynch returns to Dublin with vague promises and Faulkner to Belfast with a free hand. But the notion that Ireland is consulted at all still amounts to staying power for the government, and Lynch, for his part, may be following a crafty, if uninspiring, policy, since whenever Faulkner does push the British into more concessions, the Unionists seem to emerge from their diplomatic triumph weaker than they were before. Lynch is counting on the fact that the Irish will always support extremists in a crisis (the Protestants have Paisley, the Catholics the I.R.A.), but that, given stability, they will turn right back to the man in the middle and leave him in control. (Some people here say that even the Provisionals are likely to defer to the moderate politicians in the event of a good settlement, although every day their price is higher, and then, too, they have to contend with competition from the Officials, who will never support a government of the economic status quo.) After years of fighting, the Irish gave the government to Éamon de Valéra in the thirties, and they will probably give it to Lynch in the seventies if Lynch manages to stay in office until a settlement comes.

The opposition, of course, is determined to get him out before he can claim a hand in any settlement. Fine Gael tried it in November, by proposing a motion of no confidence in the new Fianna Fáil Minister for Agriculture, James Gibbons, who was said to have deceived the Dáil about his involvement in the arms plot the year before. Lynch had sheltered Gibbons after he was implicated in the plot by the Army captain who had supposedly made arrangements for the shipment, and the people in Fine Gael and Labour were hoping that Blaney and Haughey—who had been sacrificed, as they put it, to the scandal—would vote with them on the motion and bring along their partisans, thereby splitting Fianna Fáil and forcing Lynch to call a new national election. The opposition managed to get no more than an abstention out of Neil Blaney, and only one deputy abstained with him; Haughey, for his part, voted with the government against the motion, giving Fianna Fáil a majority of three votes. Lynch immediately removed the Party whip from Blaney and the other deputy—in Ireland, this means expulsion from the parliamentary party—but the fact that Blaney had not actually voted *against* the Party left him, for the time being, a member of the Party itself. Blaney still wants Ulster's war to make him Taoiseach, and, in his predica-



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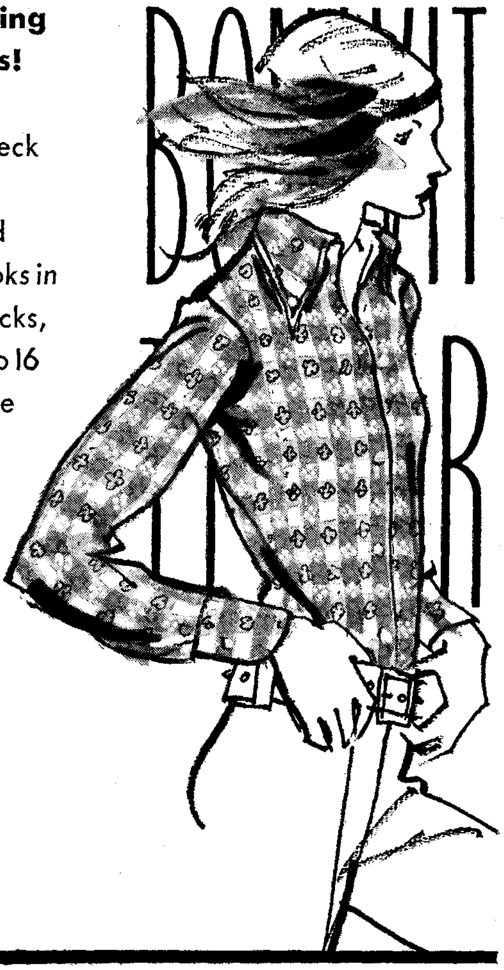

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ment, being temporarily out of power in a powerful party must have looked much better than being out of power with no party at all.

No one really knows what deals Lynch made, or how he maneuvered to win the vote against the motion, but it was clear to everyone involved that he might easily have lost an election that would have come just when Harold Wilson's proposals for a settlement were making the idea of Irish unity respectable and liberals were beginning to question what Fianna Fáil, in nearly forty years of running the Republic, had ever done to prepare it for the change. Lynch was saying then that revising the constitution would be a relatively simple—even a happy—matter, but earlier last year the government had in fact scrapped a plan to propose reforms in divorce and contraception legislation after the Church hierarchy threatened to oppose them. And a little later it announced that Ireland's technical schools—the last remaining lay schools in the country—would merge soon with the secondary schools and colleges, under the authority of the Dublin bishopric. (The plan will probably fail, but not because Fianna Fáil has decided to court the Ulster Protestants; it will fail because of a nasty rivalry between the hierarchy and the religious orders, which control most of the country's secondary schools now.) Lynch may talk about a liberal constitution, but the Irish Church is prickly, and it could easily turn its enormous influence against him—say, in May, when his plan for Irish membership in the Common Market comes up for a vote. Lynch is determined not to cross what people here refer to wryly as "our Catholic conscience" before that referendum. The Irish are ingénues at international economics, and the government has been discredited in the past for bungling its agreements, mistaking the pleasure of being noticed for the more durable pleasure of financial gain. It has sold exploratory drilling rights to its offshore waters for a pathetic fraction of the price that Britain commanded and received from similar companies. And it has practically given away the rights to most of its mineral resources to a Canadian combine. It may be making another mistake about the Common Market, since the European Economic Community's agricultural agreements are tailored to specialized farms, much larger than the Irish peasant's plot, with its mixed plantings, and membership could conceivably wipe out some fifty thousand of these small farmers, forcing them into factories in France and Germany to make a living, and thus creating the same sort of emigrating proletariat that exists in places like Italy and Poland now. But the government has been more attentive to what it insists is the "honor of the invitation" than to some of the projections of its advisers as to what, practically, membership involves. (A few of the Fianna Fáil backbenchers accompanying their delegation to the E.E.C. negotiations, in Brussels, apparently arrived with autograph books and astonished the Continental Ministers by asking them for autographs to take home.) Then, too, Ireland depends so much on its preferential trade with England that it has little choice but to join the Market now that England's entry is insured. Fine Gael, for once, supports the government in its proposal, but Labour is dead against it, and both branches of Sinn Féin—each for its own reasons—have been spending a good deal of time and money on an anti-E.E.C. campaign. It is one of those damning ironies of Irish history that just now, with unity at last a possibility and everyone looking to the South for some indication of its willingness to change, the Republic should be cosseting the Catholic Church because of a trade agreement with a bloc of countries that most Irish countrymen who have been around since the partition would be hard put to it to even locate on a map.

THERE have been endless explanations of the war in Ulster—Catholics against Protestants, workers against capitalists, some sort of Ardrey-esque territorial imperative at work. Seamus Heaney, the poet, who lives in Belfast, says that the war is really a war between two mother-goddesses—Cathleen Ni Houlihan and the Queen of England. Cathleen is legendary, pagan Ireland. Her shrines are bogholes and fairy thorns as much as churches, but she is at once the blueprint and the symbol for the affiliations of the Irish Catholics. The English Queen is the Ireland of the conquerors. Her shrines are where the Protestants worship—they are fine, cultivated English gardens, Orange Order arches, and the enormous neo-Georgian Stormont, with its marble columns and grand entablature, which sits on a plain outside Belfast looking as nervous and improbable as the Unionists themselves. It used to be said here that the only compensation for being Prime Minister of Northern Ireland was the certainty of receiving a British title after your colleagues pushed you out of office. Chichester-Clark is Lord Moyola now. Terence O'Neill is Lord O'Neill of

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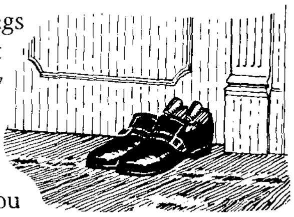

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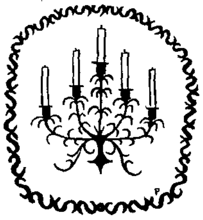
the Maine. But it is doubtful whether Brian Faulkner will ever get a peerage for his troubles. He may be the last Unionist Prime Minister. He is certainly the end product of a half century of misguided policy, representing, as he does, Unionism's most reactionary faction, and pursuing that reaction with more rancor and determination than any of his predecessors at a time when only a truly reformist government could even begin to redeem the institutions of Protestant rule.

Faulkner took office in the spring of 1971, just after the I.R.A. started bombing. Two years earlier, he had managed to bring O'Neill down on the issue of reforms O'Neill was proposing, and when Major Chichester-Clark resigned that spring, in weariness and desperation, Faulkner was ready and waiting to take his job. For a while, he tried to court the Northern Catholic politicians with promises of new and important committee chairmanships, but, unlike O'Neill and the Major, who had both been fairly moderate, he surrounded himself with the most anti-Catholic M.P.s in Stormont and openly acknowledged the Unionist right as his base of power. Whatever communication there was between the Unionists and the Catholics was over by July anyway, when British troops killed two young Derry Catholics. The two young men were by no means the first innocent victims of the war in Derry, but the incident was the first in which the Army concocted an explanation that everybody knew was false. (The Army claimed that the men were armed and that one had actually fired, but no weapons were found on either of them, and a forensic examination showed no signs that one had fired a gun.) Their deaths became a Catholic *cause célèbre* within a few hours. That weekend, five of the six M.P.s from the Social Democratic and Labour Party—the major Northern opposition party—announced that they would leave Stormont and establish an "alternative assembly" unless the British government called an independent public inquiry. When the British refused, the people in the S.D.L.P. ceremonially walked out of Stormont, followed by the one independent, the one Republican Labourite, and the four M.P.s of the North's Nationalist Party. They left the Unionists talking to each other in what had finally become a paper parliament.



Not all of the six M.P.s in the Social Democratic and Labour Party are Catholic, but all of them were elected by Catholics, and they took on the role of spokesmen for Northern minority feeling when their coalition was formed. Some of the Catholics who now support the I.R.A. still regard the S.D.L.P. leaders as their spokesmen. Not many do, though, because the S.D.L.P. is not technically a republican party. It has always been involved with Catholic civil rights within a Northern context, and, while most S.D.L.P. people are now taking the same sort of "unification-by-consent" line as the Southern politicians, until the walkout the Party was committed to participation in the Northern parliamentary system. In fact, by marshalling Catholic energy in the early civil-rights movement, the S.D.L.P. became the first effective opposition in Stormont's history, giving a voice to neighborhoods that had never had any political leverage before. It was certainly honest disillusion that took the S.D.L.P. out of Stormont. But it was also an attempt to reclaim those neighborhoods it still supposedly represented from the I.R.A. men, who had moved in and taken over while the S.D.L.P., in parliament, was busy demanding Ministerial posts, legislative concessions, and inquiries into brutality by the British soldiers and the Ulster constables.

THE ghetto Catholics like to say that they control their own neighborhoods. They patrol them at night, in street committees that watch for robbers, muggers, Protestant marauders, and British troops, but the committees are carefully patrolled, in turn, by I.R.A. men, who circle the ghettos in stolen cars and wait for trouble at checkpoints in the open shells of Catholic houses that Protestants once burned out. Whatever the people say, the only authority in the ghettos now is I.R.A. authority. Few strangers can enter a Catholic ghetto after dark without an inspection at the eerie campfires that light the I.R.A.'s checkpoints. Its kangaroo courts are the ghettos' new judiciary, and its strange punishments have taken the place of the government's prisons and fines. Men are routinely beaten and tarred and feathered, for anything from petit larceny to suspected "treason," although in the case of informers the Provisionals have been known to distinguish their sentences by shooting prisoners in the legs before they tie them to flagpoles to be tarred. Foreigners were shocked, but no one in Ireland was surprised, when some

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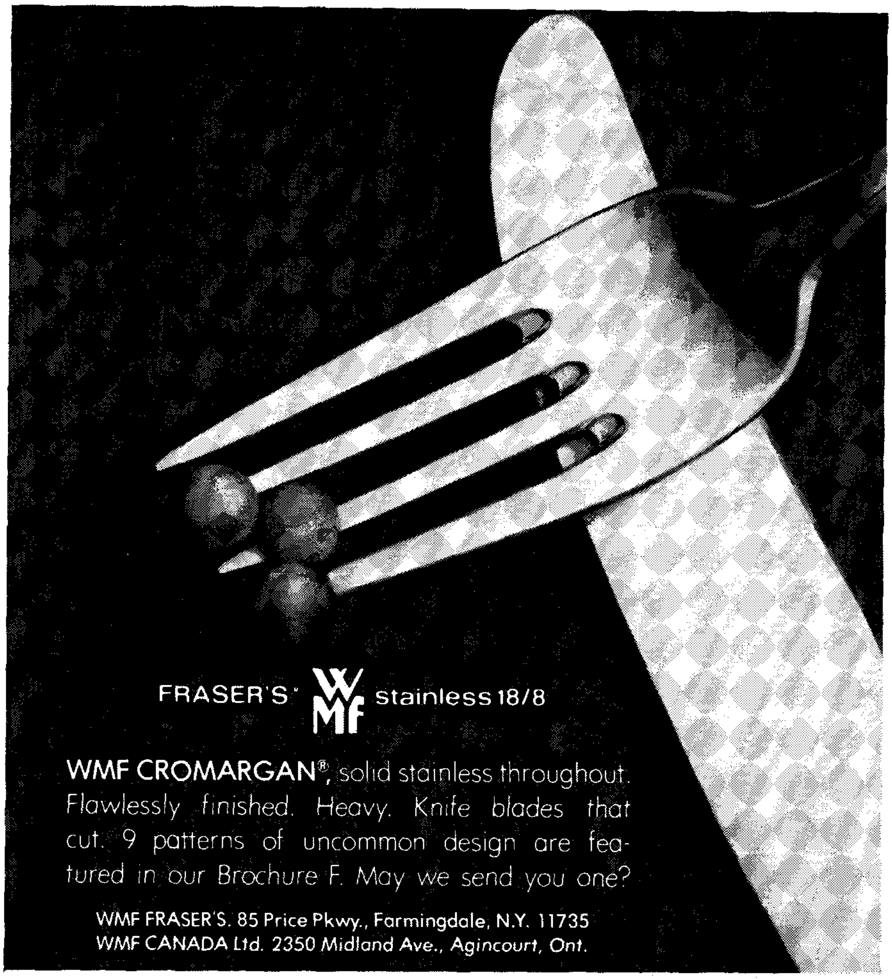
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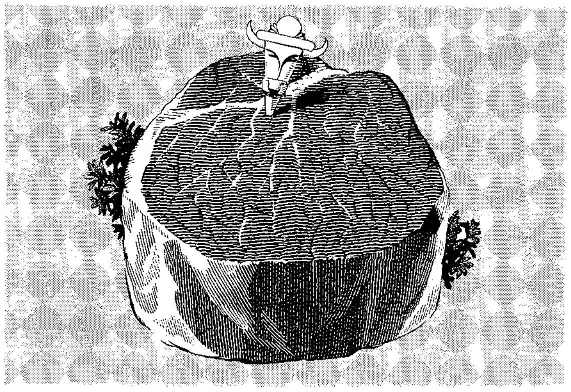
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old Derry women tarred and feathered a girl who was getting married to a British soldier. The women, in their hysteria, were merely copying the I.R.A.

I.R.A. justice prevails in the Northern slums not simply because a couple of hundred terrorists have the guns and thereby the authority. It prevails because, by the time the I.R.A. took over, the ghetto Catholics were getting discouraged by the slow progress of their politicians, and were beginning to look to the I.R.A. for help—to depend on I.R.A. violence to pressure London for an answer to their long list of old complaints. After the fighting, and the reprisals, started, most of them came to believe that Irish unity was by no means "the second issue," as people in the S.D.L.P. then put it. Internment, more than anything, justified to the Catholic poor the Provos' virulent republicanism, and they adopted it themselves—not just in the pubs, where Guinness, the only Protestant product that the Catholics count on, turns every Irishman into a revolutionary by closing hour, but as their own politics. The S.D.L.P. was still busy in the neighborhoods last summer. The Party helped civil-rights people organize a rate-and-rent strike—withholding of ground rates by Catholics who owned their houses and withholding of rents by those who lived in public housing—that now has the participation of more than ninety per cent of the Northern Catholics, but the politicians were obviously losing touch with the Catholic mood. The ghettos by then were hung with the Irish tricolor. People were painting their sidewalks with portraits of King James. "Up the I.R.A." was streaked across walls that had been used a year before as public billboards for civil-rights posters, and in every Northern ghetto a new tally was posted daily—how many soldiers killed, how many to go. At one time, the Catholics' politicians would have been a calming influence. Most of them could have dispersed a mob with a short speech (in Derry, an S.D.L.P. local once quelled a riot by shouting, "Dispose, dispose, and do not corrugate around the lamppost"), and they could have sent the children who were out provoking soldiers home to their mothers with a single word. But by the summer of '71 nearly all the opposition politicians had acknowledged that their presence in an angry mob was almost useless. The last time one of them tried to send a boy home to his mother, the boy, who was six, shouted, "Get lost, old man! I've been sticking it for fifty years and I ain't going to stick it anymore!"

The politicians did not recover the neighborhoods with their Stormont walkout, but the fact that they had finally done something dramatic restored a good deal of their credibility as Catholic spokesmen, committed them irrevocably to "the right side of the struggle," and announced in a most respectable way the invalidity of Stormont's claim to represent all the people in the Six Counties. The politicians, being politicians, were delighted by the enormous propaganda value of the walkout, which had been engineered by a young Derry M.P. named John Hume. Hume was a seminarian, then a schoolteacher, and then a businessman before he stood for Stormont. People here trust him, and many of them say that he has the best political brain in Ulster, but Hume is vying with Gerry Fitt, his party leader, for the role of the Northern Catholic who will be called to London to solve the Irish problem, and his scheme would probably have failed if Fitt had shown up on the day the rest of the Party met. Fitt and Ian Paisley are the only politicians in the country to sit in both the Stormont and the Westminster parliaments (Unionists used to hold all twelve Ulster seats in Westminster, but they have lost four of them since 1968), and Fitt, like Paisley, likes his jobs. Fitt was once a seaman, out of Belfast. He is a crusty realist, an old-style party politico who would have been at home in Tammany Hall. He is certainly not at home as a renegade outsider; he likes maneuvering in what the Irish still insist on calling "the corridors of power," and he has the distinction of being the only Catholic politician Brian Faulkner gives a drink to. Fitt thought that the S.D.L.P. walkout was suicide, and tried to avert it by flying to London to persuade the British to accept the Party's ultimatum, but when his trip failed he had no choice but to lead the S.D.L.P. out of parliament and to leave the alternative assembly in Hume's hands.

Hume has convened the assembly twice now—first to vote that there would be no opposition talks with Britain until internment ended, and then to present a plan for the assembly to administer the Catholic areas, replacing the I.R.A. "judges" with qualified Catholic councillors and the I.R.A. vigilantes with volunteers from the eleven thousand Northern Catholics in a veterans' group called the Catholic Ex-Servicemen's Association. His plan had more to do with establishing future jurisdictions than with meeting the realities of this winter. It was intended, like the walkout, to remind the British

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that the Unionists no longer had a legitimate claim on the Catholic community, and at the same time to remind the Catholics that, at least in the case of their own leaders, the old principle of the authority of the elected over the unelected still held. No one at the assembly expected that the I.R.A. was going to hand the neighborhoods back to the politicians, but the graceful timing of Hume's announcement—which came a few weeks after Harold Wilson's proposals—persuaded a lot of people in the North and in the Republic that Hume was the Catholic with whom the British would be dealing when the Catholics and the Protestants eventually sat down to talk.

THE argument between Hume and Fitt was important because it was really an argument between Derry and Belfast—between the west and the east of Ulster—over how the war would end and what would happen to the Catholics, and any prognosis now as to the future of the Six Counties depends on whether one takes the Derry or the Belfast point of view. The west is rural and poor, and it is Catholic country. Less than half the Ulster Catholics live in the west, but they outnumber the Protestants there, and in Derry they outnumber them two to one. Some fifty-five thousand people live in Derry. It is a town by anyone else's standards, but to the western Catholics Derry is a metropolis. It is their port, their marketplace, their center, and, especially, it is the symbol of their resistance over hundreds of years. When people talk about the war here, they can compare the situations in Derry and in Belfast—a vast city—because what Derry lacks in numbers it makes up for in symbolic size. The Derry man may have suffered the worst gerrymandering in Ulster, but he has also been far from the sheer physical presence of Protestant supremacy—Stormont, its Ministries, and all the apparatus of a seat of government. He is insular, and a republican, and he thinks much more about Donegal, just a couple of miles from the center of Derry, than he ever does about Belfast, across the island, where the Unionists rule. If he did encounter the Protestant strong-arm at his own level, he had little or no contact with the larger system. He lived in the belief that Unionism would survive only as long as the town of Derry tolerated Unionist control.

Catholic resistance in the North always begins in Derry. The August riots started there in 1969, and the Irish paid more attention to those riots than to any of the others in Ulster, because Derry provided them with a sort of architect's model of the whole Catholic problem. In Derry, all the antagonists could be labelled, the confusions clarified, the ambiguities dismissed—and everything happening could be seen at once. Everything *is* visible in Derry. The town is so compact and the population so concentrated that from any rise in the land the fighting there becomes as tidy and comprehensible as the maneuvers in a children's war game: the snipers crouched on the flat roofs of the Bogside; the soldiers running out of their barracks, on the Strand Road; the children on William Street collecting their armamentarium of stones and bottles; the barricades going up, thrown together out of chicken wire and burned-out buses and stolen cars; the terrorists fleeing along the roads to Donegal; the British sentries at their checkpoints, getting ready, stopping traffic; in Waterloo Place, the city center, the glass shattering as another pub or store or restaurant explodes; and the Protestants, in their housing estates across the River Foyle, drawing their white lace curtains on the noise. There is no escape in Derry from the slow, despondent action of urban guerrilla warfare—except, ironically, for the gunmen, who have discovered that the roads to Donegal are often left unguarded while the soldiers put blocks on roads that lead farther into the North itself. The soldiers are always present, with no place to retreat to themselves except their barracks. They are contained and demoralized by the tight, hostile little city, in which the only faces that change are the faces of the I.R.A. The soldiers are getting nowhere in Derry. Even the landscape seems to be set against them, and they are losing an unnerving waiting game. They are stalked. They know it. And some of the young soldiers there now have gone so mad with the tension and their own growing hatred that after only two months on tour in Derry they could turn on a crowd of ten thousand peaceful civil-rights marchers and kill thirteen of them within a few minutes, on reports that someone somewhere in that crowd was throwing nail bombs. People who watch these soldiers and observe the war in Derry can easily believe that it is only a matter of time before the Protestants concede and Britain abandons Ulster.

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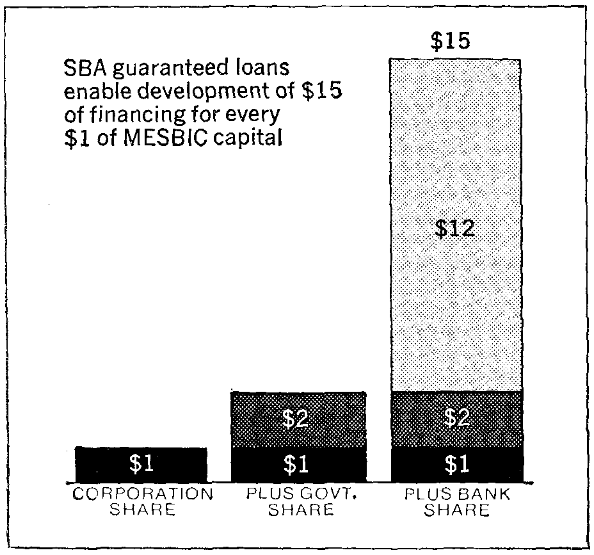

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the North could now join the Republic with relatively little Protestant opposition, given British agreement and a strategy of reform that would undermine traditional Protestant privilege and thereby render the institution of a Northern Ireland as useless to the Protestants as it has been to the Catholic minority. This, of course, may well be true of Derry, where there have always been strong ties to the Republic, and where there are so many more Catholics than Protestants anyway. The Protestants there have had no political base, apart from the Apprentice Boys, since their mayor was taken out of office and the B-Specials were disbanded, and people with the Derry viewpoint say that while those Protestants have armed themselves often enough against defenseless Catholics, they would never challenge the authority of the British, for the simple reason that they would be sure to lose. The Dublin government, which has many friends in Derry and almost none in Belfast, supports this view, mostly because it has to, but also because Derry is John Hume's home town. Hume is a moderate, cooperative, and effective politician and an honest reformer, and, whatever happens in the war here, Dublin would obviously rather see Hume than a Provo or a Sinn Féin Marxist or even Bernadette Devlin representing Ulster's Catholics.

The trouble with the Derry point of view is Belfast. Belfast is so different from Derry that it could be in another country. In fact, Belfast is so different from anything else in Ireland that it does not seem to belong here at all. It is a big, ugly, sprawling British city, fronted by shipyards, ringed by antiquated brick factories, and powered by a kind of tense, Victorian enterprise. People who live in it are fond of saying that Belfast was frozen in mid-industrial revolution and revived only within the past week. The city looks it. Apart from some tall new office buildings, many of them bombed now, lining Great Victoria (Belfast's aptly named main street), Belfast could be Birmingham or Manchester in its worst days.

Belfast is the Protestants' city, and the symbol of *their* resistance against Catholics. Over three-quarters of the Northern Protestants live in the east of Ulster, and half of those Protestants live right in the city and its suburbs. There are also about a hundred thousand Catholics in Belfast; they occupy the slums but not the jobs, the tone and rhythm of the life there, or even, in some ways, the city itself. The presence

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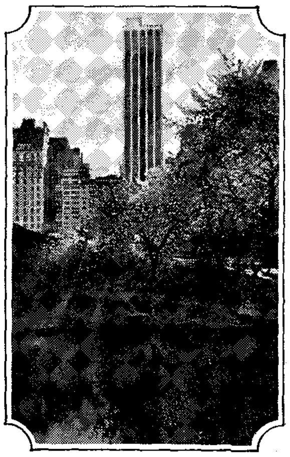

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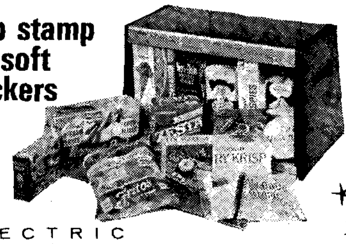

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is Protestant, not just in population but in institutions. The government is Protestant. The economy is Protestant. The gruesome brotherhoods, of course, are Protestant. (If their propaganda is correct, nearly every adult Protestant male in the Six Counties belongs to one lodge or another of the Orange Order.) The churches are Protestant, and they exist, in Belfast, in such a bewildering assortment of sects and subsects that some of the city's streets look like a kind of fundamentalists' world's fair.

There is a vast new middle class in Belfast whose neighborhoods are untouched by the fighting, the bombing, and the British occupation. The war is threatening and affecting there, but it does not occupy the whole emotional space—as it does in Derry—because a good percentage of the population has never been actively involved. People in Belfast can enter the war and leave it. Its signs are there—the bombed and shattered buildings, the burned-out slums, the makeshift barricades, the steely Army saracens, the concrete blocks that jut up out of the streets to stop the I.R.A. getaways, and the walls of Catholic houses whitewashed by snipers to show up soldiers and then smeared with a camouflaging purple by the troops. But the devastation in Belfast becomes surreal when so many people can drive away from it into little suburban enclaves where no damage has been done.

The people who can drive away are the Protestants, and they are responsible for the Belfast point of view, which holds that Ulster's Protestants will never relinquish their British citizenship. They are a narrow people—really a *colon* people—and they can be as mean and twisted in their prejudices as the worst of the Provos. They feel betrayed now by the country they worship, but any betrayal by the British apparently excites that worship, because they say that Catholics who claim there would be no resistance to a British decision for Irish unity are mistaken—that Ulster's Protestants would fight to be British whether the British wanted them or not. The fact that the Belfast Protestants have been relatively quiet since the riots in 1970 is deceptive. They *have* been bombing—people who claim to be in a group called the League of Empire Loyalists took credit for the bomb that killed fifteen Catholics in a Belfast pub this past December—and now that the soldiers have taken on the Catholics for them there is really no reason for them to do much more. Most of them say that they would start

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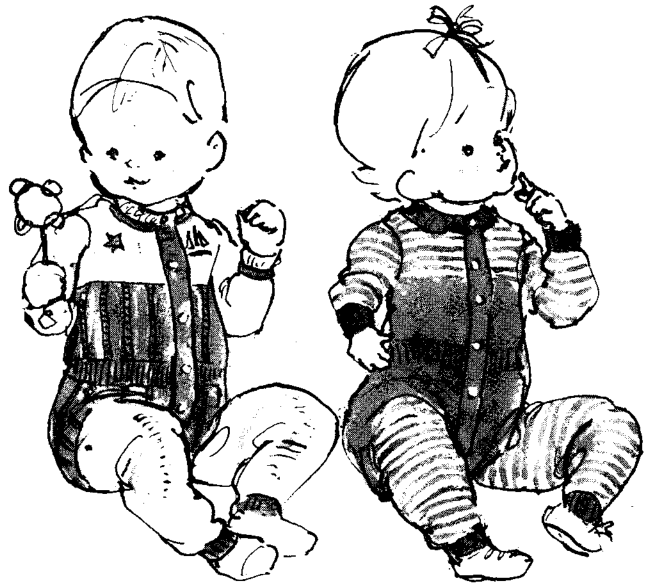

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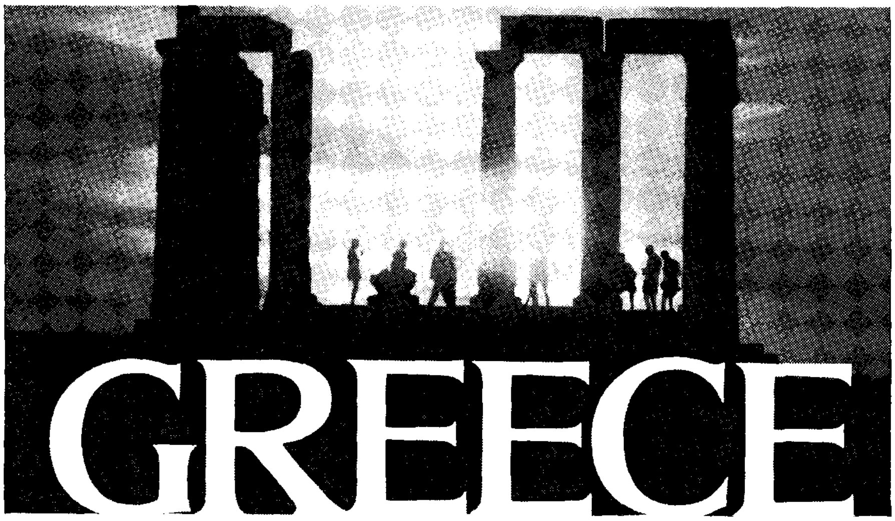

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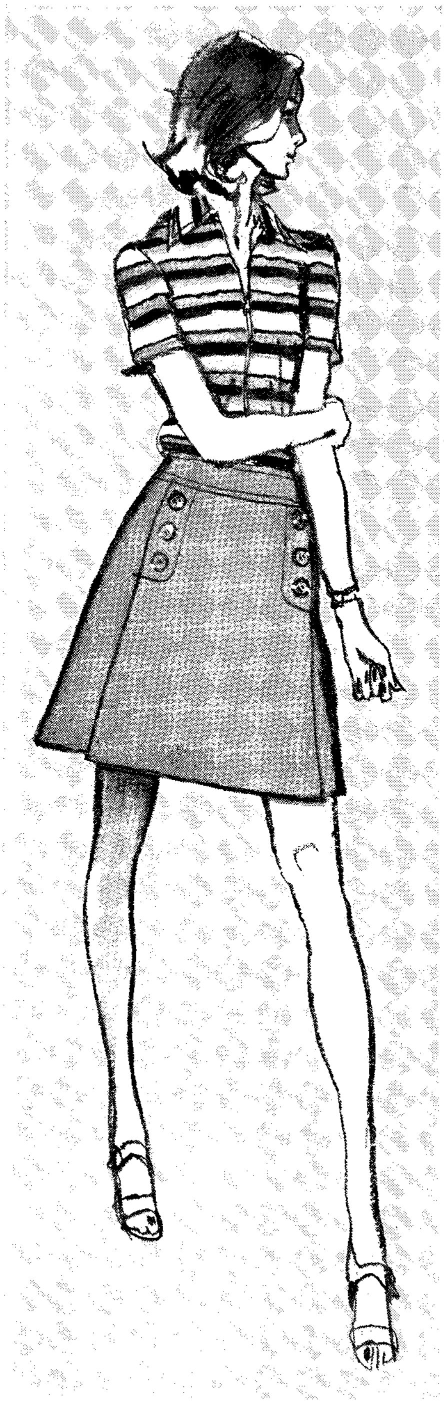

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fighting again if the soldiers left or if Britain abolished Stormont. There are probably thirty thousand Ulster volunteers ready. And the Grand Orange Lodge, which speaks for all the Orange lodges, has even pledged "a policy of disobedience, should the powers of Stormont be further diminished or the constitution changed." The Orangemen and the volunteers are obviously armed. There are over a hundred thousand licensed private weapons in the North, and the Protestants must own them, because no Catholic has been granted a permit for a gun in years. (The Catholics have never used the courts to test discrimination in gun licensing. Stormont appoints all lower-court judges, and the High Court judges, who are appointed by Westminster, come from the ranks of the lower courts.) Six thousand of those guns were licensed after a British commission suggested that private arms be officially discouraged. The Protestants took this to mean that Britain wanted them helpless in the event of "a British sellout," and started a run on weapons, which is still going on. They practice their shooting under the umbrella of private gun clubs—a hundred and twelve in all, nearly forty of them founded since the ambush at Burntollet Bridge. And they are known to have stockpiled ammunition in quantities far greater than anything available to the I.R.A.

People with the Belfast point of view maintain that Fitt was right: the Catholics' best, and possibly only, chance for equity lay with Stormont. They say that the Catholic politicians, by walking out, abandoned their people to I.R.A. authority and Protestant reprisals. And they predict that the Protestant politicians, hostile to begin with, will become more and more repressive as long as the I.R.A. keeps fighting, and, moreover, that any settlement involving Irish unity will provoke a full-scale civil war and a massacre of Catholics in Belfast and the eastern counties. Most of the Catholics who live in Belfast believe this, but not many people in the Republic will go so far as to admit the possibility. People in the Republic, in fact, do not even like to admit the legitimacy of a Protestant claim in Ulster's future. Last year, Conor Cruise O'Brien, who is now a Labour Deputy in Dublin, suggested that, given their majority, it was only reasonable to expect the Ulster Protestants to resent, oppose, or even fight a merger with the Republic, and he has been out of favor since then with republicans of every party.

THE best gauge of Protestant attitudes these days may be Ian Paisley. Paisley is the first politician in the North to have driven a wedge between the Protestant classes, accomplishing in just a few years what young Northern radicals and Sinn Féin Marxists have been trying since the early sixties to achieve. The radicals like to say that the real Unionist triumph over fifty years was to persuade the Protestant worker to equate his own interests with the continuing privilege of the ruling élite. Until the fighting started, they used to make speeches to Protestant workers about poor Catholics and poor Protestants reaching out to each other in true proletarian sympathy across their ghetto walls, but most Irish Protestants are as terrified as the Catholics of anything that sounds like Communism, so it is not surprising that a rightist like Paisley, rather than a Northern radical, was the person to finally crack their old political solidarity. Paisley himself is the best proof the Catholics have of their new theory about the "essential Irishness" of Northern Protestants. He may be a fundamentalist preacher whose rhetoric is pure Bible Belt Americana in a burry Scots-Irish accent, but he is familiar to everybody here as a stock character in Ireland's old political iconography. He is the Protestant version of the flamboyant leader-priest the Irish love, a zealot and a demagogue right in the tradition of a long line of Irish clericals. He started out in politics as a Protestant Unionist, and it was with a platform far to the right of any politician in the country except William Craig (Craig is a Unionist M.P. so maniacally anti-Catholic that even Faulkner refuses to have him in his Cabinet) that he won his seats in Stormont and Westminster within a few months of each other. He publicly despises the Roman Catholic Church. He looks to England as a kind of last fortress against rank Papal insinuation. And, with his sermons about wantonly reproductive Catholics threatening the jobs of pious Protestant workers, he was in good measure responsible for the fervor of the Protestant marches that provoked the war. Paisley, though, was never really part of Unionist councils. Unionists are Church of England people—Ulster's country gentry and its rich industrialists—whereas Paisley is definitely a people's politician. Once he got to Stormont, he kept challenging the

Unionists for not properly representing their Protestant poor. He wanted Ulster to be Protestant but not Unionist, and to workers who claimed that the rich Unionist politicians were looking after them in fellow-feeling he would describe Chichester-Clark's and Brian Faulkner's modern bathrooms and ask them to consider the condition of their own plumbing, in Belfast's Shankill and the other Protestant slums. By last year, it was evidently clear to Paisley that Unionism would not survive the troubles, whether in a united Ireland or in a reëstablished Six Counties. He decided to take on the Unionist bosses for the leadership of the Ulster Protestants, and he turned the planning of his strategy over to an unlikely M.P. named Desmond Boal. They make an odd pair, Boal and Paisley. Boal is a Trinity-educated lawyer—and a one-time novice at a Buddhist temple in Thailand, or so he claims. People in the North consider him something of an intellectual. He was getting bored with politics and politicians when he encountered Paisley, and the idea of maneuvering the big, Bible-thumping minister into power apparently struck him as an entertaining way to spend a few years. In Stormont, Boal represents the Shankill, the poorest Protestant ghetto in the North of Ireland, and he had the perfect base from which to mount a populist campaign. Under Boal's tutelage, Paisley began talking about Catholics as well as Protestants when he complained in Stormont and Westminster about the conditions of the poor. (He managed it so well that once he even got away with blasting a colleague for not representing his Catholic constituents properly and, at the same time, for supporting the abolition of the B-Specials.) And Boal, who had won in Shankill on the most sectarian issues, acknowledged taking cases for Catholics connected with the civil-rights movement and even with the I.R.A. Last August, Paisley came out publicly against internment. In October, he dissolved his Protestant Unionist organization and founded a new one, the Democratic Unionist Party, to accommodate Boal, who could not, for the sake of his own image, endorse the Paisley machinery under its old name. Paisley approached the S.D.L.P., through Boal, to talk about social problems, and he arranged for secret meetings with the Provo leaders, using as his messenger and intermediary the editor of a Dublin paper who could be counted on to spread the word when he got home. Finally, in November, he obliquely acknowledged the possibility of a united Ireland

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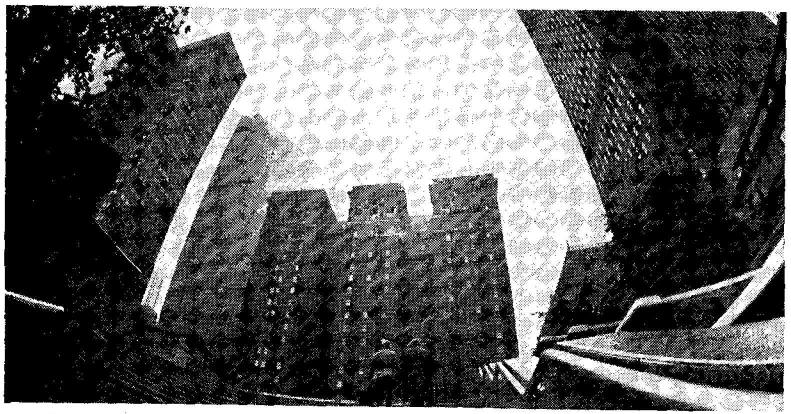

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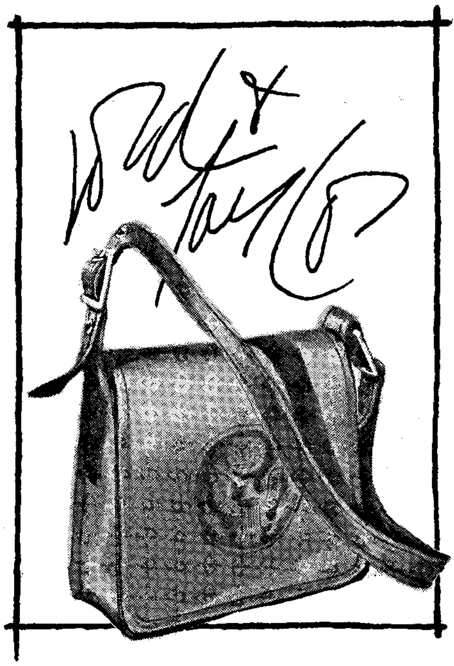

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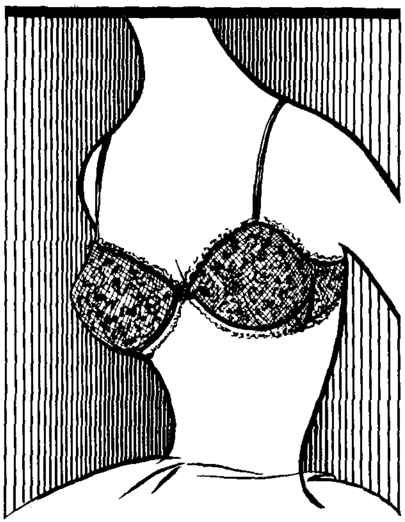
by telling Liam Hourican, the Radio Telefís Éireann man in Belfast, that if Dublin rewrote its constitution and revoked the political power of the Church hierarchy, the Protestant people were sure to look at the Republic "in a new light."

The response to Paisley's statement was enormous, and changed the political forecast for Ulster overnight. The Northern Catholics themselves were skeptical, because none of them knew whether Paisley had in fact accurately assessed the war-weariness of the Protestants or whether, clever though he was as a preacher and a politician, he had overestimated his power to manipulate a hostile Protestant population, and, in a showdown, would lose his popular support to people like Craig and the other hard-line Unionists, who had lost no time in calling him "soft on the border" and soft on Catholics. The Southerners, however, were jubilant. Politicians in the Republic started talking about encouraging Paisley as an instrument to bring down Faulkner. Liberals decided that their old right-wing bogeyman was really charming, now that they understood him, and would be a most salutary influence in the new Thirty-Two Counties. Radicals announced that Paisley had been a secret Socialist all along—forgetting, as some of them had with the Provos, that populist rhetoric does not make Socialism, and that people like Mussolini have also presented their countries with some admirable-sounding social programs. And the Provos welcomed Paisley to the moral order; one of the Provo commanders, asked what he and Dr. Paisley might possibly have in common, replied, "Why, everything in the world. We both hold that abortion is a murderous mortal sin."

The apotheosis of Paisley continues. It is easy, in a way, to see why Provos like him. Paisley and the Provos are so similar—grass-root in their politics, doctrinaire in their beliefs, authoritarian in their practices—that any *rapprochement* between them represents more of a decision to merge prejudices than an accommodation to the relativity of political truth. What is surprising is the sudden affection of the other Southern Catholics, who have a sort of desperate and naïve reluctance to admit that Paisley may want a big piece of the Irish pie when the war is over and, on Boal's amused advice, has staked his future on what is meant to seem to them a change in policy—just as Faulkner has staked his on a hard Unionist line, Hume on an alternative assembly, Blaney on re-



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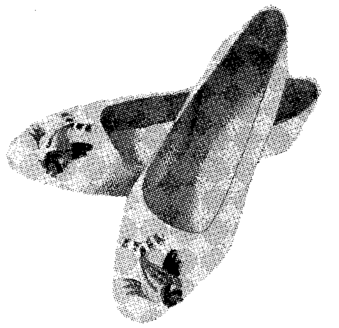

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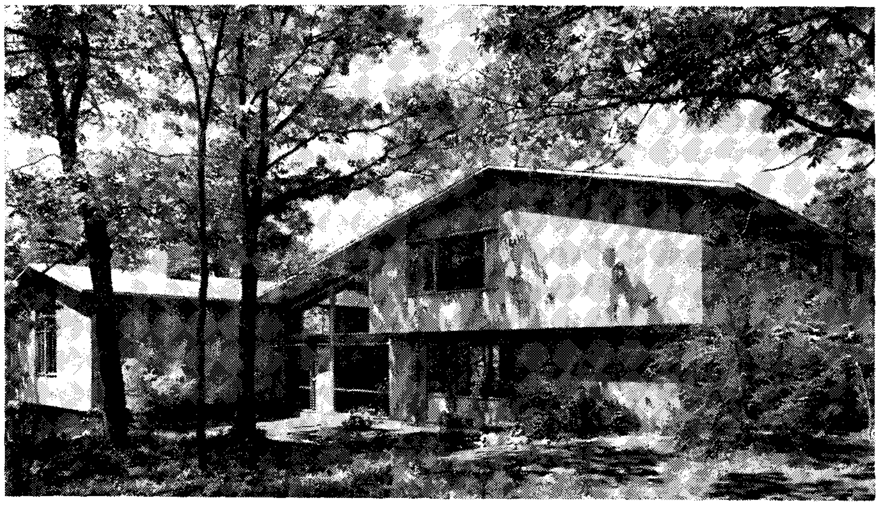
publican collaboration, and Lynch on a record of consultation by the British government. Certainly Paisley's own people would discredit any suggestion that he has really changed. They still trust him with the cause of a Protestant Ulster, and most of them took his statement simply as a piece of good brinksmanship—calling Dublin on all its talk of readiness to accommodate the Protestants by challenging it to amend the Irish constitution right away. None of them took the statement seriously as an indication that Paisley was set to welcome Irish unity. In fact, after the Derry march last month, Paisley announced in the British Parliament that there would be no united Ireland as long as he was representing Ulster. He has been making the kind of warlike pronouncements lately that no Unionist except Craig would ever think of uttering, but somehow only the Protestants seem to believe him when he does. And he is left in the singular and happy position politicians dream of—whatever happens in Ireland, both sides will probably claim him as their own man.

IT was the soldiers of Elizabeth I who conquered Ulster, when Ulster was the last of Ireland's independent kingdoms, and if anyone puts the island back together it will probably be the soldiers of Elizabeth II. Only England can settle Ireland's future. This time last year, most Northern Catholics, and even the I.R.A., might have agreed to a Unionist offer of some sort of coalition government, with Catholics and Protestants sharing equal power. Now it seems obvious that the only government possible for Ulster is one the British will impose. England is blundering now in Ireland, the way it did in Palestine in the forties. But, as in Palestine then, each side is convinced that England has a responsibility, and will eventually assume it, to enforce a peace on its own particular terms. People have an odd belief in British justice. Everyone has—not just the Irish. British justice represents a kind of still point, a standard by which the behavior of other countries can be assessed. Even the republicans, who loathe the British and tried their best to subvert them during two world wars, will talk about how Westminster tried traitors and German spies with all due process while bombs fell on London. And they can still be scandalized by the inequities of internment, not just because they are inequities but because they are inequities that the British endorse. Long Kesh, the camp near Belfast where nearly a thousand Catholic suspects have been



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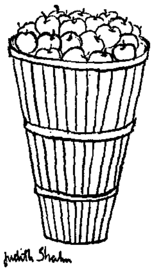
held at one time or another since August, is hardly the concentration camp the Irish have been claiming, but it *is* a brutal place, with brutal procedures, and the British, given British justice, are not supposed to endorse brutality. The I.R.A. has tortured British soldiers—so hideously once this winter that even the Dublin papers withheld the details—and when it does the Irish are genuinely sickened by the news. But when a soldier or a constable torments an internee, presumably on British orders, the Irish are not only sickened but surprised, too. They still do *not* seem to expect the kind of inhumanity from the British that they expect from others—even from themselves. No commissions were created by the Republic to investigate its own internment practices in the fifties, but there have already been three independent British commissions in Ulster since the troubles started (one of them came to investigate the allegations of brutality at Long Kesh) and they have all returned reports that are basically sympathetic to the Catholic cause. Hume and his friends are right to demand that the British institute public inquiries into the deaths of Ulster Catholics. Still, no one here seems to know of any inquiries into the murders of innocent civilians in the Republic during the years that the government there was sending its Army and its policemen off on anti-I.R.A. campaigns.

The British themselves are sick to death of the Irish problem. They have always had a kind of patronizing affection for the gay, voluble Irishman, meaning the Irish Catholic, whom they have exploited and humiliated since the sixteenth century, but they have no affection at all for the Ulster Protestants who identify with them and cause them so much trouble. Most of them by now would like to turn the Six Counties over to the Republic and never see an Ulsterman again. They want their Army out of Northern Ireland. (The Catholics want the soldiers out, too, but even the Provos would need the British Army to police a settlement that was at all favorable to their own cause.) They are losing soldiers—over fifty since the fighting started—and long before the Derry shootings duty in Ulster had already proved so harrowing that most active units had to be replaced every four months. The soldiers themselves may be turning vehemently anti-Catholic, but the British at home have taken up the Catholic position, and, like Dublin and the Derry politicians, many of them are convinced that any Protestant backlash would be manageable if their government committed itself firmly to a settlement involving Irish unity.

People in England now, in fact, are beginning to blame their own Prime Minister for holding up the peace in Ireland. Some of Heath's advisers have evidently been urging him for months to abolish Stormont, place Ulster under direct rule from Westminster, and confront the Unionists with a unification treaty as a *fait accompli*, but Heath seems to be as stubborn about Ulster as the North's phone book, which tells people how to dial anywhere in the world, from Belgrade to Australia, but pointedly omits the Republic's area code. It was Heath who extended the troop commitment in the North to nearly fifteen thousand soldiers. It was Heath who permitted Stormont to resurrect the wartime Special Powers Act of 1922, which provides for the indefinite internment of suspects without trial or recourse to counsel, and which has been cited as a model of repressive legislation ever since the Prime Minister of South Africa offered to take it in trade for all his own constitutional powers. (Stormont stresses the fact that internment is not harassment and involves Protestant as well as Catholic militants, but on August 9th, the first day of internment, only three Protestants, all of them connected with the People's Democracy Party, were arrested, whereas the soldiers took in some three hundred Catholics—including a trio of stray winos and one blind man—and less than seventy of those Catholics were known to have any affiliation with the I.R.A.) It was Heath who agreed to use the British Army to blast craters in over a hundred border roads and dynamite border bridges in a futile attempt to curb the I.R.A. traffic and to divert the fighting from the big commercial centers to the little border towns. And it was Heath who authorized the change in Army firing instructions—which had specified that only aimed single rounds be fired—to include the discretionary use of automatic weapons. Heath, in fact, has acceded to practically all of Faulkner's demands since the Northern Prime Minister took over, and to none of the proposals put forward by even the most conciliatory Catholic spokesmen. He has placed the Army virtually under Faulkner's orders. He has pressed for the kind of military victory that most Englishmen



tend to associate with American, not British, folly. And he keeps talking about a political solution that will completely accommodate the Protestants and make all the Catholics happy at the same time. The Unionists may be relieved to have a Conservative in Whitehall, but the English themselves, who never expected Labour to unite Ireland, are complaining now that Heath is not enough of a true Conservative, in temperament and breeding, to make the old-fashioned, arrogant, to-hell-with-them-all High Tory gesture of simply throwing in the towel.

Heath, of course, has left it to an old Labour technician like Harold Wilson to make a High Tory gesture. Wilson's plan is the first endorsement of Irish unity to come from an important British politician since Gladstone. It calls for a commission, representing the major parties of Westminster, Stormont, and the Dáil, to draw up a constitution for a thirty-two-county Ireland which would, in turn, be ratified by those three parliaments to go into effect in fifteen years. And while it clearly presumes that the Protestants will not fight to keep their independence, it would place Ulster's interim security under Westminster—an arrangement that amounts to direct rule and the suspension of Stormont's powers—and would commit the British Army to policing the Six Counties for as long as it took to secure a real peace. The South, for its part, would revise its budget, backed for the interim by British money, to bring its welfare system up to British standards and make up for the fact that now, with twice the Northern population, the South spends half what Ulster does per capita on social services. There would be a dual and equal education program in the new Ireland; an end to the censorship that exists now in the Republic; and a national health system, which is something that the Church, in the Republic, has always managed to prevent. The right to legislate in such areas as divorce, contraception, and abortion would be extended from the North to cover the whole island. And the new Ireland would be a member of the British Commonwealth.

No one in Ireland could afford to like the plan much. The North, predictably, rejected it altogether. The South rejected it because it did not call for an immediate and unconditional end to internment and because it did call for participation in the Commonwealth, which the Irish have always disliked. (Ireland joined the Common-

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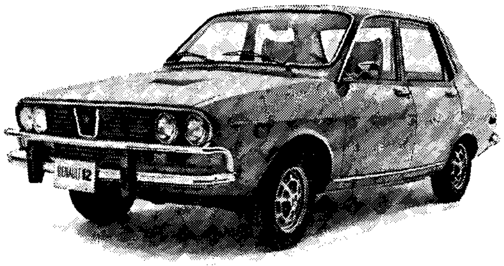

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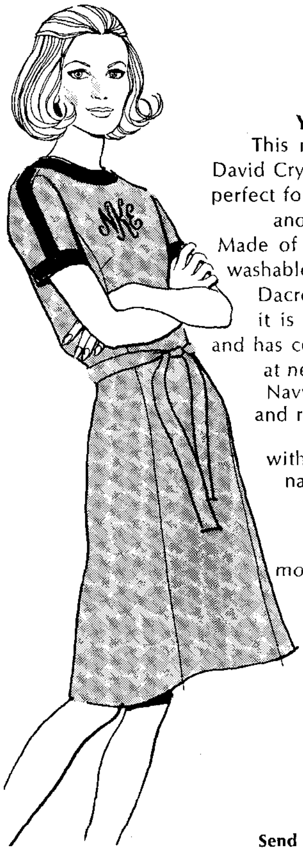

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wealth as the Irish Free State, and then left it, as a republic, after the Second World War. But by now the Commonwealth is a purely symbolic issue for the Irish, since they are tied to the British by trade agreements anyway and will be even more involved with them once both countries have joined the European Economic Community.) But Wilson managed, with his proposals, to open debate in England on the question of Irish unity. And Heath, by accepting the debate, made the question a legitimate one in England, for the first time in fifty years. Eventually, Heath will have to either discredit the Wilson plan—which seems impossible—or match it with a good one of his own. He evidently has a plan now to promise the Northern Catholics, in exchange for a moratorium on fighting, some sort of coalition system, and he may be ready to impose it in the near future, but it is hard to imagine that at this late date the Catholics will keep the peace to support a government that is still an Ulster government—unless, of course, *they*, and not the British, make the decision to accept an independent Six Counties. After a year of delegating their war to the I.R.A. terrorists, Ulster's Catholics have quite suddenly acted to dispel any lingering British hopes that Catholic resistance is simply an I.R.A. phenomenon that can be quieted and appeased as soon as all the gunmen are locked up inside internment camps. Over twenty thousand Catholics marched in the town of Newry this month to protest the Derry shootings, and they represented nearly every able, adult Catholic in the country who could make the trip. They have started a new campaign of massive civil disobedience—roadblocks, strikes, sit-ins, and effective disruptions of mail and telephone and other essential services. They may demonstrate to the British that they can paralyze the Six Counties for as long as that campaign continues. And, unless the mood in Ulster drastically changes, they have probably left Heath with no realistic alternative but to prepare to guarantee, with the British Army, the authority of a constitutional convention that will decide whether Ireland will have one government or combine as a federation of the two states. One thing is sure, though—unification will not be a democratic process, as most Catholics have been pretending to the world. The Protestants do not want to be part of Catholic Ireland, and, whether or not they fight to retain the independence of at least their three eastern counties, they have already

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raised, by their surly obstinance, questions that the Catholics, even with sympathy and all the prerogatives of a legitimate grievance on *their* side, can no longer ignore.

What, for example, is a patriot? The man who plants a gelignite bomb in someone's car, kills a child with the explosion, and then gets caught by British soldiers: Is he an Irish patriot? Is he a political prisoner? Is he a madman? Or is he a criminal, who should be tried for murder? And who are "the people" that all the patriots and politicians on both sides of the issue are so busy defending? Are the people the Irish people, Catholic and Protestant? Or are they, as Conor Cruise O'Brien has suggested, "your particular group of hangers-on"? Then, too, what are the rights of "the people" to political secession? The Catholics thought it within their rights as a people to secede from Britain in the nineteen-twenties. What rights, then, do the Northern Protestants as a people have in wanting to secede from a Catholic Ireland now? It depends, of course, on the will of the majority. But what is the majority in Ireland? The Catholics, who look to the whole island when they do their counting, say that they are the majority, and that therefore Irish unity is a just expression of the majority will. But the Protestants look to the Six Counties when they do *their* counting, and they say that they are Ulster's majority and have the right to an independent state. How, then, is the majority determined when no one agrees on the boundaries involved? None of these questions are new in Ireland. Cathleen Ni Houlihan has often been abused by her patriots. The list of Irishmen and conquerors who have loved and used her is long and covers centuries, and she will survive the violation now, as always—though, as always, at tremendous cost.

—JANE KRAMER

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IRON MOUNTAIN, Mich. (UPI)—Brisk crosswords forced cancellation Sunday of the second round of the Olympic team ski jump elimination tournament at Pine Mountain slide.—*Chicago Sun-Times*.

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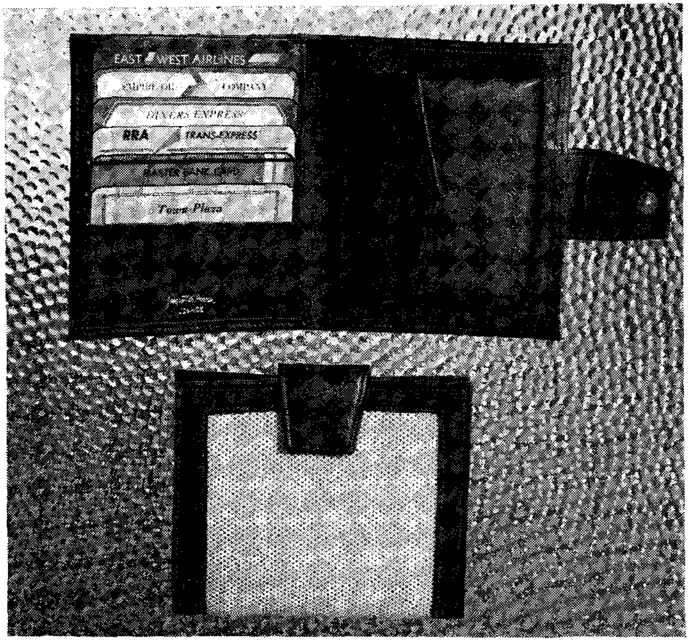

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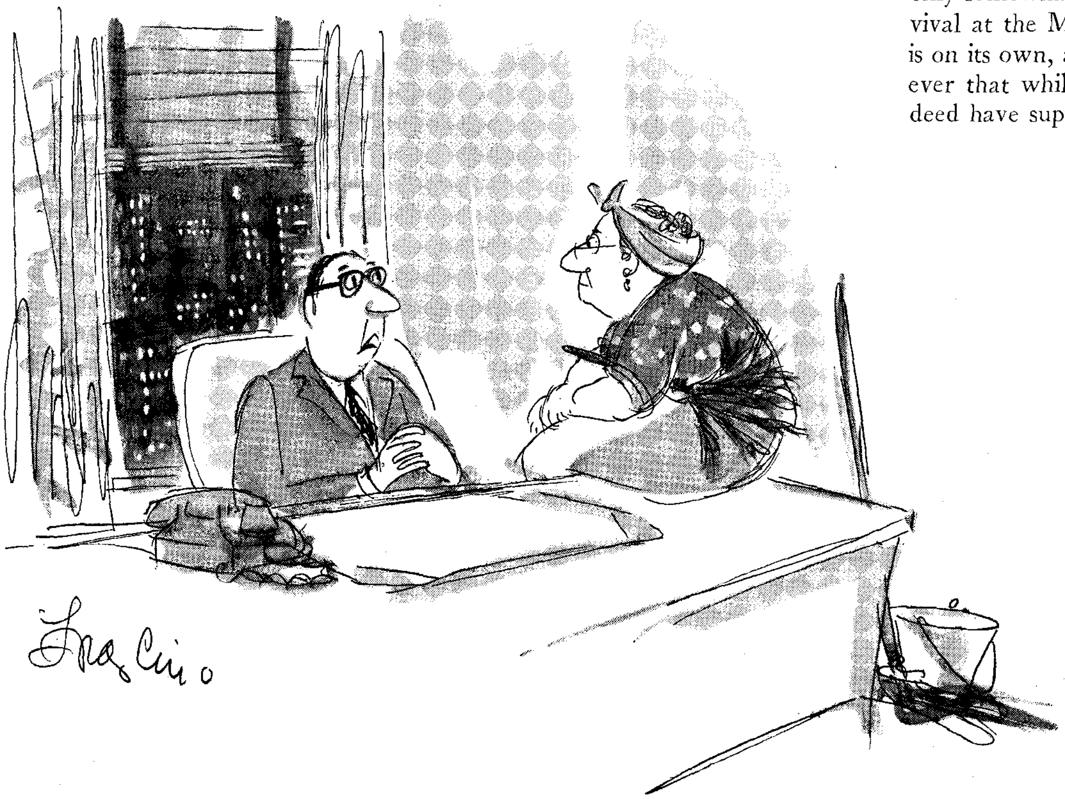
THE THEATRE

BLOODY FOOLS

"THE LOVE SUICIDE AT SCHOFIELD BARRACKS" was a play intelligent enough to deserve a hearing on Broadway and muddled enough not to deserve a run, so the half-dozen performances that it managed to accumulate at the ANTA Theatre amounted to a just commentary on its worth. The author, Romulus Linney, is obviously and most welcomely a writer, but in this instance he proved clumsy both as a craftsman and as a thinker. The play was cast in the form of an inquiry into the bizarre double suicide of an Army general and his wife at a Halloween party in the Officers' Club at Schofield Barracks, in Hawaii. The expected guest of honor at the party was the President of the United States, and the general and his wife had apparently intended to murder an innocent child at the President's feet and then dispatch themselves before him in a ritual bloodbath *à la japonaise*, indicating by these violent deaths their disapproval of the war in Vietnam, and perhaps their disapproval of American culture and conduct at home as well as abroad. Indeed, it was possible to suppose that the dead couple had meant their peculiar sacrifice (botched because the innocent child had been kept away from the club and the President had failed to arrive) to signify disapproval of civilization itself: mankind was certainly in the dock in Mr. Linney's play, but the particulars of the indictment were not easy to discover. As "The Love Suicide" lumbered through the thickety underbrush of its subject matter, it kept wigwagging to us that we had only to be patient in order to have revealed to us that its theme was a lofty universal one; alas, the waited-for revelation never came. Our interest depended on our becoming convinced that the general and his wife had been people of value, not unlike us but stronger than we and either markedly better or markedly worse than we; instead, the evidence, such as it was, implied that the general had been a nut and his wife a ninny. To be forced to spend an evening to reach this conclusion was all the more irritating because, given the nature of the plot, the couple was not even present to be despised.

Though the play curiously lacked its two main characters, there was a large assortment of other people on hand, and of these three or four were sketched in sufficient detail for the actors to make something substantial of them. William Redfield played with relish a twitching and sour-minded colonel who felt that the general, in killing himself at a Halloween party, had been characteristically asinine; Alan Mixon was excellent as a sergeant major steel-hard in his contempt for his superiors; and Mercedes McCambridge embodied without a trace of caricature the difficult role of a lesbian poet whose mind and attitudes the late general had been much taken with. The play was directed—too loudly and too strenuously for my taste—by John Berry, who also played one of the leading roles, and the single set was by Douglas W. Schmidt. Since it represented the interior of an officers' club, it was intended to look dreary, and it did.

—BRENDAN GILL



"My mother doesn't understand me."

OFF BROADWAY

Three All at Sea

WHAT Sidney Michaels' "Dylan" amounts to is dramatized gossip, which means that it is slightly contemptible and also, of course, not boring. When it was originally done on Broadway, only eight years ago, Alec Guinness's stunning, delicate performance as Dylan Thomas somewhat masked the sleazy play, but even then only somewhat. Now, in its current revival at the Mercer O'Casey, the play is on its own, and I realized more than ever that while Mr. Michaels may indeed have supplied the script it was Sir Alec, almost unaided, who supplied the poet. The action is restless, nearly to the point of epilepsy, and, as you must remember, covers Mr. Thomas's adventures—sexual and alcoholic—during his two lecture tours in the United States, where he died in 1953. The quality of the writing is poor. A speech of Dylan's that starts "I'm me" is the low point of the evening, but it is indicative of the whole. The actors do what they can, I suppose, but except for Rue McClanahan as Caitlin Thomas the performances are not impres-

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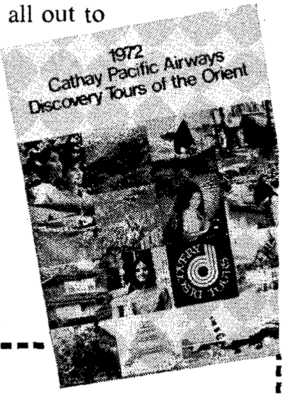

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sive. The only encouraging element in the show is John Scheffler's very good setting on the arena stage.

THE adventurous Chelsea Theatre Center, in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, is presenting a limited engagement of "Kaddish," an adaptation—though hardly a dramatization—of Allen Ginsberg's poem in memory of his mother, a paranoid schizophrenic who died some years ago in an insane asylum. As the action proceeds, she can be seen time after time torturing herself with her illusions of persecution, being tortured by shock treatments in one institution after another, and laying waste those who love her—her husband, her two young sons, and her sister. In spite of the ready-made harrowing content of the work, I just sat there—through movies on a triptych of screens, voices over microphones, and other multimedia distractions—getting more and more glum, waiting for a play. There is no play; there is no dramatic progress whatever. One sees a physical disintegration in the unhappy Mrs. Ginsberg (performed by Marilyn Chris), but her final attack is no more pathetic or horrifying than her first, and there is no attempt at development in any of the other characters, either. All things considered, Miss Chris does well, and I also admired Michael Vale as the husband and Glenn Weitzman as young Allen.

A MUSICAL called "Two If by Sea," which stayed in town only overnight, was not that bad. A high-school class studying the American Revolution decides to bring it up to date by impersonating the Founding Fathers and their foes and allies. The idea was foolish, and so were most of the words; the score was serviceable, though no more than that; but the young players handled their roles with an engaging fervor and innocence. They sang well and moved well and, occasionally, acted. I'm sure we'll be seeing many of them in better shows in the years ahead. —EDITH OLIVER

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[*Catalogue card of the Charleston (S.C.) Library Society*]

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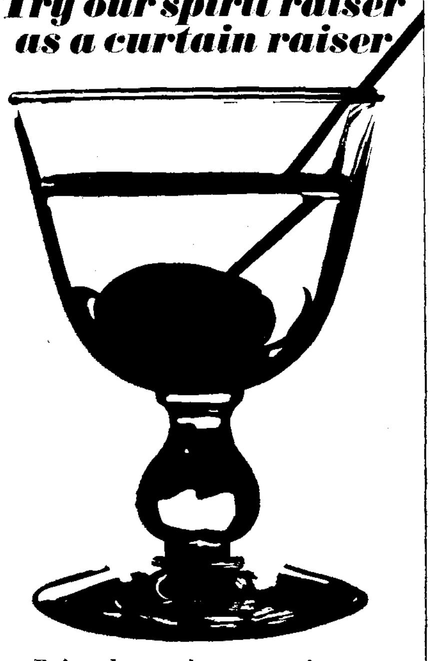

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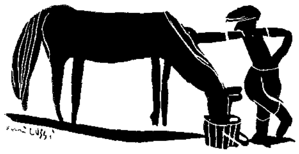
THE RACE TRACK

Totally Unconscious

ABOUT this time last year, Unconscious was one of the top colts in California. At Santa Anita, he had won the Santa Catalina Stakes and the San Felipe Handicap, had run second to Jim French in the Santa Anita Derby, and had then gone on to win the California Derby at Golden Gate Park. On the strength of all this, he was the post-time favorite for the Kentucky Derby, in which he finished fifth. Later, he suffered a leg injury that kept him idle for the rest of the season. But they do come back. At Santa Anita last Saturday, he beat ten other four-year-olds in the Charles H. Strub Stakes, the first of the hundred-thousand-dollar-plus races in 1972. My carrier pigeon reports that Unconscious kept close to the early pace—which is the way he likes to run—took command in the stretch, and won by a neck from Triple Bend, with Good Counsel third. Luck deserted Pancho Martin; neither of the two Sigmund Sommer horses he saddled was in the picture. Unconscious, whose share of the purse was $85,300, is a chestnut colt by Prince Royal II out of Brown Berry; he is owned by A. A. Seeligson, Jr., and trained by John Canty, who has a likely runner for the classics in Royal Owl. Canty gave Unconscious only two winding-up gallops in preparation for the Strub, but the colt was fit and ready enough to carry top weight of 121 pounds and run the mile and a quarter in 2:00⅗. He was ridden by Shoemaker, who, incidentally, is only three stakes winners behind Arcaro's record total of five hundred and fifty-four. Who was it who said that records are made to be broken?



IT looks as though Pro Bidder were another of those Bowie horses. Last weekend, he won the Native Dancer Handicap, his third stakes race at the meeting there. He also did the six furlongs so handily that Buddy Delp, who owns and trains him, is deliberating whether to run him in the hundred-thousand-dollar John B. Campbell Handicap, at a mile and a sixteenth, at Bowie a week from Saturday, or in the famous old Paumonok Handicap, the first sprint of the season at Aqueduct next month. In the past, Pro Bidder was one of those tear-away-from-the-gate runners, but Cusimano, his rider, has tamed him down. In the Native Dancer, Cusimano kept Pro Bidder behind Tsunami to the turn into the stretch, then let him loose. In the last furlong, Joys Fella came up to take second place from Tsunami.

IT was raining again at Gulfstream Park last weekend, so the Canadian Turf Handicap was shifted to the main track. It was an all-Canada triumph, for Speedy Zephyr, who led from beginning to end of the mile and a sixteenth, was bred up there by E. P. Taylor, is owned by Charles Rathgeb, Jr., is trained by Les Lear, and was ridden by Ron Turcotte—all from across the border. Speedy Zephyr's previous start was in the Appleton Handicap, which also was switched from the grass to the dirt track, and he finished third to Mr. Pow Wow and G. Lafayette. This time, Mr. Pow Wow was third, back of Knight Counter, who was second all the way. Because of the change in tracks, seven of the sixteen horses entered were scratched. The midweek attraction was the Hutcheson Stakes, at seven furlongs, in which Spanish Riddle romped home by eight lengths. Earlier on, at Tropical, he had won by thirteen.

EVER since the barns at Belmont Park were opened, the first of last week, a trickle of horses has been coming in to fill them. Most of the arrivals are from Liberty Bell. Although the training track has been cleared of snow, the footing is much too hard for serious galloping over it. Indeed, if the cold continues, it may be something of a problem to get the racing strip at Aqueduct ready for the opening on March 1st. Anyhow, it won't be long now. —AUDAX MINOR

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Geisha girls are waning.
—*Lubbock (Texas) Avalanche-Journal.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Grinning

“Cabaret” is a great movie musical, made, miraculously, without compromises. It’s miraculous because the material is hard and unsentimental, and until now there has never been a diamond-hard big American movie musical. The people involved must have said something like “Let’s do it right—let’s use the right people, let’s not wreck it the way ‘Pal Joey’ was wrecked, and ‘The Boys from Syracuse’ and ‘Guys and Dolls’ and ‘Gypsy’ and ‘Sweet Charity’ and all the rest. Maybe it won’t work at the box office, maybe the movie moguls have basically been shrewd when they insisted on all the softening and spoiling and the big names in the leads, but let’s do it right for once anyway.” And so “Cabaret” was made, with Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli, in her first singing role on the screen, as Sally Bowles. And it is everything one hopes for and more; if it doesn’t make money, it will still make movie history.

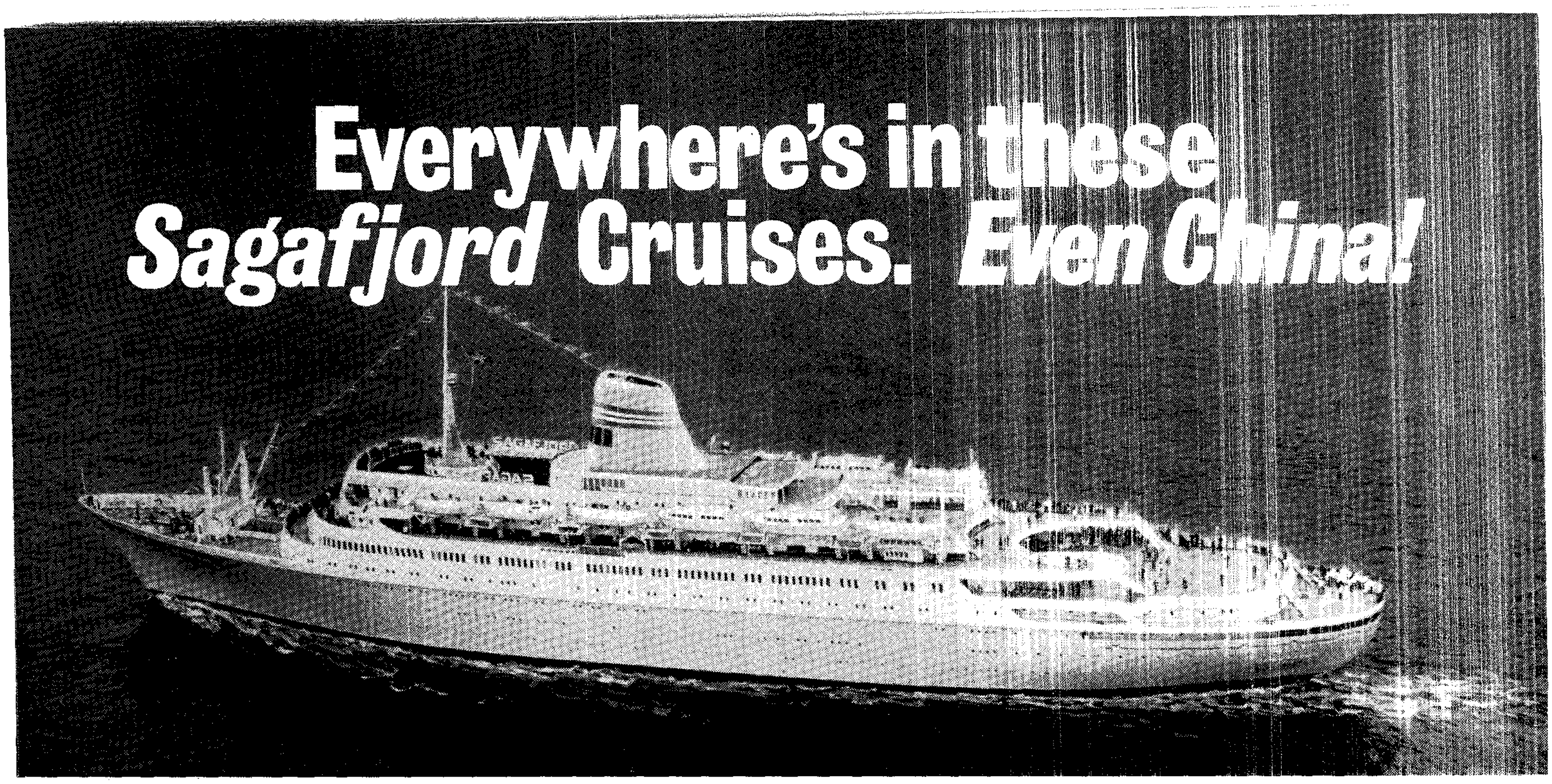
After “Cabaret,” it should be a while before performers once again climb hills singing or a chorus breaks into song on a hayride; it is not merely that “Cabaret” violates the wholesome approach of big musicals but that it violates the pseudo-naturalistic tradition—the “Oklahoma!”-“South Pacific”-“West Side Story” tradition, which requires that the songs appear to grow organically out of the story. That pretense used to be charming in the light musical comedies with a French-farce base, like the Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire series, but the “organic” big show has become the white elephant of Broadway, and by the time the elephants reached the screen nothing seemed more theatrical—in the worst sense—than the clumping attempts to go into a number “naturally.” It was as if there were something the matter with song and dance, as if they had to be excused by being worked into “a life situation”—or one of those damn dream ballets.

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

“Don’t be alarmed if you see a strange lady. Mrs. Platt is going to look in on you while I’m on vacation, and she couldn’t be nicer.”

“Cabaret” turns the conventions of recent big-musical movies inside out: the floor show at the Kit Kat Klub is used as a prism through which we see the characters’ lives. The formalized numbers are at the center of the movie—are its essence. The songs comment on the lives of Sally Bowles and the other characters from the Christopher Isherwood “Goodbye to Berlin” stories, and they interpret the period—the end of an era (Weimar) and the beginning of Nazism. With this prismatic approach, “Cabaret” totally escapes grandiosity; it’s a big musical that doesn’t feel like one, and the first really innovative movie musical in many years. Not only is the subject not wholesome but the tone is detached and objective.

The usual movie approach to decadent periods of history is to condemn decadence while attempting to give us vicarious thrills. Here, in a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps this period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy, and yet we see the animal energy in it, and the people driven to endure. The movie does not exploit decadence; rather, it gives it its due. The reminiscences of Brecht and Kurt Weill in Joel Grey’s opening “Willkommen” and of “The Blue Angel” in Liza Minnelli’s first song, “Mein Herr,” help us get our bearings; reminiscence is part of the texture. The whory chorus girls displaying the piquant flesh around their garters, the Max Beckmann angles and the Edvard Munch hollows are part of the texture, too. The movie is never cynical (it may be one of the least cynical big movies ever made); it is, on the contrary, so clear-eyed that it winks at nothing. Though it uses camp material, it carries camp to its ultimate vileness—in the m.c.’s mockery of all things human, including himself. His lewd smirks, like Sally’s broad, fatuous, flirtatious grins, are emblems of corruption. “Cabaret” does not merely suggest Egon Schiele’s moribund, erotic figures and the rictus smiles and rotting flesh in the paintings and graphics of artists such as James Ensor and George Grosz but captures the



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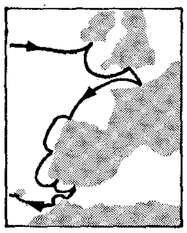

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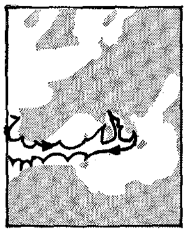

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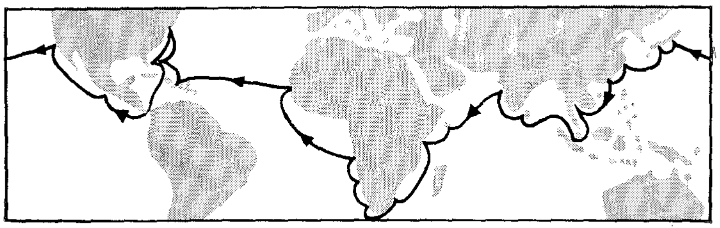

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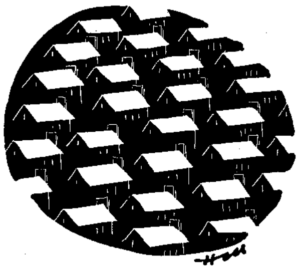
same macabre spirit—and *sustains* it. What makes the art of such men powerful is that they help us recognize the sensual strength of decadence. When there is nothing to believe in but survival and pleasure, gaiety has a ghastly, desperate edge, but the way people still seek pleasure is testimony to something both base and fascinating. Everything seems to become sexualized. The grotesque amorality in "Cabaret" is frightening, not because it's weak but because it's intensely, obscenely alive.

The method of the movie is to embrace this life and to show us the appeal of its horror, and by this satiric embrace to put us at a distance. The detached tone makes it possible for us to observe the decay, consciously—with full awareness. You never get lost in it; you're aware of every detail—and you're also aware of the intelligence at work, keeping you aware. Fosse never slips tongue into cheek or lets the performers get moist; the movie doesn't lose its chilling tone. When the apocalyptic chill deepens, it deepens because of the precise, unhysterical direction. It's this masterly control that makes the movie biting and aesthetically exciting—so that it gets better as it goes along.

The metallic songs by John Kander, who wrote the music, and Fred Ebb, who did the lyrics, have a distinctive, acrid flavor—a taste of death on the tongue. In the smoky atmosphere, the little m.c. is both ringmaster and marionette. His professional, insidious complicity with us, the audience—his slyness and malice—makes us draw back to objectivity. He looks as if he had been born in a night club. With his rouged cheeks, yellow-stained teeth, and smeared-down patent-leather hair, Joel Grey is every tantalizingly disgusting show-biz creep one has ever seen—all the cheap comics and night-club entertainers rolled into one. He's the essence of show-biz tawdriness, and the pure-tin evil heart of the period.



Joel Grey, Bob Fosse, and Liza Minnelli are all children of show-business families, and that may be why they understand these musical numbers so shatteringly well. Liza Minnelli's exuberant, corruptible Sally, going after fame and stardom no matter what, has that persistent spark—the amoral soul of theatre. Her emerald-green fingernails are no longer just the mark of a girl who wants to be shockingly original; Sally is no longer just an innocently and adorably mad gamine, older sister to Holly Golightly. This Sally has grown claws. The m.c. has burnt out his hopes, but she has youth and drive. He presides over a sinking ship and enjoys the spiteful knowledge of how tacky it is. But Sally, at the end, beckoning us with those emerald nails, has real force. Liza Minnelli makes you believe in the cabaret as "life" because she comes fully to life only when she sings. The features that seemed too large for her face suddenly fit. Her cherry lips and unnaturally bright eyes are no longer wild makeup; they belong to her performer's face. And her movements have speed and tension. Her desperation and Sally's are fused together; when a singer is belting it out, how can one separate the performer from the role? Liza Minnelli is a fine, if slightly overeager, actress and an inventive, appealing comedienne, but only when she sings is she a star: she's charged to give all she's got.

The material has come a long way from the Isherwood stories—through the play and movie of "I Am a Camera" to the Broadway musical "Cabaret" and this version, adapted for the screen by Jay Allen, with the assistance of Hugh Wheeler. The heightened powers of song and dance dominate the naturalistic characters (Michael York in the Isherwood-as-a-young-writer role, Marisa Berenson as a beautiful Jewish heiress, Fritz Wepper as her penniless suitor, Helmut Griem as a baron who courts both Sally and the writer) and subtly alter the meanings of the original material. When theatrical rot becomes a metaphor for a rotting period, it may also illuminate rotting theatre. If the cabaret numbers are the frame through which we see the themes and the story, the themes are also mirrored in the cabaret. And what these three children of show business may know in their bones is how true that mirror is.

There are a few minor imperfections: I could have done without the montage that involves a child, a ball, and some shrieking can-can dancers. Michael York's creamy-smooth glaze-of-youth skin looks too much like the baron's creamy-smooth skin—they seem to have come out of the same jar. (On the other hand, York's makeup after a street fight is a hilarious success.) Though York acts more simply and attractively than usual, his phrasing sounds uncannily as if he were being dubbed by James Mason. The first use of dialogue as a bridge between two sequences sticks out as a device, and a few lines are too pat. But this is nit-picking; I can see no major faults. My ideal musical would include far more dancing, but this conception doesn't allow for it, and that is hardly a fault. What dancing there is—which is mostly movement during songs—is marvellous, particularly that of Liza Minnelli and Joel Grey in the "Money" number, and of Grey and the shy gorilla lady dressed in flesh-pink tulle in the romantic soft-shoe "If You Could See Her." And there's a brief goose-stepping dance performed by helmeted chorus girls, with Grey among them in drag, that has prurient images worthy of Lautrec; Liza Minnelli, too, when she sings takes positions—the way she leads with her truculent shoulders, her small flapper-head like a predatory bird's—that suggest Lautrec's posters.

"Cabaret" is the only expensive American movie musical (actually, it was shot in West Germany) that takes its form from political cabaret. The political satire here might be thought to have too easy and obvious a target, but, as it works out, the associations we have with this target—from art and literature and journalism—enable the satire to function at a higher level of ironic obscenity than would be possible with a more topical subject. And the picture goes way beyond topical satire into a satire of temptations. The only number that doesn't take place in the Kit Kat Klub is a song in the open air. In a country-inn beer garden, a golden-haired, fresh-faced young boy begins to sing with the lilting sweetness of an Irish tenor. He's everything the movies have taught us to idolize—his teeth are the prettiest white teeth in the world—and as his stirring Nazi song, "Tomorrow Belongs to Me," builds relentlessly his radiant fervor transforms itself before our eyes. More typically, the movie intercuts between a slapdance on the stage inside the Klub and a beating in the street outside. The counterpoint may be a facile idea, but it is not carried out facilely. Decadence comprises so much more than any specific satirical target that the movie's cold embrace of decadence is a richly suggestive form of satire.

No one has ever made a musical that looked better than this one—photographed by Geoffrey Unsworth, and the first film produced by the Broadway producer Cy Feuer. The design and the lighting and the color are superb; the picture has the distortions and the ex-

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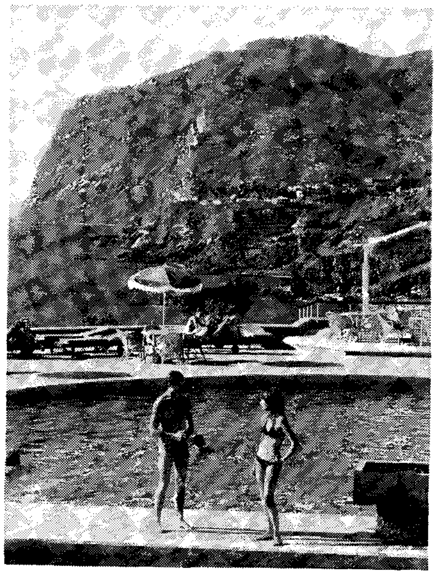

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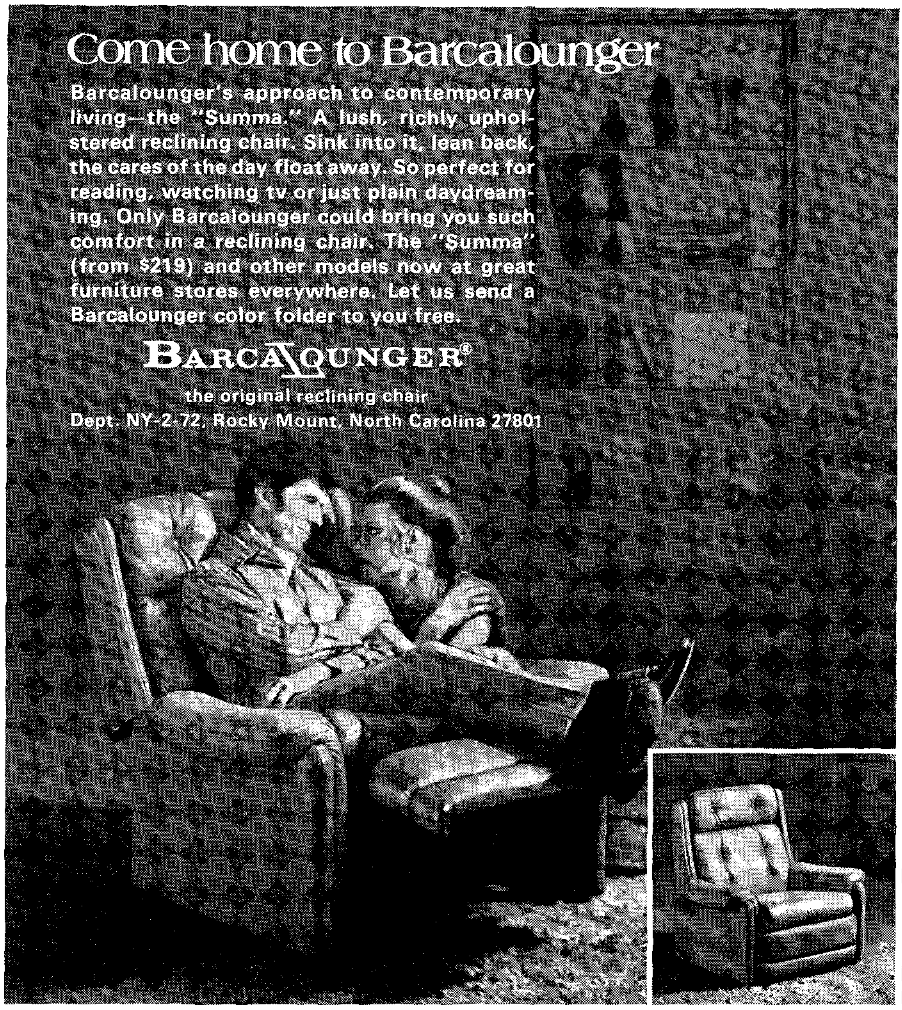
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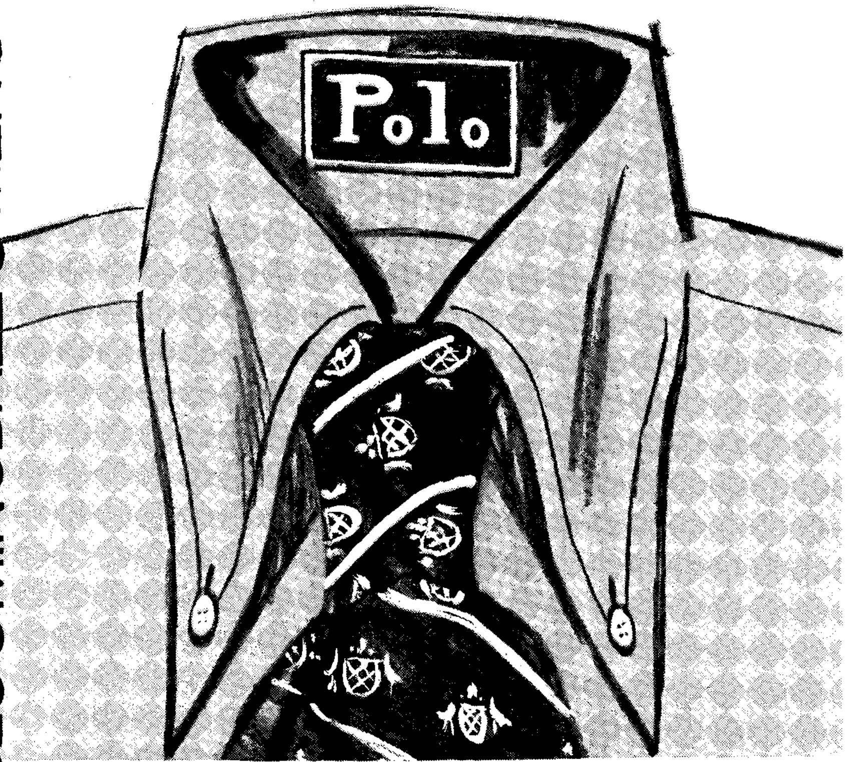

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aggerations and the grinning vividness of Expressionist art. "Cabaret" demonstrates that when you revolt against the organic "Oklahoma!" conception of musicals you can create a new organic whole by style and imagination—if you have enough faith in the audience to do it right.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

DEPARTURES

Often I think of being left
at an outpost leathery with silence;
one nod of farewell, and the last
other human strides out
shredding my ears with his footfall
as spiders rocking in their webs
peer out from closets behind me.

A diesel muffled by water steadies
its way downriver, swings wide
for mid-channel, and slips past the bend,
leaving this gesture
rocking the waterline. The wake
of things-once-had laps at my feet;
an isolate wind muddles my hair.

Another kind of silence wells
through my skin and then I know
that I am standing at the end
of the last arrow
furrowing out of sight, that soon
it will stand emptied on its mark,
slanting into the ocean perhaps,

or jostling a boatslip at the edge
of nowhere, leaving me dry in the
  wind,
dabbling in shadow to create the last
surprise on earth
before my hands fall to the ground
and I am covered over in leaf mold
after the spiders have closed my eyes.

Child at my window, you tap a
  summons
that falls like earth upon my grave;
your tongue pressed out against the
  glass
licks my flesh.
A gift of leaves lies in my palm,
and, turning them over one by one,
you leave your brightness in my bone.

—RICHARD SCHRAMM

•

Mrs. McElhaney said Dowdy would have a difficult time winning re-election. "No one is going to elect a convicted man," she said. "There's a line from Shakespeare or someone like that that I think goes something like, 'People desert officials like rats desert a ship that's going down and down.' "—*Washington Post.*

Down and down, tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BIRTH OF BANGLADESH—II

FROM last November 19th, when I arrived in West Pakistan, until I left for India just prior to the outbreak of full-scale war between the two countries on December 3rd, it was apparent that even though Pakistan's President, Yahya Khan, privately admitted his forces to be outmanned and outgunned by the Indians, and publicly proclaimed himself to be a man of peace seeking "alternative solutions," he and his country were hopelessly set on a course of conflict. During this period, most of which I spent in Rawalpindi, the old British hill station that was Pakistan's capital until 1965, and in Islamabad, the new, Brasília-like capital nearby, American and Chinese diplomats on the scene sought to persuade Yahya to work out a compromise with the Bengalis of East Pakistan, who sought autonomy with India's help. By this time, though, all concerned realized that these efforts had no chance of success. An American official told me right after my arrival, "We've been in it up to our necks—making suggestions, talking privately with Yahya and others night and day—but this is a closed society. They don't pay any attention—there's no flexibility left. We no longer have any reason to expect the Pakistanis to behave." That American's expression of opinion, coupled with everything else I saw and heard during my stay, with what subsequently came out of press backgrounders by Henry Kissinger and Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco, with what our Representative to the United Nations, George Bush, said about India's being the "aggressor," and with what was further revealed in the secret White House papers published by the columnist Jack Anderson, shows the Nixon Administration to have been, at best, stubborn, imprudent, and unrealistic in its pro-Pakistan policy. Clearly, by choosing not to remain neutral, as both Great Britain and France did, this country sacrificed political influence for little or no political gain, now or in the future.

While Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Indian Prime Minister, was making hardheaded use of national power—restraining her hawks until the propitious moment and then, in the third week of November, releasing them, citing the pressure of ten million Bengali refugees in India and the existence of military "provocations" and continued terror in Pakistan's "eastern wing" as justifications for her action—Yahya and his junta of military and civilian associates were floundering from one mistake to another. Then, on December 3rd, they launched a badly executed air strike against eight Indian airfields in the West, and the war finally began. As a general during the 1965 India-Pakistan war, Yahya had shown military ability, but as President he had proved a failure. His greatest mistake had been his refusal to accept at face value the overwhelming mandate given Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, of East Pakistan, in the Assembly elections held in December, 1970. Instead of acknowledging Mujib's right to become Prime Minister of Pakistan, Yahya had, last spring, arrested him and tried him for treason, meanwhile murdering hundreds of thousands of Bengalis. At the conclusion of the bitter fourteen-day war between Pakistan and India, Yahya was under house arrest; his successor as President of a shrunken Pakistan, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, freed Mujib, who thereupon became Prime Minister of the new Bangladesh.

Nixon and Kissinger had either misread or disregarded the reports they had received from our embassies in Islamabad and New Delhi and from our consulates-general in Dacca and Calcutta, which made it clear that the Indians were ready, if not eager, to go to war, and that a settlement of the eight-month-old refugee question had to be tied to a satisfactory political solution in East Pakistan, the first requirement for which would be Sheikh Mujib's release. Until the actual outbreak of the war, the American Ambassador in Pakistan, Joseph Farland, who is in private life a wealthy West Virginia coal-mine owner, was trying to persuade Yahya, with whom he had a close relationship, to behave reasonably, but it was abundantly plain that Yahya refused even to consider that first requirement. Washington subsequently claimed that a solution to this problem was within reach when the war started, but this claim was hardly justified by what was happening in Islamabad. There Yahya—who was known to be drinking heavily at the time—made it clear that he alone had the final say on the release of Mujib. Since Mujib had already been sentenced to death, any such action was improbable in the extreme. The only suggestion for a settlement that Yahya offered was that he might eventually pass the buck to a new civilian puppet government of his own choosing. Though Yahya never carried this idea beyond the talking stage, he indicated that such a group would be

"I am, too, eating the damn stuff with gusto."

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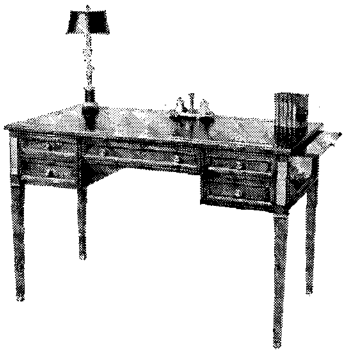

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headed by a seventy-eight-year-old East Pakistani politician named Nurul Amin and would include Bhutto as Deputy Prime Minister or Foreign Minister. Amin, the leader of the tiny People's Democratic Party in East Pakistan, was one of only two out of a hundred and sixty-nine winners in the 1970 elections there who were not candidates of Mujib's party, the Awami League, and he had no popular following in the East or the West. In fact, neither he nor Yahya nor Bhutto—who, as the head of the Pakistan People's Party, the largest party in West Pakistan, had helped torpedo the earlier negotiations with Mujib—had visited East Pakistan for months, for fear of assassination.

Much was made in Washington afterward of secret efforts to start discussions between Yahya's representatives and members of the Awami League government-in-exile in Calcutta, who considered Mujib their leader even though he was imprisoned. The hope was that such discussions would lead to a more broadly based East Pakistani government than the Nurul Amin formula permitted, but—Washington's assertions to the contrary—Yahya simply would not go along with any such project. Even more important, the Awami Leaguers (or Bangladesh Mission Representatives, as they called themselves) refused to go ahead with any talks unless they had Mujib's sanction—and Yahya refused to permit any communication with Mujib. Washington also suffered from other misunderstandings. Whereas the State Department admitted that "we didn't ever really try to push Yahya on freeing Mujib, because at this stage he wouldn't take it," Kissinger was under the impression that the Pakistani government had approved of the Americans' establishing contact with the Sheikh through his lawyer. All that had happened was that Yahya had briefly considered that idea and then dismissed it. Also, the Pakistanis had stipulated that they would not talk to anyone who had been "charged with a party crime" in East Pakistan, and this meant virtually everyone on the Bangladesh side who would qualify as a legitimate negotiator, including all members of the Awami League, which Yahya had outlawed. So the basis for Washington's stated hope that "two or three more weeks" might have made a difference is difficult to detect.

The truth of the matter remains, as the documents published by Anderson indicate, that Washington—which is to say the White House—had simply closed its mind on India, neither listen-

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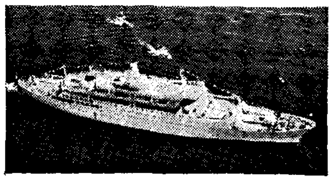

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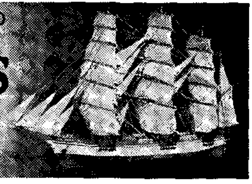

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ing to the reports of Ambassador Kenneth B. Keating and his staff nor informing Keating of the decisions being made back home. President Nixon, for whatever reasons—whether because he felt he had been given lukewarm receptions during visits to India in 1964 and 1967, or whether he was convinced that Pakistan was still a vital strategic link between the Middle East and the Far East—had made up his mind to support, or "tilt toward," the Pakistanis and castigate the Indians. Certainly one factor—and perhaps the overriding one—was Nixon's fear that if he antagonized Peking over the Pakistan-India conflict he would jeopardize his chances of accomplishing something politically impressive on his China visit. Still another element in the White House decision to tilt toward Pakistan undoubtedly concerned the Russians. Loss of patience with India had led Washington to feel that it might be just as well to let Moscow "enjoy the Indian headache for a while," as a ranking spokesman is supposed to have put it. Besides, in backing Pakistan while the Soviets backed India, Nixon may have been thinking in larger, balance-of-power terms—particularly, again, in the light of his China trip. He may also have thought that by backing the Muslim Pakistanis he could to some degree lessen the influence of the Russians upon the Arab nations in the Middle East. But even if all these things could be cited to justify Washington's strategy, the blunt, if not crude, manner in which that strategy was carried out made it totally unproductive.

IN Rawalpindi on the evening of November 23rd, during which an imposed brownout quickly became an imposed blackout, I attended a briefing at which a Pakistani brigadier replied to the question "Are we at war?" by saying, "It's hard to answer. Only Yahya can say. We have been attacked by India and we are fighting back, that's all." Although no major attack was as yet under way, the Indians were making preliminary probes in the East, apparently with the intention of eventually blocking the Pakistanis from their two main ports there, Chalna and Chittagong. It was at this point that the Pakistanis showed signs of heading almost hypnotically toward disaster. No one was more panicky than Yahya himself—in contrast to his attitude just three days earlier, when, in an annual message given by the President on the holiday called Eid-ul-Fitr, marking the end of the fast of Rama-

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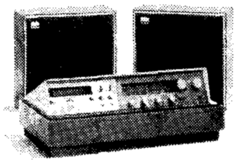

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dan, he declared that "armed conflicts do not solve any problems," and continued, "On this auspicious day, we once again offer our hand of friendship to India. I invite India to grasp it and let us begin a new era of good neighborly relations." When Indian ground attacks along the borders of East Pakistan and in the Jessore district were stepped up two days later, Roedad Khan, Yahya's Secretary of Information, told me that the President was "deeply disappointed and shocked." By insisting that Sheikh Mujib be released before anything else could be accomplished, Roedad said, India was "interfering outright" in Pakistan's internal affairs.

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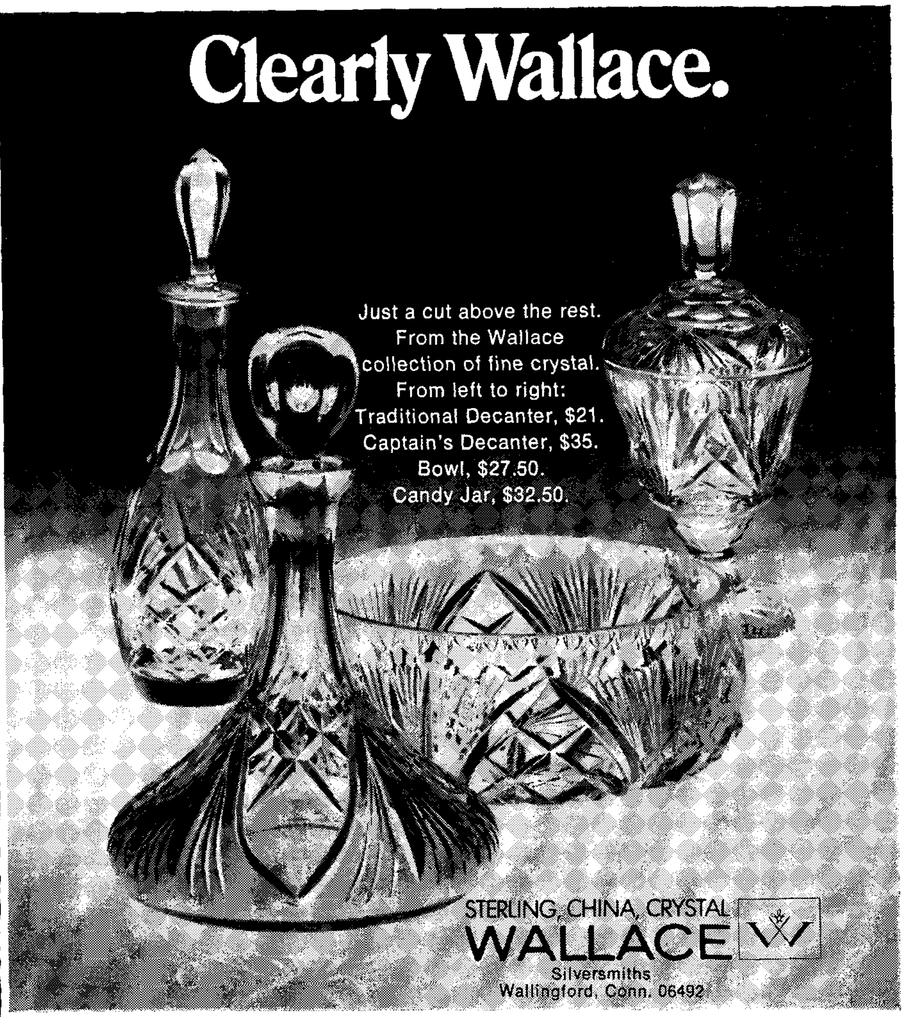
On November 25th, after attending dedication ceremonies for a Chinese-donated machine plant, Yahya showed up unexpectedly at the Intercontinental Hotel in Rawalpindi for a banquet in honor of a visiting Chinese delegation. He had been drinking, a fact that became obvious as he boomed from the dais, "If that woman [as he had several times referred to Mrs. Gandhi] thinks she can cow me, I refuse to take it." On his way out, he told a small group of correspondents, "If she wants a war, I'll fight it." When we asked if we could see him at some more propitious time in the next few days, he said yes, but added, "In ten days, I might not be here. There might be a war. I'll be off fighting a war." This alcoholic outburst, I later discovered, was seized upon in India as an ultimatum, and the Indians made much of the fact that by launching air attacks on December 3rd Yayha had "lived up to his promise."

Mrs. Gandhi, who had returned only a few days before from a world tour (during which she had been cordially received by President Nixon but had failed to persuade him of the validity of her position), was, in the opinion of many Indians, playing her diplomatic and military cards far more adroitly than her late father, Jawaharlal Nehru, could have done. She was maintaining the attitude of the injured party who was doing everything possible to avoid fisticuffs. In mid-November, she had sent a new Indian High Commissioner, Jai Kumar Atal, to Pakistan. Having presented his credentials to Yahya Khan, Atal, just after Yahya delivered his Eid message, returned to New Delhi with a secret five-point "peace offer" from the Pakistani President. The offer consisted of these proposals: that India and Pakistan sign a nonaggression pact, that India reestablish trade relations with East Pakistan, that the Nurul Amin government be installed for all Pakistan, that the refugees return to East Pakistan, and that a referendum be held in three years to determine whether or not East Pakistan wished to be free. Mrs. Gandhi, I was told, rejected the offer on the ground that the third and fifth points were unacceptable; the 1970 election results were valid, she maintained, and there was no need for a referendum. Nevertheless, on November 25th—just as Yahya was making his intemperate remarks at the Chinese dinner—Atal was sent back to Islamabad bearing a new message of peace. I had lunch with Atal the next day, and he expressed shock at what Yahya had said. He told me that the new message he had brought from Mrs. Gandhi made it clear that she wanted neither war nor partition of Pakistan but reaffirmed that Mujib must be released and that the refugee problem must be settled. In view of Yahya's remarks the previous night, however, Atal said, he could not possibly give the Pakistani President the message he was carrying, and would have to wire for new instructions. As far as I know, they never came. Whether Atal's mission was part of a sincere effort by Mrs. Gandhi to avoid war at the last minute or simply a ploy in a well-conceived plan to drive Yahya into a corner and thus into taking the desperate step he took—large-scale air attacks on India—is difficult to tell. His reaction to India's rejection of his proposals was, in any case, virtually certain.

On the eve of war, though officials in Rawalpindi and Islamabad were tense and jittery, the public seemed to be taking things calmly, and large crowds attended a circus that had put up its tents on some open acreage between the two cities. Trenches were being dug in case of air attacks. (There were later bombings of airfields and military installations around Rawalpindi, Islamabad, and Karachi, and several ships in Karachi Harbor were sunk.) "Crush India" and "Down with the Soviet Union" stickers were on display everywhere, especially on car windows. I bought a couple as souvenirs and discovered from some small print on the back that they were being distributed "through the courtesy" of a textile company and a bank. I had the feeling at that moment that Pakistan was indeed a closed, barren, stultified society, cut off from the rest of the world in almost all ways.

Throughout the crisis, Bhutto demonstrated that he was the only modern politician in the country. He kept his cool, and made his moves carefully, appearing to realize that the task of picking up the pieces of West Pakistan would inevitably fall to him, and therefore avoiding involvement in any interim, compromise solutions. Bhutto is a suave, cosmopolitan man, who was educated at universities in the United States and Great Britain, and who usually wears impeccable Western-style clothes, in sharp contrast to the traditional garments worn by Nurul Amin and other Pakistani politicians. (Now that Bhutto is President, however, he is occasionally seen in Muslim dress.) Whenever he appeared, he dealt briskly and critically with the basic issues instead of mouthing Muslim pieties about the glory and inviolability of greater Pakistan. He reminded me of a calm racing driver in a powerful car humming swiftly toward his goal. Along with a handful of the more sophisticated military men, he knew that the old Pakistan was finished and a new nation would have to be built out of the ruins of Yahya Khan's misguided policies. Whether or not Bhutto was a true reformer seemed immaterial at the moment, but he did sound sincere in his demands that Yahya's "narrowly based regime" give way to one that would respond to the needs of the people.

I had a talk with Bhutto at the end of November, and he acknowledged that East Pakistan would have to be given a full measure of autonomy and that Mujib would ultimately have to be freed. "The prime need in both West and East Pakistan is for economic and social reforms," he said. "The making of constitutions means nothing. We need educational and industrial reforms, tax relief, and an end to state patronage and our medieval style of issuing licenses. We don't want to tear the whole structure down, but if we don't take action someone else will and the country will break up completely." I remembered this conversation a few weeks later, when Bhutto was taking over Pakistan's major industries from what have long been known as the Twenty-two Families, and was announcing plans to visit both Moscow and Peking. He has since been to the latter, where Mao and Chou gave him renewed promises of support. As for his projected trip to Moscow, he is obviously aware that the Russians are intent on creating a South Asian security pact—something they are now in a strong position to accomplish. Bhutto, always a man with a finger to the wind,



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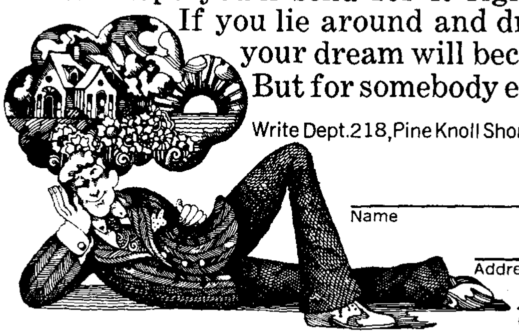

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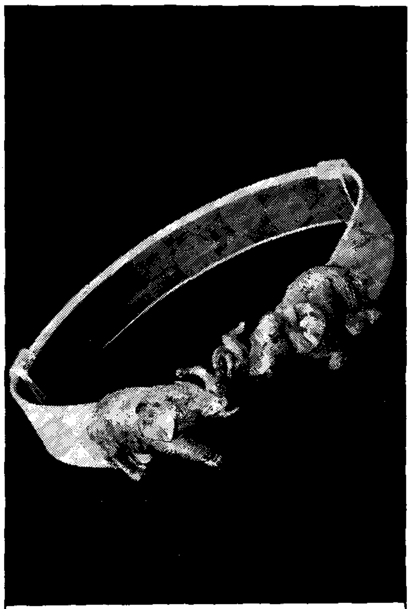

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may yet succeed in making friends with Moscow while retaining his lines to Peking, with the aim of using both Communist powers to guarantee Pakistan's survival and, eventually, help establish a subcontinental confederation. His expressed willingness to talk peace with Mrs. Gandhi is further evidence of this long-term aim.

IN New Delhi, where I arrived on December 1st, no one seemed particularly alarmed over the mounting skirmishes along the border of East Pakistan, and the general attitude was one of assurance. The day before, Mrs. Gandhi, in calling upon Yahya to withdraw his troops from the eastern wing to prove his desire for peace, said that the elected leaders of Bangladesh would not "settle for anything less than liberation." On December 2nd, she added forcefully, "If any country thinks that by calling us aggressors it can pressure us to forget our national interests, then that country is living in its own paradise and is welcome to it. The times have passed when any nation sitting three or four thousand miles away could give orders to Indians on the basis of their color superiority. India has changed, and she is no more a country of natives." In coolly cautioning the nation to be prepared for war, she emphasized the point—a valid one—that India was much stronger than it had been in the previous conflicts with Pakistan. "We are a great nation, and we are much stronger today than we were during the first, second, or third attacks," she said. "From every attack India has emerged as a stronger nation, with the ability to face bigger challenges and more difficult situations."

The previous day, when the United States had cancelled export licenses for the shipment to India of ammunition and other military items valued at more than thirteen million dollars (a smaller American military-aid program for Pakistan had at last been stopped three weeks earlier), the act had caused hardly a ripple. The Indians were receiving all they needed from the Russians, and though Pakistan and India were both devoting about half their annual budgets to national defense, India had almost three times as many men under arms as Pakistan, it held roughly a three-to-one advantage in the air, and its over-all firepower, including naval strength, was far superior. On top of that, regular Pakistani Army soldiers in East Pakistan, who numbered some sixty thousand, faced insurmountable difficulties in maintaining their lines of communication and resupply from the West—

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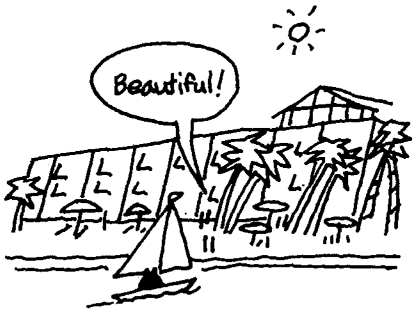

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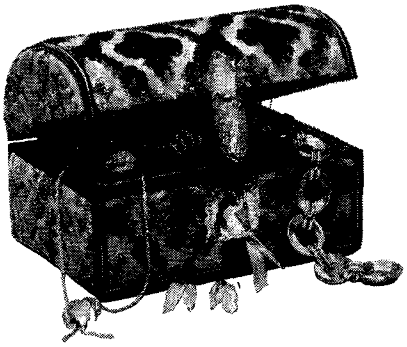

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according to most reports, they had no more than a month's supply of ammunition. Naturally, then, the Indian hawks, led by Defense Minister Jagjivan Ram, were arguing that war was "the lesser of two evils"—the greater being the financial burden of continuing to care for the refugees. And that was only part of the argument. In a study made public during the summer of 1971, the semi-official Institute for Defense Analysis, in New Delhi, had clearly indicated that India would be well advised to accept a military challenge from Pakistan sooner rather than later. It was an argument that impressed both Parliament and the public.

Between one and two o'clock on the afternoon of December 3rd, only a few hours before the Pakistani Air Force began its attacks on Indian airfields, I spent an hour with K. B. Lal, the Indian Defense Secretary, and General S. H. F. J. Manekshaw, the Indian Army Chief of Staff. Lal and Manekshaw seemed genuinely puzzled over why Yahya was "behaving so foolishly." One of them asked, "Is he really running things by himself? Is anyone trying to restrain him?" Lal suggested that the chauvinism of the Punjabi-run Pakistani Army, the Pakistanis' deep-seated hatred of India, and what he called "the Islamic syndrome" were chiefly responsible for the deteriorating situation. The one thing that could save it, he added, would be for President Nixon to offer guarantees of more assistance to West Pakistan after a solution to the problem of Bangladesh.

At six-thirty that evening, I attended the Defense Department's regular briefing. Over the past several weeks, a number of air-raid tests had been conducted—at first without warning, but then after preliminary announcements had been made, because of the danger that the public would mistake a real raid for another test. Just as we had assembled, the sirens sounded, and moments later a briefing officer entered and said, "Gentlemen, this is not a practice alert. It is the real thing." He then gave preliminary details on the first of the air attacks, in the Jammu-Kashmir region. Shortly before midnight, V. V. Giri, the President of India, declared a state of national emergency, and just after midnight Mrs. Gandhi, who was in Calcutta, made a broadcast to the nation. She said, "Today the war in Bangladesh has become a war on India. We have no other option but to put our country on a war footing." Though the Pakistanis formally announced that a state

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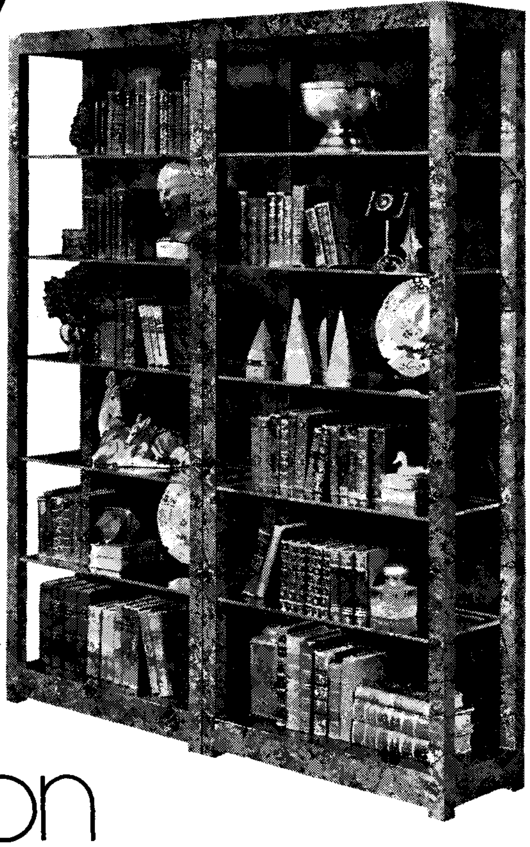

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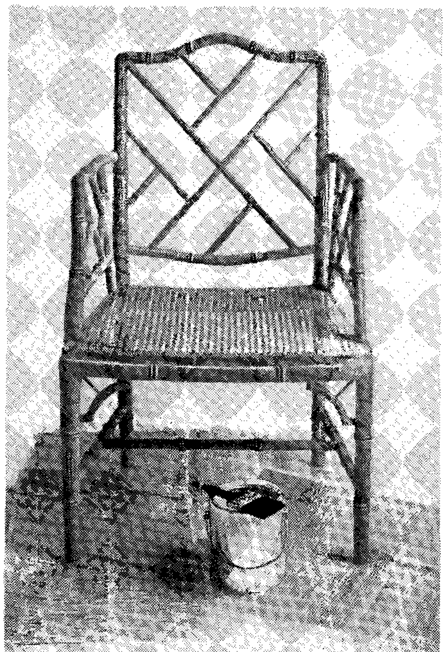

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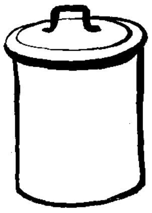
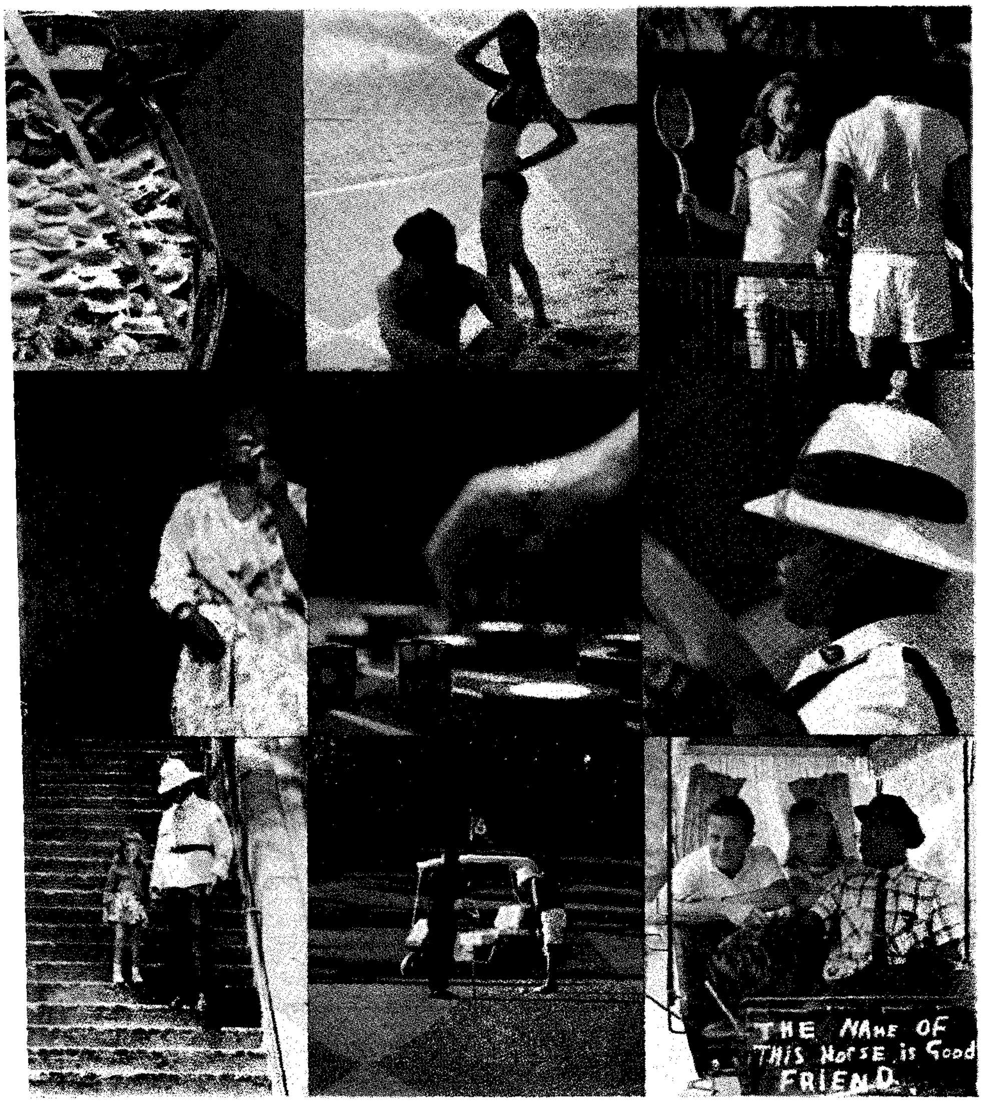
of war existed, the Indians never officially did declare war, though the headlines in the morning screamed, "IT'S WAR!" and "FULL-SCALE WAR BY PAKISTAN!"

WITHIN a few days, it became apparent that what Yahya Khan had described as a "*jihad*," or holy war, in response to "India's biggest and final war against us," was doomed to failure. The Pakistanis had only sixteen operational jets in the East, and fourteen of them were destroyed by the Indian Air Force within three days after the start of the war; the two remaining were destroyed two days later. By December 7th—the day after India officially recognized Bangladesh—Indian troops had captured the Pakistani cantonment in Jessore, across the border from India on the central-western front of East Pakistan, and were making strong gains in the northwest, northeast, and southwest parts of the province. The following day, the Indians took Comilla, on the eastern side of East Pakistan, and began to press in from all directions on Dacca. On the twelfth, they dropped a battalion of paratroopers thirty miles north of that city. Two days later, the Pakistani regime in the East, headed by Governor A. M. Malik, resigned and took refuge in Dacca's Intercontinental Hotel, which had been declared a neutral zone and was under the supervision of the Red Cross. On the fifteenth, General A. A. K. Niazi, the Pakistani commander in the region, who had vowed to fight to the last man, sent word to General Manekshaw that he would accept a cease-fire if his troops could be repatriated to West Pakistan. General Manekshaw gave him until the next day to surrender without any conditions, and on the next day Niazi did so. Lieutenant General Jagjit Singh Aurora, the Indian commander on the Eastern front, flew to Dacca to accept the surrender from Niazi, whom he knew well, since they had trained together under the British. The surrender ceremony took place at the Dacca racecourse, where Sheikh Mujib had made some of his most dramatic speeches. A bitter fight for the city was thus averted, and huge crowds shouting "*Joi Bangla!*" ("Victory to Bengal!") thronged the streets.



The day before the surrender, I talked at length in Calcutta with Major General J. F. R. Jacobs, Aurora's deputy, and then with Aurora. (It says something about the diversity of the British-built Indian Army that Manekshaw is a Parsi, Aurora a Sikh, and Jacobs a Jew.) Aurora explained his strategy and tactics in East Pakistan as follows: "In several key areas, the Pakistanis decided to defend areas close to the border, while in other places, under pressure from the guerrillas, they dropped back from the border posts. The result was that they stretched themselves too thin and tried to defend too many places. Instead of using the main roads, we used goat tracks. The terrain enables a defending enemy to blow up bridges and other installations, and the Pakistanis did so everywhere effectively. This, of course, made our progress difficult, since there are so many rivers and streams in Bangladesh. But I flogged the infantry and pushed the engineers, and they all did a grand job. We always took the byroads, and where the bridges were blown we built pontoon bridges or makeshift ones. Where I couldn't get behind the Pakistani forces, I engaged them and pierced through their center, but wherever possible I bypassed the main pockets of enemy strength and moved on toward Dacca, figuring I could go back later and clean them up." Four hours after the surrender in Dacca, the Indians announced a cease-fire in "the other war," in the West. There is no firm evidence to substantiate the claim that American pressure was brought to bear on the Russians to get the Indians to stop fighting. The Russians may have advised the Indians to stop, but the Indians made the decision themselves, as soon as they had attained their objective in Bangladesh. The cease-fire was announced just after a major tank battle on the Western front, during which the Pakistanis lost forty-five tanks, and news of the battle may have prompted Yahya to change his mind.

The war in the West, though bloodier than that in 1965, proved less decisive, and Yahya is blamed for a combination of political and military misjudgments there as well as in the East. The Indians ended by gaining considerably more territory than the Pakistanis did—about two thousand square miles versus fifty square miles of India occupied by Pakistanis. The Indians will now insist on at least a readjustment of the cease-fire line in Kashmir, to give them possession of a number of commanding heights they surrendered unwillingly in 1966. Such negotiations will be difficult and, if they go on too long, could lead to more fighting—which President Bhutto can scarcely afford, but which the Pakistani



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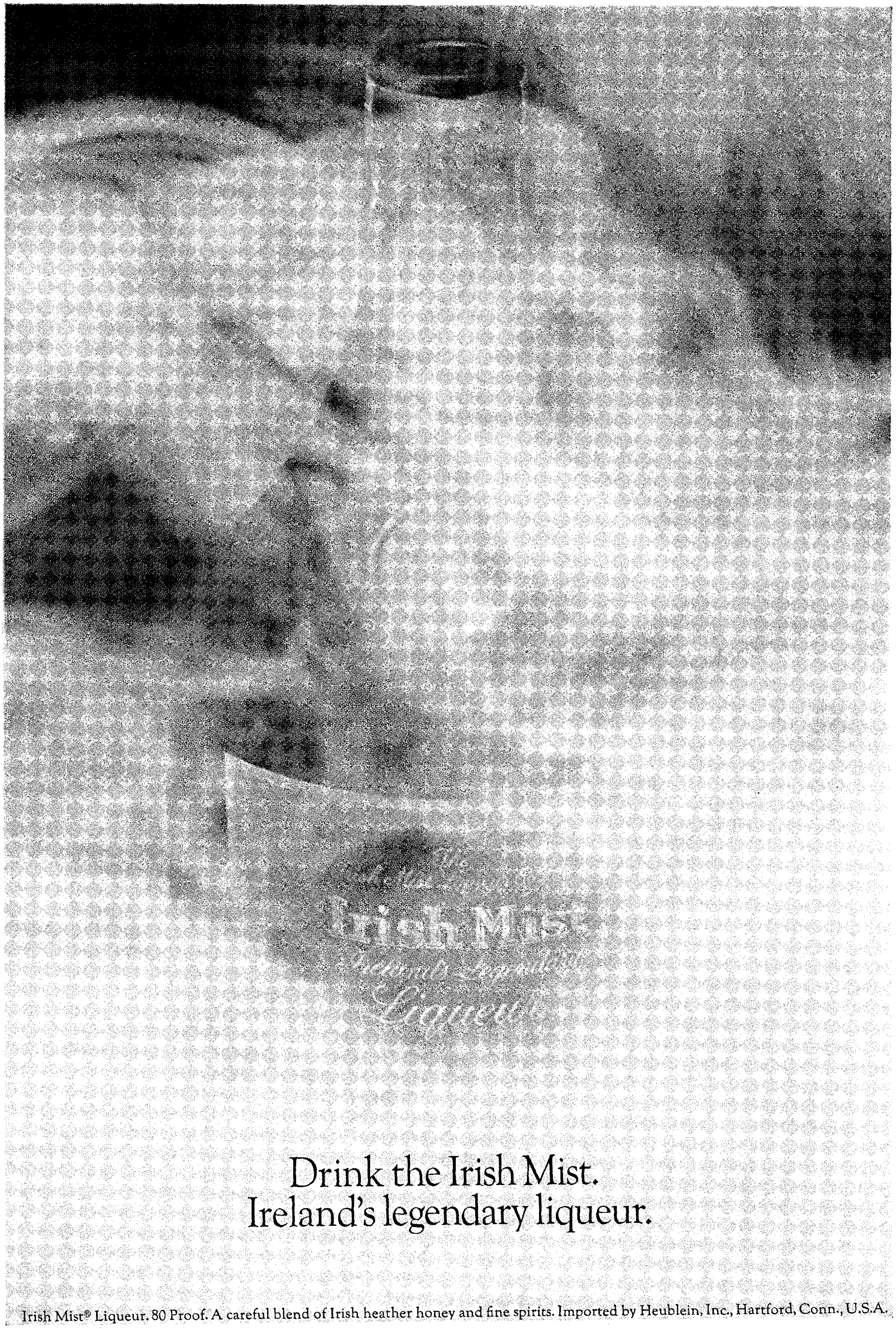
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Army, smarting under defeat, might favor.

On the other hand, the Indians will not risk another conflict with the Chinese—who after the 1965 war received a chunk of territory north of Kashmir from Pakistan. On December 16th, just as the war was ending, the Chinese accused the Indians of having mounted border incursions into China from the Indian protectorate of Sikkim, in the east, and at the same time took the Indians to task for failing to hold a plebiscite on the future of Kashmir prior to the 1965 war, as they had promised. Peking further charged the Indians with "aggression" and "expansionism" in East Pakistan, and warned that "he who plays with fire will be consumed by fire." While the Chinese statement excoriated the Russians even more strongly than the Indians, it was an obvious warning to the Indians as well as a somewhat belated reiteration of Peking's support for the Pakistanis.

CALCUTTA, which was once a proud seat of the British Empire in India and is now a simmering city of poverty and misery with a population of seven million, took the war in stride, with a mixture of anachronistic disdain and latent excitement. A Miss Calcutta contest had just ended when I arrived there, and every evening, in the rambling, cavernous, Victorian Oberoi-Grand Hotel, the creaky, dated floor show went on as usual. I first saw Calcutta in the midsummer of 1946, when Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the founding father and spiritual leader of Pakistan, designated August 16th Direct Action Day, and called for demonstrations to obtain his goal of a Muslim nation. The demonstrations quickly led to violence, and over the next five days I watched with horror as nearly five thousand Muslims and Hindus slaughtered each other on the streets, using not guns but knives, long sticks called *lathis*, and any other weapons they could improvise, including boiling water poured from second-story windows. Now, toward the end of the third war resulting from the partition that Jinnah fought for (he died in 1948, a year after he achieved it), Calcutta was the political nerve center for the emergence of a new nation, which until the 1947 partition had been part of a single Bengal within India, and with whose future Calcutta's own is bound to be deeply involved.

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ty million people. West Bengal and Calcutta in particular, economically and socially neglected by the New Delhi government for years, and riddled with corruption, have served as seedbeds for a wide variety of radical elements—most notably the so-called Naxalite movement, which has attracted workers and young students, and whose hard-core strength is now estimated at about thirty-five thousand. Its name derives from Naxalbari, an area near the Nepalese border of West Bengal where Communists staged an unsuccessful revolt in 1967-68. The suppression of the revolt was followed by the formation, in 1969, of the Communist Party of India-Marxist Leninist, or C.P.I.-M.L., which today, with some fifteen thousand members, is the Maoist umbrella organization. (There are two other Marxist parties: the older and more doctrinaire Communist Party-Marxist, or C.P.-M., and the Moscow-influenced Communist Party of India, or C.P.I.) The West Bengali radicals formed open or tacit alliances with a number of Communist leaders in East Bengal long before it became Bangladesh, and most observers think these alliances are now likely to become stronger, and so raise the threat of a Pan-Bengali radical movement, which the Chinese would undoubtedly support, and which could cause considerable trouble to both the Indians and Sheikh Mujib's new government. Since the end of the war, there have been rumors of arms smuggling from Bangladesh into West Bengal, the arms in question presumably consisting mostly of guns seized from the Pakistani Army, which could make the West Bengali Communists a relatively formidable threat. A Pan-Bengali movement could gain strength, in the opinion of experts on Indian affairs, despite the religious differences between the East and West Bengalis, which would become submerged in a new nationalist campaign. The danger of such a development is cited as one reason the Indians did not have to be told by the Russians that this was no time to prolong a war with Pakistan.

West Bengal is now under what is known as Presidential rule, with a state government appointed by New Delhi. This arrangement followed the collapse of a coalition regime that took over after state elections last year in which the Communists, though they won the most votes, failed to obtain a majority and so were unable to form a government of their own. During and after the election period, General Manekshaw put troops into West Bengal to maintain order, and since then about

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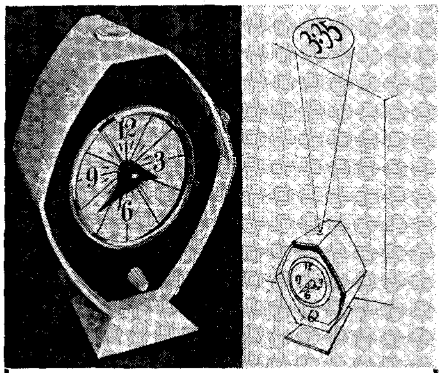

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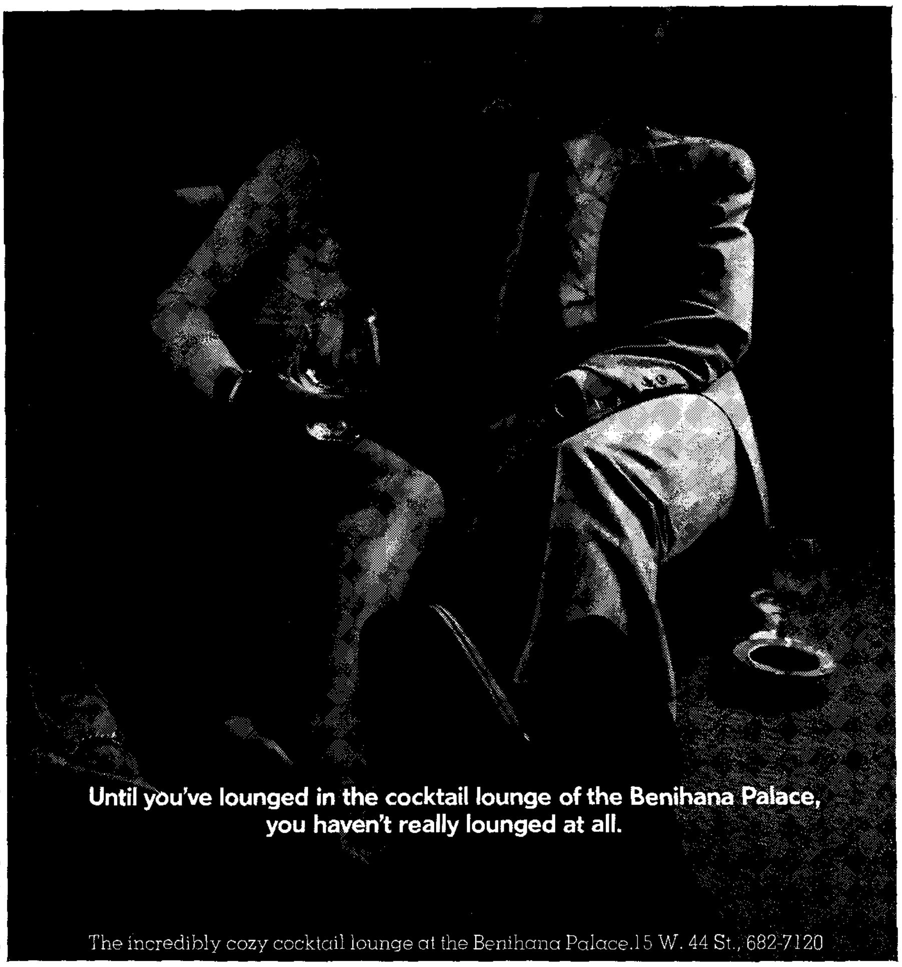
five thousand Naxalites have been arrested. The presence of the troops has been cited as evidence that the Indians were preparing for war in East Bengal, and although this may be partly true, the main reason they were there was to keep the lid on West Bengal itself. This is still Manekshaw's first concern, but beyond this there is no doubt that New Delhi is worried lest a greater Bengali radical upsurge might start a wave of separatist outbreaks in other Indian states and affiliated tribal regions. Consequently, the Indians, in addition to arresting Naxalites, are showing signs of paying more attention to the abysmal social and economic problems of Calcutta and West Bengal. The wish to avoid both a political and a social explosion was, of course, one of the main reasons the Indians were so eager to get the refugees from East Pakistan to go home. Mrs. Gandhi has scheduled new West Bengali state elections for March, in the hope of capitalizing on the victory to gain an outright majority for her own Congress Party.

The Indian government's desire to keep the lid on any surge of Pan-Bengalism was revealed in the close relationship it established before the war with the exiled Awami League leaders in Calcutta (most of them conservatives). One of the first men I talked to in Calcutta at the end of the war was the articulate and urbane liaison officer of the Indian External Affairs Ministry to the Bangladesh Mission, A. K. Ray. Ray immediately began to talk of the tremendous problems of rebuilding bridges, railways, roads, inland waterways, and other communications, in addition to jute mills and other shattered industries, and of resettling the returning refugees. The cost of repairing the damage in Bangladesh is estimated at between three and four billion dollars, and no one yet knows where the money will come from. The Indians have donated about thirty-five million dollars so far, but other nations are responding slowly, and the United Nations effort, which was considerable before the war interfered with it, is in the process of being revamped to meet the new needs on a priority basis. Ray compared the problems of Bangladesh to those that confronted France after the Second World War, when many underground resistance elements, all of them intent on maintaining their own prerogatives, had to be first consulted and then consolidated. Ray said that plans have been made to establish zonal councils of administration, each to be in charge of two districts of the country and to consist of about a dozen members chosen from among the national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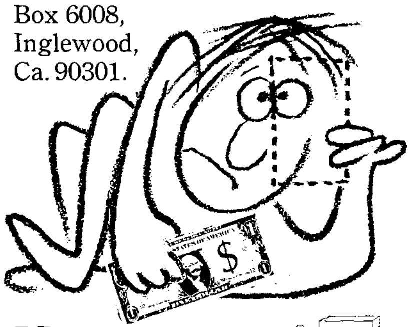

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and provincial assemblymen elected in 1970, and that some thirty Indian administrative and technical experts in various fields, such as public health, public utilities, and telecommunications, will be assigned to work with the new Bengali civil officials.

After seeing Ray, I had talks with Hossain Ali, who had been head of the Bangladesh Mission in Calcutta, and with Tajuddin Ahmed, the former secretary of the Awami League, who had been Prime Minister of the government-in-exile. Ali was quick to praise the Indians for their help. "They could have done just as they pleased, but instead they have consulted us regularly and carefully," he said. A small "planning cell" of half a dozen Bangladesh economists had been established, he added, and they were already working closely with the Indians on reconstruction and rehabilitation problems. "Politically, our main difficulty will be screening to determine who were collaborators and who were not," he said. "But this will be done by legal means. There will be no summary judgments and executions. Undoubtedly, some people will be killed, but we will do our best to keep revenge and reprisal to a minimum. The people, after all, don't want anarchy. There is some danger from extremist elements, of course. This means that the Awami League will have to move somewhat to the left to adjust itself to the new situation. If we do that effectively and obtain public support, the extremists can't readily expand their activities."

Tajuddin Ahmed, an economist by training, devoted most of his time immediately before the war to organizing and running the party machinery of the Awami League, and now, though he is serving as Minister of Finance, Planning, and Revenue in Mujib's new Cabinet, he will probably resume the League's direction. "Right now, we're an uprooted nation, with millions of people lacking even elementary shelter, let alone homes," he told me. "But one hopeful aspect is that ours is an agricultural economy. Through war and natural calamities, our land remains. Industry has accounted for only fifteen per cent of our revenues, but now, once we have rehabilitated what we have, we can benefit from it ourselves instead of allowing our profits to be absorbed by West Pakistan. We'll need from sixty to ninety days, with a lot of help, to get on our feet. As long as we are left alone politically, we can handle the situation. There will be some loose guns, but we have kept good records of who was armed."

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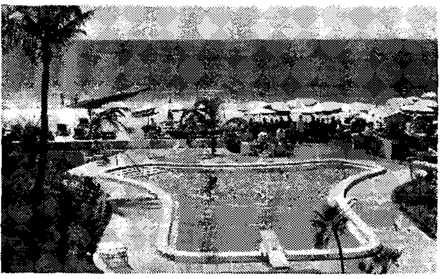

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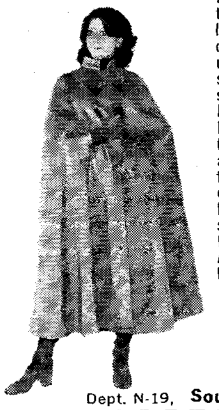

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This seemed, to put it mildly, an overoptimistic appraisal. There are estimated to be at least three hundred thousand loose guns in Bangladesh today, and despite Mujib's orders that they be turned in, the new government will do well to collect half of them before it can start forming a new army and militia. Toward the end of my conversation with Ahmed, he sighed and said, "We are a baby, a newly born state. We should not be strangled to death, or be crippled or deformed. In order to grow up correctly, we should be handled softly." It was a purely Bengali statement.

IN the newly liberated Bangladesh, I visited the major city of Jessore, about sixty miles northeast of Calcutta, with a group of other correspondents. The trip by bus took six hours, and as we left Calcutta we passed a number of small refugee camps; they were still crowded, for their occupants were only just beginning to head for home. At Jhikargacha, nine miles from Jessore, we had to wait two hours to cross a pontoon bridge the Indians had built. Refugee families from nearer the border were crossing the bridge on foot on their way back to their villages. One small boy was holding up an improvised Bangladesh flag (his was a yellow outline of the country within a red circle on a green background, but now the flag has been simplified, and the maplike part has been eliminated) as he headed a family procession; behind him came his mother, who was carrying a baby, and an aunt with two older children. As we chatted with Bengalis at the approaches to the bridge, we heard many horror stories. A middle-aged laborer told us that last April he had seen groups of Biharis rope together groups of suspected Mukti Bahini—organized Freedom Fighters of Bangladesh—cut their jugular veins, and throw their bodies into the river. Many Biharis—non-Bengali citizens of Pakistan—served as razakars, or paramilitary volunteers helping the Pakistanis, during the months of killings.

Once across the bridge, we rode past fields of yellow mustard and rotting brown jute into Jessore, where we were immediately given estimates of the number of Jessore Bengalis killed by the Pakistanis ranging from four thousand to ten thousand. Former officials of the local East Pakistani regime and several dozen razakars were being held in the police jail or in a larger prison, where eight hundred Biharis were also being detained, "for their own safety." Reports of revenge kill-

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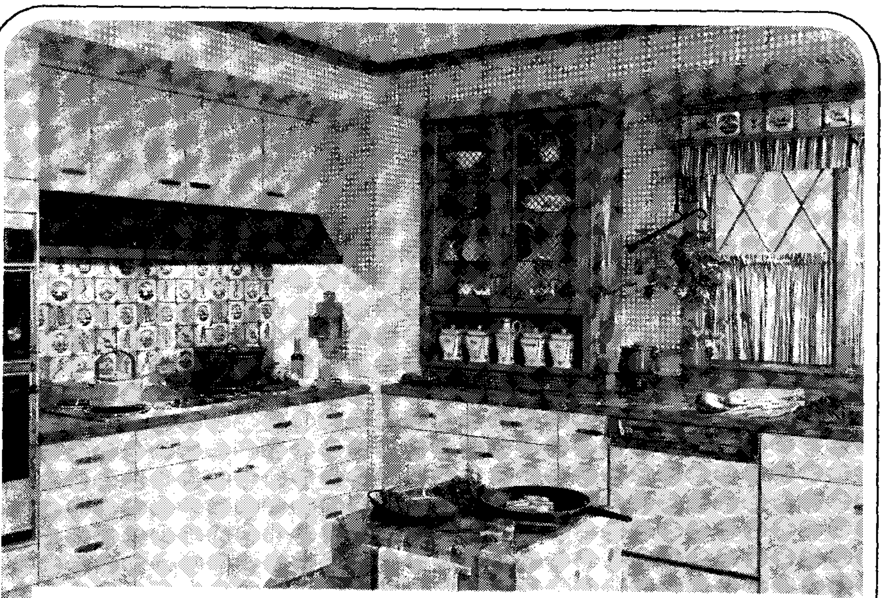

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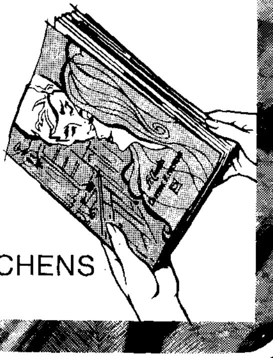

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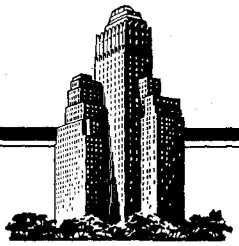

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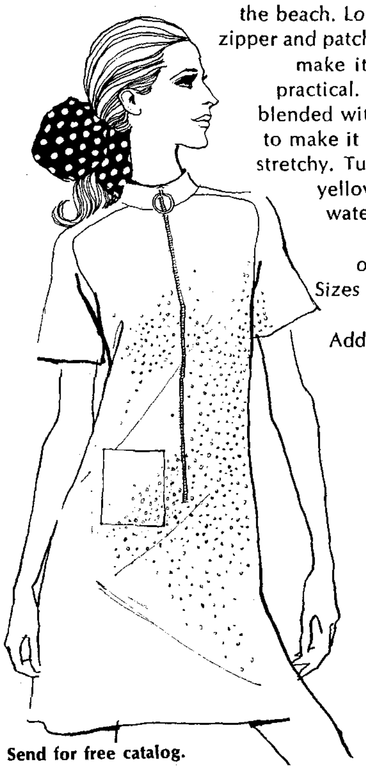

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ings of Biharis by the Mukti Bahini and by mobs were coming in from the liberated areas, and with the fall of Dacca these killings increased, despite orders from Indian Army and Bangladesh officials that further bloodshed must be avoided. Waliul Islam, the civil-administration officer of the new government in Jessore, said that he was doing his best to maintain law and order but that in his sub-district, which included the city, he had a staff of only three hundred, or a third of what it used to be. "People are beginning to come back, but that will take time," he said. "So far, we don't even know who's dead and who's alive. Everyone is still in a state of shock." Father Francis Spagnole, an Italian priest at a Jessore mission, agreed that the situation was indeed chaotic, but when asked how the Indian troops had behaved in Jessore he replied, "Very well—much better than the Americans in Naples at the end of the Second World War."

The day of our visit coincided with a showing of the Bangladesh flag by the new government. Tajuddin Ahmed, then still Prime Minister of the government-in-exile, and Syed Nazrul Islam, then Acting President of Bangladesh (now Minister of Industries), addressed a crowd of seven thousand from a raised platform on the *maidan*, or public square. Both men stressed the close ties between India and Bangladesh, and Nazrul Islam said his new nation would be based on "the democratic, secular, and socialist principles Sheikh Mujib gave us." He added that "there will be no more politics on the basis of religion." As he spoke—to a minimum of applause, incidentally—I watched a jeep loaded with young Mukti Bahini and equipped with a large machine gun almost collide with a jeepload of soldiers from the former Pakistani regiment called the East Pakistan Rifles, or E.P.R., who had defected last spring when the massacres began and, along with soldiers of the East Bengal Regiment, or E.B.R., had assumed leadership of the Mukti Bahini. Much had changed since, however; for one thing, many of the Mukti Bahini and the guerrillas who collectively called themselves the Mujib Bahini had struck off on their own and were operating in small groups under their own leaders, using captured Pakistani weapons and guns that the Indians had given them. They considered themselves the vanguard of the revolutionary forces, had no use for the Calcutta "armchair bureaucrats," who had done no fighting, and had little or

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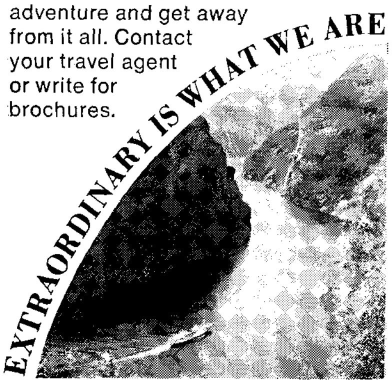

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no sense of kinship with either the E.P.R. or the E.B.R. Now, as the two jeeps confronted one another, the E.P.R. men, eying the machine gun, backed their jeep away to let the Mukti Bahini car race on through the crowd.

The incident, I thought, was an omen of the difficulties that lay ahead. Up to the present, despite Sheikh Mujib's return to Dacca and his rapid assumption of authority—he has taken on the Defense Ministry portfolio and several other Cabinet posts as well as the Prime Ministership, and has relegated the Calcutta leaders to secondary posts—neither the Awami League nor the Bangladesh government it dominates has formulated a real political program going beyond a bare outline of social-democratic principles and objectives. The extremists, including the Communist elements that either are aligned with the Naxalites in India or are maintaining an independent posture while they wait for the Chinese and the Russians to hand down a sharper ideological line on Bangladesh, are considerably more active and vocal than they were before the war. The best-organized and most dedicated among them are bound to capitalize on the sense of frustration that will follow the euphoria of victory and that will increase as the new government faces the vast challenge of reconstruction. As for the Indian government, it will be caught between its desire to live up to its promise to get out of Bangladesh as soon as possible and its stronger, if less openly discussed, desire to see to it that Bangladesh does not disintegrate amid more killing and disorder.

A Westerner who has been living for ten years in what is now Bangladesh told me after the war ended, "Mujib may be indispensable, but he won't succeed. He was away for too long. In his absence, no one was able to coördinate the many resistance groups or to put forward an effective policy or statement of purpose to guide Bangladesh, which remains a nascent concept rather than a true nation. During the period of resistance to Pakistan, for instance, there was no underground government in the villages and districts, except in one or two places, and no tough program or organization—such as those, for instance, that have for so long sustained the Vietcong and the other Communists fighting in South Vietnam. Maybe that was an advantage in avoiding an outright Communist takeover now, but Mujib and the Awami Leaguers did nothing before or during the war to prepare the way for what was going to happen after-

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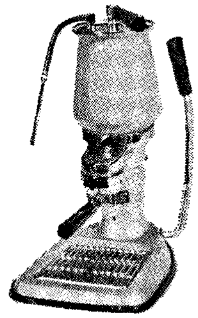

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ward. The result was that everyone talked about Bangladesh, and the fervor was tremendous, but no one had any idea of what would really happen once freedom was won. Now time is short, and the problems are staggering. I'm afraid that the Indians and the Russians and, in time, the Chinese will determine the course of events, and the Bengalis will be mere pawns."

This is a pessimistic view, but it is one that is shared by many Bengalis and also by many Indians. Mrs. Gandhi is well aware of the dangers; she had sound reasons for asking Sheikh Mujib to stop over in New Delhi on his way back to Dacca, and has, more recently, held longer talks with him and announced larger aid programs. (The Soviets have already announced economic agreements with Bangladesh, and expect to welcome Mujib in Moscow next month.) Despite her alliance with the Soviet Union, Mrs. Gandhi's ambition is to see India become the dominant power in South Asia—which means that she must keep both the Russians and the Chinese from reshaping the long-divided and still stricken subcontinent. The question is not only whether Mujib, who has had no experience in governing, can bring together the many factions around him but whether the Bengalis, a people long accustomed to being governed by others, can now climb out of what more than a hundred years ago Thomas Babington Macaulay described as "the constant vapor bath"—climatic and emotional—in which they live, and create a functioning nation from a dream. One of my Bengali friends, a young Dacca newspaper editor whose father was one of the early heroes of Bengali nationalism more than a generation ago, expressed his fears of the future to me before the war started. "We are over-emotional, and we are not sure what liberation will mean," he said. "We are too small to decide our own fate."

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

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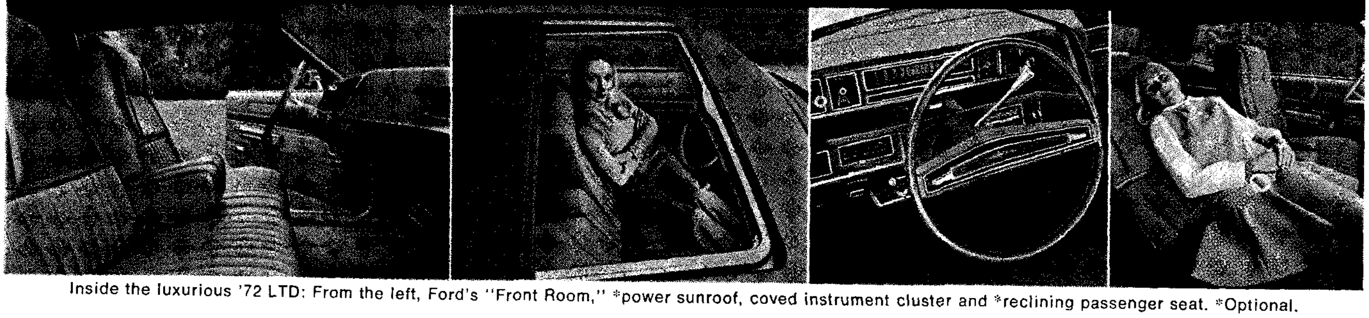

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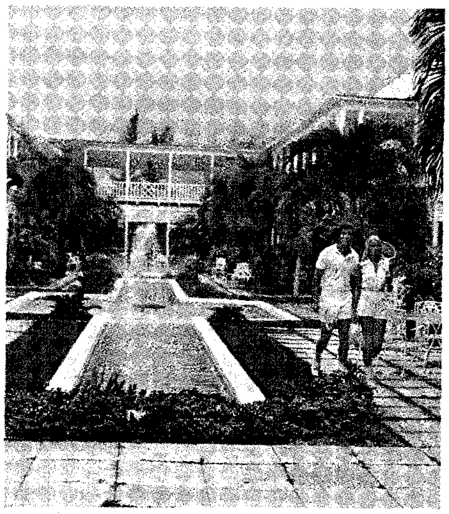

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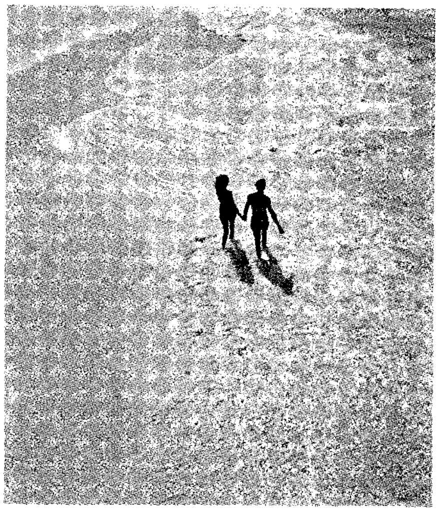

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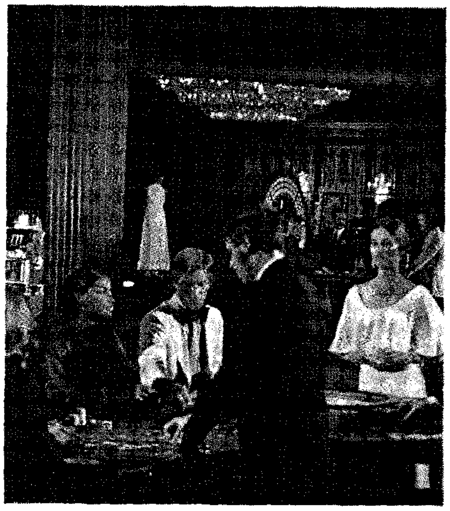

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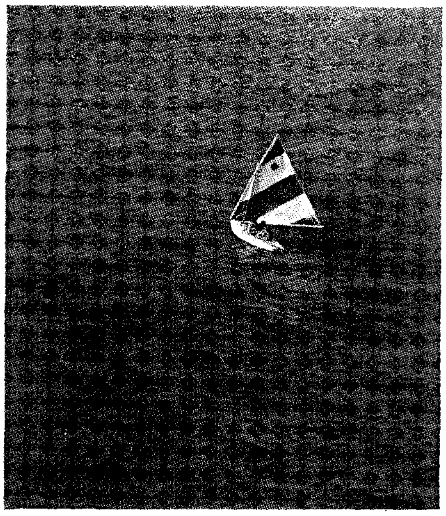
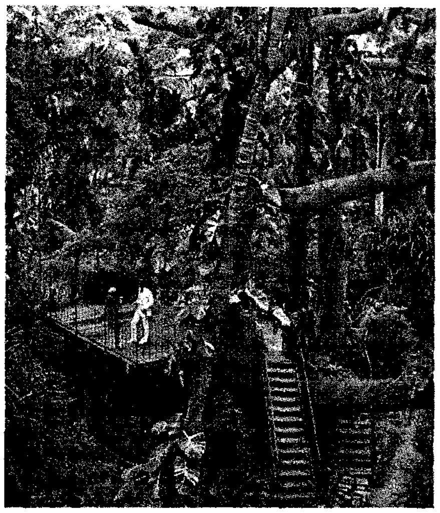


Nassau is turquoise waters and pink flamingos and red fire dancers.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Before Strict Construction

DANIEL BARENBOIM's performance of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony with the Cleveland Orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Monday night of last week brought me back to a sort of watershed in the history of musical interpretation—the result of a duel, in the years 1927 and 1928, between Willem Mengelberg and Arturo Toscanini for control of the New York Philharmonic, of which I was then a member. Mengelberg was a master orchestra trainer and a conductor who followed the elastic traditions of nineteenth-century interpretation. He slowed up a bit before climaxes, and he adopted variations in tempo within a movement. There was nothing wrong with this. It had been the proper way of doing things ever since Beethoven, who did it himself with his own music. Toscanini, on the other hand, was a strict constructionist. According to the ignoramuses of the time, he played the notes "exactly as written." (This misunderstanding arose because some people did not understand that "the notes" do not really express much, since they are conceived as blueprints for an interpreter, who puts life into them.) Actually, the distinction was that Toscanini preferred unyielding tempos and was able to infuse enormous vitality into them because he was a genius. Mengelberg lost the duel under rather humiliating circumstances, but he stuck to his way of doing things to the very end, even exaggerating his changes of tempo to emphasize his differences from the conquering Toscanini. The public, of course, was overcome by Toscanini's tremendous brilliance, and far be it from me to attempt to detract from the Maestro's reputation. But a curious thing happened. Conductors everywhere (as well as pianists, violinists, and so forth) began to imitate the Toscanini style. Everybody began to play, or conduct, in strict tempo, and critics, who should have known better, began pouncing on any artist who showed the slightest tendency toward irregular rhythm—that is, toward the rubatos and other changes of tempo that had been part of the art of interpretation for at least a hundred years. Everybody, that is, except for a few old-timers like Furtwängler (who was about to disappear from the American scene), Klemperer, Mengelberg himself, and several others. On the whole, the influence was a malign one, despite Toscanini's enormous gifts. The old nineteenth-century art of interpretation was lost, and with it went the pleasure audiences took in radically varying versions of a work. Instead of many different Beethoven Fifths, there was now only one Beethoven Fifth, which was heard nearly everywhere. Music was deprived of an element of variety.

The interesting thing about Mr. Barenboim's performance of the Bruckner Seventh was that he returned to the pre-Toscanini interpretative style. I do not remember hearing Furtwängler perform this particular symphony, but I have no doubt that Mr. Barenboim's interpretation was put together after a careful study of Furtwängler recordings. (This is not guesswork; I happen to know that Mr. Barenboim is deeply concerned with the Furtwängler style.) His interpretation was remarkable for its irregularity of tempo, and here we come to another problem associated with the performance of nineteenth-century music. The irregularities must be tasteful and must be governed by a code of behavior that is very difficult to rediscover after almost a half century of neglect. I recently severely criticized a conductor who did a Bruckner symphony with all sorts of rhapsodic changes of tempo. The point is that mere rhapsodizing is not enough. That way lies chaos. Only by a deep study of past performing styles can a present-day interpreter arrive at a notion of the interpretations practiced by the performers of the Golden Age. And Mr. Barenboim had obviously made a deep study. The result was that he brought a new excitement to the symphony, and gave his audience a taste of a kind of Bruckner that had not been heard in fifty years. Generally, his tempos were on the slow side. The end of the first movement was slow indeed until the terminal evocation of the main theme appeared. He used the cymbal at the climax of the Adagio—something that is not always done. I find the cymbal crash at this juncture a fitting exclamation point. Mr. Barenboim's interpretation was an extremely eloquent one; even the difficult-to-hold-together Finale was beautifully done. A few flaws in the horn parts can be attributed to the fact that the Clevelanders are at the moment playing under too many conductors. I hope that Mr. Barenboim's performance will set the stage for a revival of nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century methods.

The program also contained Liszt's Second Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, with Clifford Curzon as the brilliant piano soloist, and again I reflected that Liszt is an absolutely delightful composer of display music of this type and a very disappointing composer of the sort of avowedly profound music that Pierre Boulez is trying to make us like.

LAST Wednesday night, another young conductor, Michael Tilson Thomas, brought the Boston Symphony to Philharmonic Hall and performed Mahler's Fifth Symphony. Mr. Thomas is not yet quite as sure of himself as Mr. Barenboim is, but his way with this symphony was nevertheless impressive. In a few places I would have welcomed a more vivid pointing up of the bitterness and hysteria that Mahler put into this work. Mr. Thomas's conception of it was rather gentle. But his control of the broad relationships of the score was admirable; he, too, was flexible where tempos were concerned, and the total impression was one of grandeur. Charles Yancich, the orchestra's first horn, was featured in the program, and he deserved to be. His playing in the Scherzo in particular was flawless, and powerful in tone.

The Mahler symphony was preceded by an oboe concerto attributed to Haydn, with Ralph Gomberg as soloist. Mr. Gomberg disclosed a refined tone (a characteristic of the French school of oboe playing to which his teacher, Marcel Tabuteau, belonged) and a technique notable for its fluency. I have heard oboe players with a greater range of dynamics—that is to say, oboists who can play louder and softer than Mr. Gomberg. But a large dynamic range is difficult to achieve on the oboe, and Mr. Gomberg's performance was scrupulous and deft.

LAST Thursday night, a student performance of Puccini's "La Bohème" was put on at New York's finest opera house—the Juilliard American Opera Center in the Juilliard School Building, at Lincoln Center. The production was chiefly remarkable for the work of its director, Michael Cacoyannis. Mr. Cacoyannis has made his reputation mainly in the legitimate theatre, and his *mise en scène* the other

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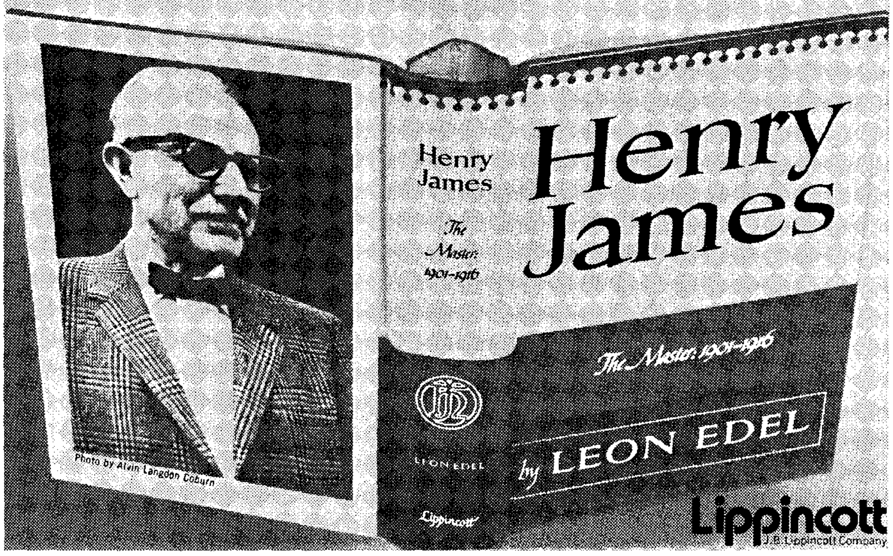

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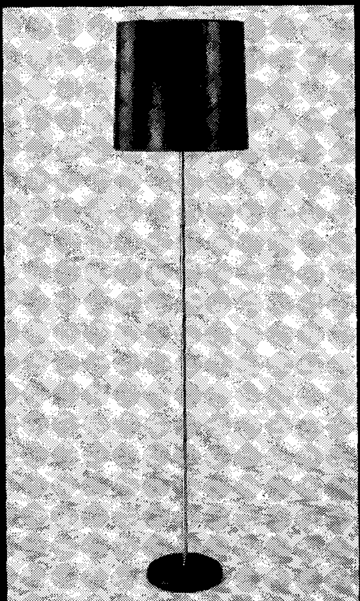

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night was notable for its freshness and imagination. There were a hundred departures from the normal way of doing "La Bohème." For example, there was no table in the middle of the set in Act I to serve as a prop for Rodolfo's writing, Mimi's search of the floor under it, and other things. A small folding table was lying on the floor, at one side of the stage, but the bohemians never managed to get it upright, though they prepared to serve dinner on it. Musetta was conceived as a vicious tramp. The offstage band in Act II performed behind the audience in an observation booth, drawing the auditors into the middle of the action, and so on. The scenery, by Ming Cho Lee, was also unconventional, though his first act really looked like an artist's garret studio in Paris, with a huge skylight dominating the rear of the stage. His second act depicted a small *galleria*, roofed over, with the windows of buildings on both sides exhibiting prostitutes on the second floor and shops on the first. There was a cancan dance in one shop, which I thought a bit redundant, but the whole conception was a lot of fun. The third act was built around a railroad station with a sign reading "Port d'Enfer," and there was a sleazy station hotel, from which Musetta emerged. It was the first time I had ever seen railroad tracks in this scene. The costumes, designed by Hal George, were appropriate and extraordinarily colorful, but I thought Musetta's getup unnecessarily exaggerated. There was a twenty-one-year-old conductor, James Conlon, and he did a pretty good job. His enormous gesticulations, however, can stand a lot of disciplining. The young singers sang quite well. The Mimi was a Korean soprano, Kyu Do Park. I doubt that her voice would sound in a full-sized opera house, but she was adequate to this one, and her appearance was engaging. Luciano Rampaso as Rodolfo, John Seabury as Colline, Frederick Burchinal as Schaunard, Michael Li-Paz as Benoit, and Linda Heimall as Musetta were all acceptable within the frame of a student production. The outstanding voice was that of Lenus Carlson, who sang Marcello.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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>
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BOOKS

A Worcestershire Lad

MR. HENRY MAAS informs us that Arthur Platt's widow destroyed all Housman's "Rabelaisian" letters to him. I am delighted to hear it. His letters to Moses Jackson have also not yet been made available. I hope they never will be. If the reader of "The Letters of A. E. Housman," edited by Mr. Maas and published by the Harvard University Press, occasionally finds himself yawning or skipping, at least he never feels like a Peeping Tom, and if he hopes to find something titillating he will be disappointed. All he will learn is that Housman took an interest in "naughty" books like "The Whippingham Papers," "My Life and Loves," and Corvo's letters, and that he published in a scholarly journal, under the title "Praefanda," an article on obscene phrases in the Latin poets. This is, surely, as Housman himself would have wished. Apropos of somebody who wished to interview him, he wrote:

> Tell him that the wish to include a glimpse of my personality in a literary article is low, unworthy, and American. Tell him that some men are more interesting than their books but my book is more interesting than its man. Tell him that Frank Harris found me rude and Wilfrid Blunt found me dull. Tell him anything else that you think will put him off.

To the letters on everyday and literary topics Mr. Maas has added a forty-two-page supplement of letters on technical classical matters. These will be fully intelligible only to classical scholars, but I think he was quite right to include them. To Housman himself, his scholarship came first, his poetry second: he believed he had been put on earth not to write "A Shropshire Lad" (I never knew before that this title was proposed by A. W. Pollard; Housman's own title had been "Poems by Terence Hearsay") but to produce a definitive edition of Manilius. His choice of this particular Latin poet may have been influenced by his own interest in astronomy, which is Manilius's subject, but the decisive factor was probably that the text presented an exceptional challenge to an editor. He was certainly under no illusions as to Manilius's literary merits. Thus he says, in a letter to Robert Bridges:

> I adjure you not to waste your time on Manilius. He writes on astronomy and astrology without knowing either. My interest in him is purely technical.

Most of the letters in the supplement are concerned with textual minutiae. The only general statement I have found is a judgment on Virgil:

> Virgil's besetting sin is the use of words too forcible for his thoughts.

However, speaking for myself, though I cannot understand much of them, I am fascinated by the glimpses one gets of how the mind of a textual scholar works:

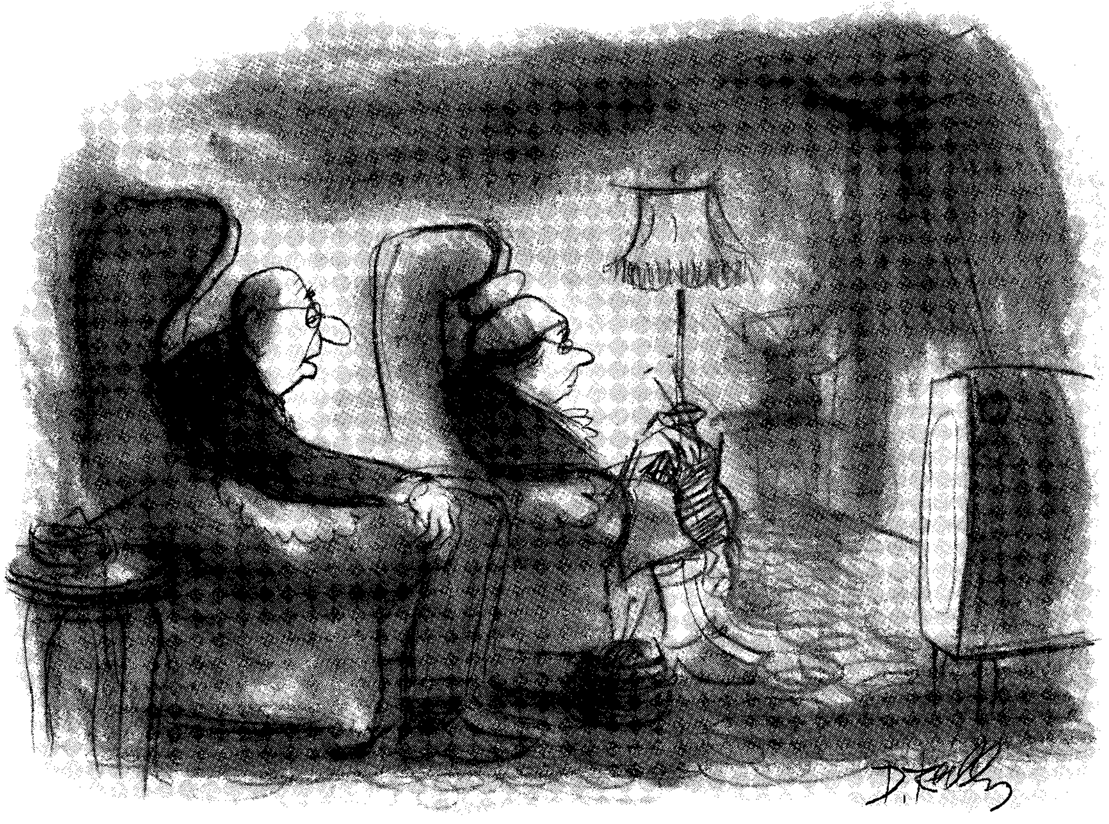
> With *optandum* you require something like *quicquam*, which Estaço obtained by writing *dicere quid.* With *optandum* of course you can supply *uitam* from *uita;* but yet the MS reading is *optandus.* Because Catullus once elides *que* at the end of a verse it cannot safely be inferred that he would elide anything else. I have seen nothing better than Munro's *magis aeuom optandum hac uita,* though it is not all the heart could desire.

Incidentally, I had occasion not so long ago to compare three translations of the last stanza of the Horace Ode, Book IV, 7—one by Dr. Johnson, one by James Michie, and one by Housman. To my surprise, the one which departed most widely from the Latin was Housman's. Indeed, had I not known the source, I would have thought that it was a verse from a Housman poem.

About his emotional life little needs to be said. It is now no secret that at Oxford he fell deeply in love with a fellow-undergraduate, Moses Jackson, an experience which, on his own testimony, he was never to repeat. Since Jackson was perfectly "straight," there could be no question of reciprocation. About this, Mr. Maas writes:

> Too clear-headed and honest to deceive himself about the nature of this absorption, he was also too well trained in conventional morality to accept it with resignation. The evidence of his poetry suggests that he was overwhelmed with shame.

If by "conventional morality" Mr. Maas means Housman's Christian upbringing, I think he is mistaken. If Housman did feel shame and guilt, this was caused not by the Bible but by classical literature. I am pretty sure that in his sexual tastes he was an anal passive. Ancient Greece and Rome



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were both pederastic cultures in which the adult passive homosexual was regarded as comic and contemptible.

As to his attitude to life in general, though often labelled a Stoic, he denied this:

> In philosophy I am a Cyrenaic or egoistic hedonist, and regard the pleasure of the moment as the only possible motive of action. As for pessimism, I think it almost as silly, though not as wicked, as optimism. George Eliot said she was a meliorist: I am a pejorist [i.e., someone who believes the world is steadily getting worse].

In his relation to others, he remained all his life a shy and essentially solitary man. His generation was more formal than mine, but even in those days it must have been unusual for a sixteen-year-old boy to sign a letter to his stepmother "A. E. Housman," and it was only in writing to members of his family that he ever used Christian names. Even such intimate friends as A. S. F. Gow and his publisher, Grant Richards, continued to the end to be "Dear Gow," "Dear Richards."

This reserve and distance from others was probably due, I think, to his experiences in early childhood. His mother, after suffering for years from cancer, died when he was twelve, while his father took to the bottle. It is significant, surely, that out of a family of seven—five boys and two girls—only one son and one daughter married and only the latter had children.

"Vanity, not avarice," Housman once wrote, "is my ruling passion," but I don't think he ever realized just how vain he was. A man who refuses honors like honorary degrees from universities or the O.M. from the State declines them not because he feels unworthy but because he feels that no honor can possibly do justice to his merits, and a poet who refuses to be included in anthologies of contemporary verse reveals that he considers himself superior to all of his colleagues. But vanity did not distort Housman's judgment. He was always aware of what he could and could not do:

> I do regard myself as a connoisseur; I think I can tell good from bad in literature. But literary criticism, referring opinions to principles and setting them forth so as to command assent, is a high and rare accomplishment and quite beyond me.

He was also a good judge of his own work. Most of the posthumously published poems are inferior. Of "Hell Gate," which happens to be my favorite poem of his, he says, acutely:

> . . . the whole thing is on the edge of the absurd: if it does not topple over, that is well so far.

As a letter writer, he could when he tried—which, it must be admitted, was not very often—be most entertaining, both vivid and witty:

> This afternoon Ruskin gave us a great outburst against modern times. He had got a picture of Turner's, framed and glassed, representing Leicester and the Abbey in the distance at sunset, over a river. . . . Then he said, "You, if you like, may go to Leicester to see what it is like now. I never shall. But I can make a pretty good guess." Then he caught up a paintbrush. "These stepping-stones of course have been done away with, and are replaced by a be-au-ti-ful iron bridge." Then he dashed in the iron bridge on the glass of the picture. "The colour of the stream is supplied on one side by the indigo factory." Forthwith one side of the stream became indigo. "On the other side by the soap factory." Soap dashed in. "They mix in the middle—like curds," he said, working them together with a sort of malicious deliberation. "This field, over which you see the sun setting behind the Abbey, is now occupied in a *proper* manner." Then there went a flame of scarlet across the picture, which developed itself into windows and roofs and red brick, and rushed up into a chimney. "The atmosphere is supplied—thus!" A puff and cloud of smoke all over Turner's sky: and then the brush thrown down, and Ruskin confronting modern civilisation amidst a tempest of applause.

Housman was one of the very first civilians to travel by air, and the jumbo-jet tourist of the seventies will be interested to learn what it was like to fly in the early twenties:

> It was rather windy, and the machine sometimes imitated a ship at sea . . . but not in a very lifelike manner. . . . The noise is great, and I alighted rather deaf, not having stuffed my ears with the cotton-wool provided. Nor did I put on the life-belt which they oblige one to take. . . . On the return journey we were two hours late in starting because the machine required repairs, having been damaged on the previous day by a passenger who butted his head through the window to be sick.

I knew he had written parodies and comic verse, but I had never seen any. From the few examples quoted in this book, I should like to see more. His parody of Frances Cornford's "Why do you walk through the fields in gloves," though not quite as good as Chesterton's, is amusing enough, and, for a sixteen-year-old, this pastiche of Milton is a remarkable feat:

Or where, high rising over all,
Stands the Cathedral of St. Paul
And in its shadow you may scan
Our late lamented ruler, Anne;
Or where the clouds of legend lower
Around the mediaeval Tower,

And ghosts of every shape and size
With throttled throats and staring eyes
Come walking from their earthy beds
With pillow cases on their heads
And various ornaments beside
Denoting why or how they died.

In these letters he mentions surprisingly few English authors. Among the poets he approved of were Coventry Patmore, Robert Bridges (not the later) for his early poems, Masefield, Blunden, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Among prose writers he admired Wilkie Collins (his only two letters to T. S. Eliot are about him), Arthur Machen, and Aldous Huxley. One suspects that he found the work of most of his contemporaries and juniors antipathetic.

What has fascinated me most is the descriptions these letters contain of the minor headaches which plague an author's life. Anyone who publishes a book these days must expect it to contain misprints and errors in punctuation. (One British reviewer has listed a series of those that occur in this volume.) I had thought that careless printing and proofreading was a recent phenomenon. Apparently it is not so:

> When the next edition of the Shropshire Lad is being prepared, it would save trouble to the compositor as well as to me if he were told that the third edition is almost exactly correct, and that he had better not put in commas and notes of exclamation for me to strike out of the proof, as was the case last time.
>
> On former occasions the proofs have come to me full of the usual blunders,—numerals wrong, letters upside-down, stops missing, and so on. I have then, at the cost of much labour, removed all these errors. Then, when the last proof has left my hands, the corrector for the press has been turned on to it, and has found nothing to correct; whereupon, for fear his employers should think he is not earning his pay, he has set to work meddling with what I have written.

And every poet will sympathize with Housman over the following:

> I have marked for correction, if possible, certain ugly over-running of words from one line to another. Since these over-runnings existed in neither the 1896 nor the 1900 edition, it seems absurd that they should be necessary in this, which has smaller print than the former and a larger page than the latter.

Then, if, like Housman, an author achieves popular success, there are other nuisances: Requests for autographs from total strangers who hardly ever enclose postage stamps. Requests for a handwritten copy of a poem. Visits by professed admirers who then betray their ignorance of his work:

I had a visit not long ago from Clarence Darrow, the great American barris-

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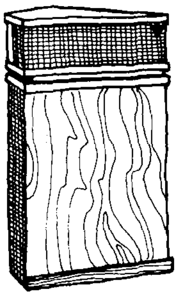

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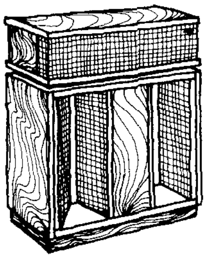

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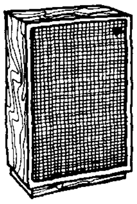

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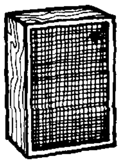

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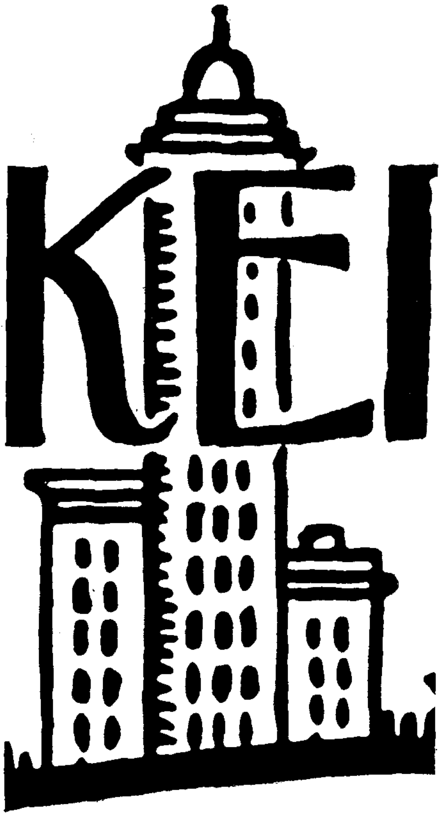

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ter for defending murderers. He had only a few days in England, but he could not return home without seeing me, because he had so often used my poems to rescue his clients from the electric chair. Loeb and Leopold owe their life sentence partly to me; and he gave me a copy of his speech, in which, sure enough, two of my pieces are misquoted.

As regards Mr. Maas's editing of these letters, his footnoting seems for the most part excellent. I have only two complaints. I think I know Housman's poems pretty well, but when a poem is identified only as "A Shropshire Lad LXIII," I am flummoxed. Why not quote the first line? Then, in one letter, Housman writes:

> My feelings are much the same as [Aldous] Huxley's; but in my case school is not the cause, for I was quite uninfluenced by my school, which was a small one. I think the cause is in the home.

Surely we ought to be informed as to what Huxley had said.

Naturally, one cannot read Housman's letters without thinking again about his status and achievement as a poet. A minor poet, certainly, which, of course, does not mean that his poems are inferior in artistic merit to those of a major poet, only that the range of theme and emotion is narrow, and that the poems show no development over the years. On the evidence of the text alone, it would be very difficult to say whether a poem appeared in "A Shropshire Lad," published when he was thirty-seven, or in "Last Poems," published when he was sixty-three. I don't know how it is with the young today, but to my generation no other English poet seemed so perfectly to express the sensibility of a male adolescent. If I do not now turn to him very often, I am eternally grateful to him for the joy he gave me in my youth. —W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TEDDY BEAR, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Henry Clay (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). An uneventful, or perhaps highly eventful, day in the life of Professor Jean Chabot begins in his comfortable apartment in the Sixteenth Arrondissement as a maid brings him his morning coffee. "What did she think of him?" the author asks. "What did she secretly feel about him? What evidence would she give if, for instance, some incident were to occur today?" These mystifying questions are asked not only by the author but in the mind of Professor Chabot himself. He is, we learn, an

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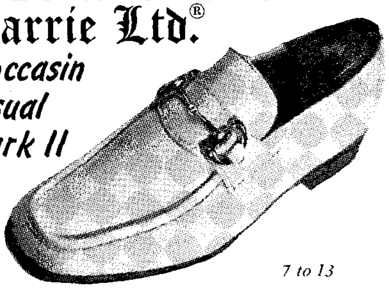

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eminent gynecologist, the head of a respectable family, and the owner of a well-established clinic, yet he feels no affection for his family or his staff, and constantly wonders about their opinions of him. Now forty-nine years old, he has begun to lose his nerve in the operating room, and he would be unable to get through his day without the pills fed to him by his secretary, Viviane. For four years, Viviane has been his mistress, but she, too, has become the subject of ominous, unspoken questions. Does she consider him helpless and ridiculous? Does she know about the affair that he had six months ago with a young nurse known as the Teddy Bear? Does she know that he has been receiving anonymous threatening notes? What "evidence" would she give if "some incident" were to occur today? The incident, when it does occur, provides some answers, and completes a remarkable psychological portrait.

VOYAGE TO THE FIRST OF DECEMBER, by Henry Carlisle (Putnam). In December, 1842, the U.S. Navy brig Somers returned to New York at the end of a cruise, bearing the news that three of its men—including Philip Spencer, son of the Secretary of War—had been hanged for conspiring to mutiny. Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, who had ordered the hangings, was loudly attacked in the press but emerged with his career intact. To these bare facts Mr. Carlisle has added a mixture of fictions—memoirs, reports, testimony for a secret Naval Board of Inquiry—with the object of showing Mackenzie as a sanctimonious martinet who dealt arbitrarily with a foolish young Spencer and then defended himself with distortions at the inquiry. Mr. Carlisle is so busy fitting together his materials that he sometimes forgets about the fairness and roundedness of his own characterizations. Still, his writing is polished, and his book can be enjoyed by anyone looking for a brisk yarn of men under stress.

THE KID, by John Seelye (Viking). "So there we was in Fort Besterman, Wyoming Territory, in the spring of '87, with nothing to do except watch the town fill up with colicky cowboys, all sore as a boil and convicted that somebody had dealt them a bum hand." Right. Well, then along comes this here Kid—a blondie, with hair down to his shoulders—and he's got this black man with him, only he's no ordinary

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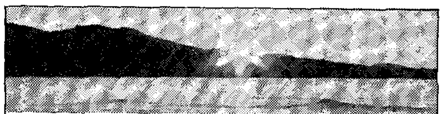

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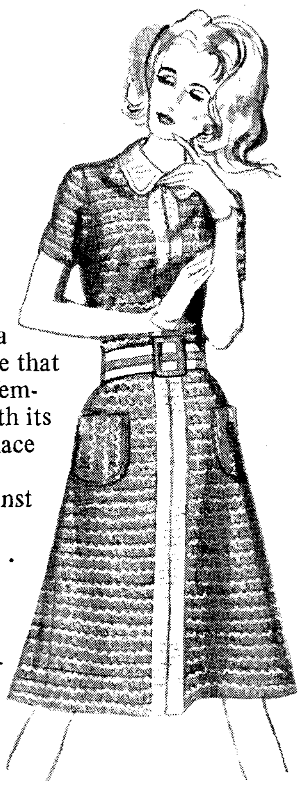

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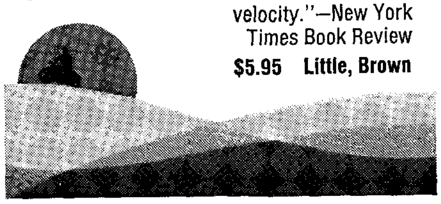

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black man, he's a deaf-and-dumb African, and the two of them have got a heap of gold that those cowboys are just *itching* to get their paws on, and this sure is a cute little tall tale, but as for that pretentious stuff on the dust cover about "a parabola that includes a number of classic American novels in its backward curve"—why, shucks, that *don't mean nothing.*

LAST RESPECTS, by Jerome Weidman (Random House). Mr. Weidman here has tried to tell a suspense story within a memory trip within another suspense story, and the result is drawn out and overloaded. His basic element is a whimsical tale, circa 1927, of how a fourteen-year-old Jewish boy on the lower East Side and his bootlegger mother set out to defy an Italian gang by delivering eighteen bottles of whiskey to a wedding. Interrupting the story are countless nostalgic digressions, and overlying both the story and the digressions is a pointless mystery concerning the disappearance of the mother's body after her death forty years later. The book is too big, but Mr. Weidman's language is as readable as ever.

GENERAL

THE CONTINUING BATTLE: MEMOIRS OF A EUROPEAN 1936-66, by Paul-Henri Spaak, translated from the French by Henry Fox (Little, Brown). A reader must be grateful for these memoirs, because very few men as eminent as Mr. Spaak—Foreign Minister or Prime Minister of more Belgian governments than he bothers to count, Chairman of the first United Nations General Assembly, President of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe, Secretary-General of NATO—are willing to be as frank about all the political hot potatoes that have come their way. One recognizes (though Mr. Spaak is not given to complaints) that a statesman's lot is not always a happy one, particularly when he comes from a small country; this book contains, for example, an almost painfully exact account of the uncertainties and physical dangers that the members of the Belgian government suffered after the defeat first of their armies and then of France's in 1940. A smaller nation's ideas probably carry less weight in international councils: Mr. Spaak, a Socialist, is strongly anti-Communist, but he feels the keenest regret that he could not persuade the West to meet Khrushchev at least halfway. He believed, and still believes, that the Russian leader was earnestly attempting a new and pacific policy, and that had it not been for Western foot-dragging the Cold War might have ended by the early nineteen-sixties, if not sooner. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

REPORT FROM ENGINE CO. 82, by Dennis Smith (McCall). Mr. Smith is a New York City fireman. Although there are bits of autobiography scattered through his book—mostly in flashbacks to a slum boyhood in the East Fifties—its focus is on the men of Engine Co. 82, who work out of a firehouse in the South Bronx. Mr. Smith is straightforward, graphic, technical when he needs to be, unsentimental, funny, and occasionally tasteless. He tells us what it is like to answer a call to a bad tenement fire—what it tastes like and smells like—and he tells us about his fellows and their dedication to their jobs. Mr. Smith says he stays in the department because he likes his work and believes in helping people, especially poor people; he says that most of his colleagues feel the same way, and when you read this book he makes you believe him.

THE AGE OF PATRONAGE: THE ARTS IN ENGLAND 1660-1750, by Michael Foss (Cornell). A kind of *Barron's* report on the business of literature, architecture, painting, and music from the time of the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century. Mr. Foss traces the fluctuations of these arts as they waxed under Charles II, waned under William and Mary, and, finally, "stumbled under the rule of the many." The subject is vast, and the author presents an enormous amount of relevant detail, which he lightens with gossip. In the long run, however, the reader may wish that he were not forced to hop, skip, and jump over the "huge heaps of littleness around," to quote a phrase of Pope's that Mr. Foss uses in discussing Blenheim Palace.

NOTE: Bobbs-Merrill has published "Ecstasy at the Onion," a collection of Whitney Balliett's articles on jazz written for this magazine.

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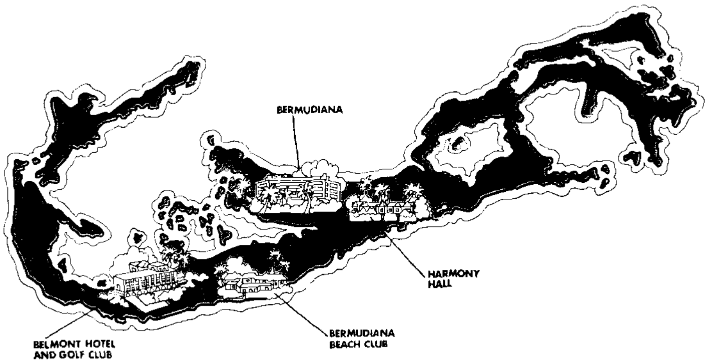

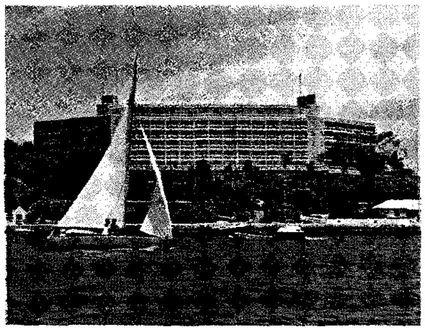

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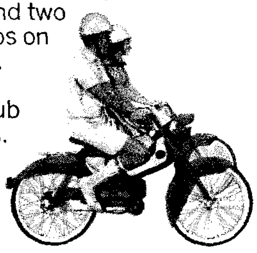

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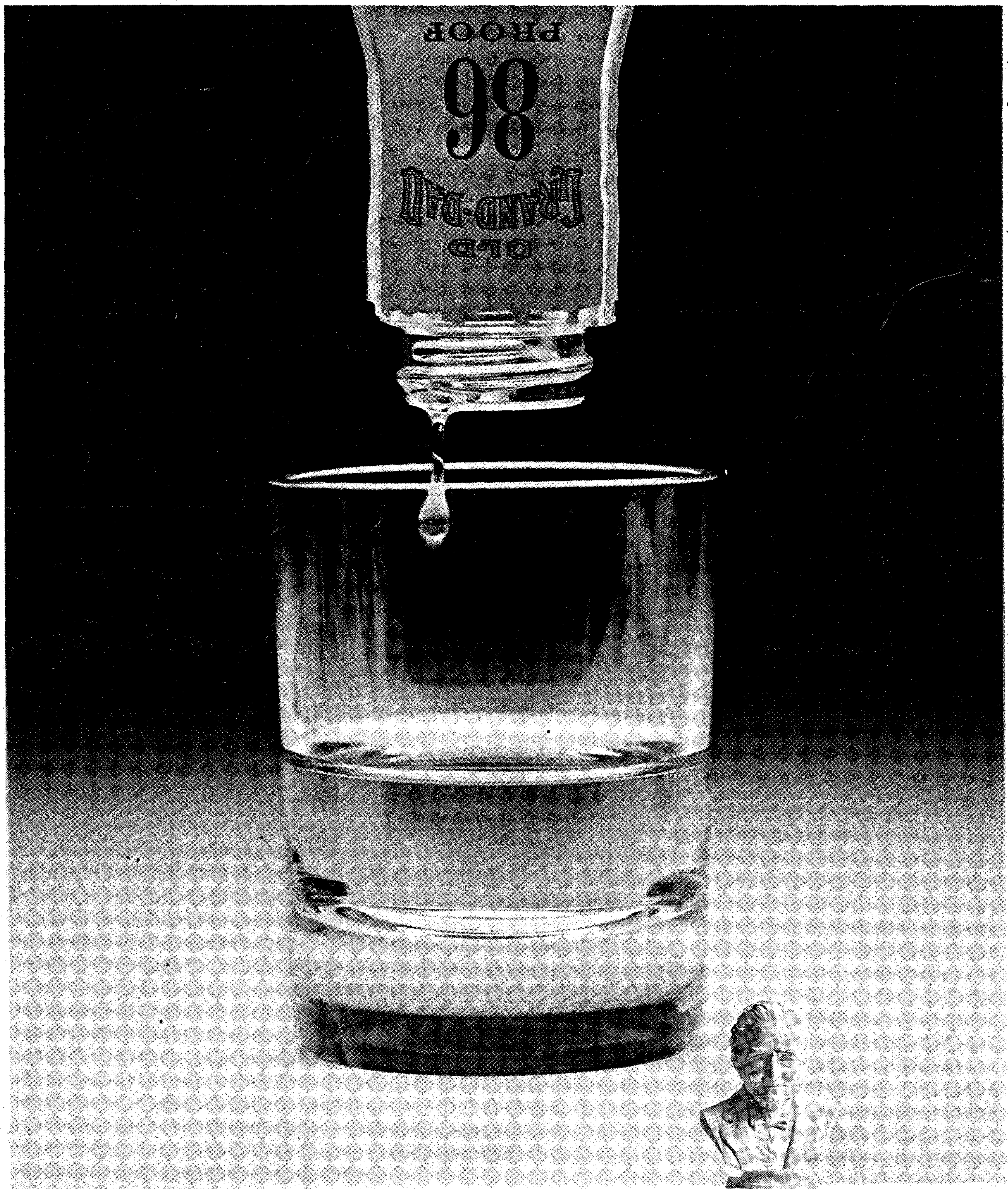

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